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A ROMAN SINGER.

IX.

At nine o'clock on the morning of the baroness's death, as Nino was busy singing scales, there was a ring at the door, and presently Mariuccia came running in as fast as her poor old legs could carry her, and whiter than a pillow-case, to say that there was a man at the door with two gendarmes, asking for Nino; and before I could question her, the three men walked unbidden into the room, demanding which was Giovanni Cardegna, the singer. Nino started, and then said quietly that he was the man. I have had dealings with these people, and I know what is best to be done. They were inclined to be rough and very peremptory. I confess I was frightened; but I think I am more cunning when I am a little afraid.

"Mariuccia," I said, as she stood trembling in the doorway, waiting to see what would happen, "fetch a flask of that old wine, and serve these gentlemen, — and a few chestnuts, if you have some. Be seated, signori," I said to them, "and take one of these cigars. My boy is a singer, and you would not hurt his voice by taking him out so early on this raw morning. Sit down, Nino, and ask these gentlemen what they desire." They all sat down, somewhat sullenly, and the gendarmes' sabres clanked on the brick floor.

"What do you wish from me?" asked Nino, who was not much moved after the first surprise.

"We regret to say," answered the man in plain clothes, "that we are here to arrest you."

"May I inquire on what charge?" I asked. "But first let me fill your glasses. Dry throats make surly answers, as the proverb says." They drank. It chanced that the wine was good, being from my own vineyard, — my little vineyard that I bought outside of Porta Salara, — and the men were cold and wet, for it was raining.

"Well," said the man who had spoken before, — he was clean-shaved and fat, and he smacked his lips over the wine, — "it is not our way to answer questions. But since you are so civil, I will tell you that you are arrested on suspicion of having poisoned that Russian baroness, with the long name, at whose house you have been so intimate."

"Poisoned? The baroness poisoned? Is she very ill, then?" asked Nino in great alarm.

"She is dead," said the fat man, wiping his mouth, and twisting the empty glass in his hand.

"Dead!" cried Nino and I together.

"Dead — yes; as dead as St. Peter," he answered irreverently. "Your wine is good, Signor Professore. Yes, I will

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take another glass — and my men, too. Yes, she was found dead this morning, lying in her bed. You were there yesterday, Signor Cardegna, and her servant says he saw you giving her something in a glass of water." He drank a long draught from his glass. "You would have done better to give her some of this wine, my friend. She would certainly be alive to-day." But Nino was dark and thoughtful. He must have been pained and terribly shocked at the sudden news, of course, but he did not admire her as I did.

"Of course this thing will soon be over," he said at last. "I am very much grieved to hear of the lady's death, but it is absurd to suppose that I was concerned in it, however it happened. She fainted suddenly in the morning when I was there, and I gave her some water to drink, but there was nothing in it." He clasped his hands on his knee, and looked much distressed.

"It is quite possible that you poisoned her," remarked the fat man, with annoying indifference. "The servant says he overheard high words between you" —

"He overheard?" cried Nino, springing to his feet. "Cursed beast, to listen at the door!" He began to walk about excitedly. "How long is this affair to keep me?" he asked suddenly; "I have to sing to-night — and that poor lady lying there dead — oh, I cannot!"

"Perhaps you will not be detained more than a couple of hours," said the fat man. "And perhaps you will be detained until the Day of Judgment," he added, with a sly wink at the gendarmes, who laughed obsequiously. "By this afternoon, the doctors will know of what she died; and if there was no poison, and she died a natural death, you can go to the theatre and sing, if you have the stomach. I would, I am sure. You see, she is a great lady, and the people of her embassy are causing everything to be done very quickly. If you had poisoned that old lady who brought us this famous wine a minute ago, you might have had to wait till next year, innocent or guilty." It struck me that the wine was producing its effect.

"Very well," said Nino, resolutely; "let us go. You will see that I am perfectly ready, although the news has shaken me much; and so you will permit me to walk quietly with you, without attracting any attention?"

"Oh, we would not think of incommoding you," said the fat man. "The orders were expressly to give you every convenience, and we have a private carriage below. Signor Grandi, we thank you for your civility. Good-morning — a thousand excuses." He bowed, and the gendarmes rose to their feet, refreshed and ruddy with the good wine. Of course I knew I could not accompany them, and I was too much frightened to have been of any use. Poor Mariuccia was crying in the kitchen.

"Send word to Jacovacci, the manager, if you do not hear by twelve o'clock," Nino called back from the landing, and the door closed behind them all. I was left alone, sad and frightened, and I felt very old, — much older than I am.

It was tragic. Mechanically I sank into the old green arm-chair, where she had sat but yesterday evening, — she whom I had seen but twice, once in the theatre and once here, but of whom I had heard so much. And she was dead, so soon. If Nino could only have heard her last words and seen her last look, he would have been more hurt when he heard of her sudden death. But he is of stone, that man, save for his love and his art. He seems to have no room left for sympathy with human ills, nor even for fear on his own account. Fear! — how I hate the word! Nino did not seem frightened at all, when they took him away. But as for

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me — well, it was not for myself this time, at least. That is some comfort. I think one may be afraid for other people.

Mariuccia was so much disturbed that I was obliged to go myself to get De Pretis, who gave up all his lessons that day and came to give me his advice. He looked grave and spoke very little, but he is a broad-shouldered, genial man, and very comforting. He insisted on going himself at once to see Nino, to give him all the help he could. He would not hear of my going, for he said I ought to be bled and have some tea of mallows to calm me. And when I offered him a cigar from the box of good ones Nino had given me, he took six or seven, and put them in his pocket without saying a word. But I did not grudge them to him; for though he is very ridiculous, with his skull-cap and his snuff-box, he is a leal man, as we say, who stands by his friends and snaps his fingers at the devil.

I cannot describe to you the anxiety I felt through all that day. I could not eat, nor drink, nor write. I could not smoke, and when I tried to go to sleep, that cat — an apoplexy on her! — climbed up on my shoulder and clawed my hair. Mariuccia sat moaning in the kitchen, and could not cook at all, so that I was half starved.

At three o'clock De Pretis came back.

"Courage, conte mio!" he cried; and I knew it was all right. "Courage! Nino is at liberty again, and says he will sing to-night to show them he is not a clay doll, to be broken by a little knocking about. Ah, what a glorious boy Nino is!"

"But where is he?" I asked, when I could find voice to speak, for I was all trembling.

"He is gone for a good walk, to freshen his nerves, poverino. I wonder he has any strength left. For Heaven's sake, give me a match that I may light my cigar, and then I will tell you all about it. Thank you. And I will sit down, comfortably — so. Now you must know that the baroness — *requiescat!* — was not poisoned by Nino, or by any one else."

"Of course not! Go on."

"Piano, — slow and sure. They had a terrific scene, yesterday. You know? Yes. Then she went out and tired herself, poor soul, so that when she got home she had an attack of the nerves. Now these foreigners, who are a pack of silly people, do not have themselves bled and drink malva water as we do when we get a fit of anger. But they take opium; that is, a thing they call chloral. God knows what it is made of, but it puts them to sleep, like opium. When the doctors came to look at the poor lady, they saw at once what was the matter, and called the maid. The maid said her mistress certainly had some green stuff in a little bottle which she often used to take; and when they inquired further they heard that the baroness had poured out much more than usual the night before, while the maid was combing her hair, for she seemed terribly excited and restless. So they got the bottle and found it nearly empty. Then the doctors said, 'At what time was this young man who is now arrested seen to give her the glass of water?' The man-servant said it was about two in the afternoon. So the doctors knew that if Nino had given her the chloral she could not have gone out afterwards, and have been awake at eleven in the evening when her maid was with her, and yet have been hurt by what he gave her. And so, as Jacovacci was raising a thousand devils in every corner of Rome because they had arrested his principal singer on false pretenses, and was threatening to bring suits against everybody, including the Russian embassy, the doctors, and the government, if Nino did not appear in Faust to-night, according to his agree-

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ment, the result was that, half an hour ago, Nino was conducted out of the police precincts with ten thousand apologies, and put into the arms of Jacovacci, who wept for joy, and carried him off to a late breakfast at Morteo's. And then I came here. But I made Nino promise to take a good walk for his digestion, since the weather has changed. For a breakfast at three in the afternoon may be called late, even in Rome. And that reminds me to ask you for a drop of wine; for I am still fasting, and this talking is worse for the throat than a dozen high masses."

Mariuccia had been listening at the door, as usual, and she immediately began crying for joy; for she is a weak-minded old thing, and dotes on Nino. I was very glad myself, I can tell you; but I could not understand how Nino could have the heart to sing, or should lack heart so much as to be fit for it. Before the evening he came home, silent and thoughtful. I asked him whether he were not glad to be free so easily.

"That is not a very intelligent question for a philosopher like you to ask," he answered. "Of course I am glad of my liberty; any man would be. But I feel that I am as much the cause of that poor lady's death as though I had killed her with my own hands. I shall never forgive myself."

"Diana!" I cried, "it is a horrible tragedy; but it seems to me that you could not help it if she chose to love you."

"Hush!" said he, so sternly that he frightened me. "She is dead. God give her soul rest. Let us not talk of what she did."

"But," I objected, "if you feel so strongly about it, how can you sing at the opera to-night?"

"There are plenty of reasons why I should sing. In the first place, I owe it to my engagement with Jacovacci. He has taken endless trouble to have me cleared at once, and I will not disappoint him. Besides, I have not lost my voice, and might be half ruined by breaking contract so early. Then, the afternoon papers are full of the whole affair, some right and some wrong, and I am bound to show the Contessina di Lira that this unfortunate accident does not touch my heart, however sorry I may be. If I did not appear, all Rome would say it was because I was heart-broken. If she does not go to the theatre, she will at least hear of it. Therefore I will sing." It was very reasonable of him to think so.

"Have any of the papers got hold of the story of your giving lessons?"

"No, I think not; and there is no mention of the Lira family."

"So much the better."

Hedwig did not go to the opera. Of course she was quite right. However she might feel about the baroness, it would have been in the worst possible taste to go to the opera, the very day after her death. That is the way society puts it. It is bad taste; they never say it is heartless, or unkind, or brutal. It is simply bad taste. Nino sang, on the whole, better than if she had been there, for he put his whole soul in his art, and won fresh laurels. When it was over he was besieged by the agent of the London manager to come to some agreement.

"I cannot tell yet," he said. "I will tell you soon." He was not willing to leave Rome, — that was the truth of the matter. He thought of nothing, day or night, but of how he might see Hedwig, and his heart writhed in his breast when it seemed more and more impossible. He dared not risk compromising her by another serenade, as he felt sure that it had been some servant of the count who had betrayed him to the baroness. At last he hit upon a plan. The funeral of the baroness was to take place on the afternoon of the next day. He felt sure that the Graf von

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Lira would go to it, and he was equally certain that Hedwig would not. It chanced to be the hour at which De Pretis went to the palazzo to give her the singing lesson.

"I suppose it is a barbarous thing for me to do," he said to himself, "but I cannot help it. Love first, and tragedy afterwards."

In the afternoon, therefore, he sallied out, and went boldly to the Palazzo Carmandola. He inquired of the porter whether the Signor Conte had gone out, and just as he had expected, so he found it. Old Lira had left the house ten minutes earlier, to go to the funeral. Nino ran up the stairs and rang the bell. The footman opened the door, and Nino quickly slipped a five-franc note into his hand, which he had no difficulty in finding. On asking if the signorina were at home, the footman nodded, and added that Professor De Pretis was with her, but she would doubtless see Professor Cardegna as well. And so it turned out. He was ushered into the great drawing-room, where the piano was. Hedwig came forward a few steps from where she had been standing beside De Pretis, and Nino bowed low before her. She had on a long dark dress, and no ornament whatever, save her beautiful bright hair, so that her face was like a jewel set in gold and velvet. But, when I think of it, such a combination would seem absurdly vulgar by the side of Hedwig von Lira. She was so pale and exquisite and sad that Nino could hardly look at her. He remembered that there were violets, rarest of flowers in Rome in January, in her belt.

To tell the truth, Nino had expected to find her stern and cold, whereas she was only very quiet and sorrowful.

"Will you forgive me, signorina, for this rashness?" he asked in a low voice.

"In that I receive you I forgive you, sir," she said. He glanced toward De Pretis, who seemed absorbed in some music at the piano and was playing over bits of an accompaniment. She understood, and moved slowly to a window at the other end of the great room, standing among the curtains. He placed himself in the embrasure. She looked at him long and earnestly, as if finally reconciling the singer with the man she had known so long. She found him changed, as I had, in a short time. His face was sterner and thinner and whiter than before, and there were traces of thought in the deep shadows beneath his eyes. Quietly observing him, she saw how perfectly simple and exquisitely careful was his dress, and how his hands bespoke that attention which only a gentleman gives to the details of his person. She saw that, if he were not handsome, he was in the last degree striking to the eye, in spite of all his simplicity, and that he would not lose by being contrasted with all the dandies and courtiers in Rome. As she looked, she saw his lip quiver slightly, the only sign of emotion he ever gives, unless he loses his head altogether, and storms, as he sometimes does.

"Signorina," he began, "I have come to tell you a story; will you listen to it?"

"Tell it me," said she, still looking in his face.

"There was once a solitary castle in the mountains, with battlement and moat both high and broad. Far up in a lonely turret dwelt a rare maiden, of such surpassing beauty and fairness that the peasants thought she was not mortal, but an angel from heaven, resting in that tower from the doing of good deeds. She had flowers up there in her chamber, and the seeds of flowers; and as the seasons passed by, she took from her store the dry germs, and planted them one after another in a little earth on the window-sill. And the sun shone on them and they grew, and she breathed upon them and they were sweet. But

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they withered and bore no offspring, and fell away, so that year by year her store became diminished. At last there was but one little paper bag of seed left, and upon the cover was written in a strange character, 'This is the Seed of the Thorn of the World.' But the beautiful maiden was sad when she saw this, for she said, 'All my flowers have been sweet, and now I have but this thing left, which is a thorn! And she opened the paper and looked inside, and saw one poor little seed, all black and shriveled. Through that day she pondered what to do with it, and was very unhappy. At night she said to herself, 'I will not plant this one; I will throw it away, rather than plant it.' And she went to the window, and tore the paper, and threw out the little seed into the darkness."

"Poor little thing!" said Hedwig. She was listening intently.

"She threw it out, and, as it fell, all the air was full of music, sad and sweet, so that she wondered greatly. The next day she looked out of the window, and saw, between the moat and the castle wall, a new plant growing. It looked black and uninviting, but it had come up so fast that it had already laid hold on the rough gray stones. At the falling of the night it reached far up towards the turret, a great sharp-pointed vine, with only here and there a miserable leaf on it. 'I am sorry I threw it out,' said the maiden. 'It is the Thorn of the World, and the people who pass will think it defaces my castle.' But when it was dark again the air was full of music. The maiden went to the window, for she could not sleep, and she called out, asking who it was that sang. Then a sweet, low voice came up to her from the moat. 'I am the Thorn,' it said, 'I sing in the dark, for I am growing.' 'Sing on, Thorn,' said she, 'and grow if you will.' But in the morning, when she awoke, her window was darkened, for the Thorn had grown to be a mighty tree, and its topmost shoots were black against the sky. She wondered whether this uncouth plant would bear anything but music. So she spoke to it.

"'Thorn,' she said, 'why have you no flowers?'

"'I am the Thorn of the World,' it answered, 'and I can bear no flowers until the hand that planted me has tended me, and pruned me, and shaped me to be its own. If you had planted me like the rest, it would have been easy for you. But you planted me unwillingly, down below you by the moat, and I have had far to climb.'

"'But my hands are so delicate,' said the maiden. 'You will hurt me, I am sure.'

"'Yours is the only hand in the world that I will not hurt,' said the voice, so tenderly and softly and sadly that the gentle fingers went out to touch the plant and see if it were real. And touching it they clung there, for they had no harm of it. Would you know, my lady, what happened then?"

"Yes, yes — tell me!" cried Hedwig, whose imagination was fascinated by the tale.

"As her hands rested on the spiked branches, a gentle trembling went through the Thorn, and in a moment there burst out such a blooming and blossoming as the maiden had never seen. Every prick became a rose, and they were so many that the light of the day was tinged with them, and their sweetness was like the breath of paradise. But below her window the Thorn was as black and forbidding as ever, for only the maiden's presence could make its flowers bloom. But she smelled the flowers, and pressed many of them to her cheek.

"'I thought you were only a Thorn,' she said softly.

"'Nay, fairest maiden,' answered the glorious voice of the bursting blossom, 'I am the Rose of the World forever, since you have touched me.'

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"That is my story, signorina. Have I wearied you?"

Hedwig had unconsciously moved nearer to him as he was speaking, for he never raised his voice, and she hung on his words. There was color in her face, and her breath came quickly through her parted lips. She had never looked so beautiful.

"Wearied me, signore? Ah no; it is a gentle tale of yours."

"It is a true tale — in part," said he.

"In part? I do not understand" — But the color was warmer in her cheek, and she turned her face half away, as though looking out.

"I will tell you," he replied, coming closer, on the side from which she turned. "Here is the window. You are the maiden. The thorn — it is my love for you;" he dropped his voice to a whisper. "You planted it carelessly, far below you in the dark. In the dark it has grown and sung to you, and grown again, until now it stands in your own castle window. Will you not touch it and make its flowers bloom for you?" He spoke fervently. She had turned her face quite from him now, and was resting her forehead against one hand that leaned upon the heavy frame of the casement. The other hand hung down by her side toward him, fair as a lily against her dark gown. Nino touched it, then took it. He could see the blush spread to her white throat, and fade again. Between the half-falling curtain and the great window he bent his knee and pressed her fingers to his lips. She made as though she would withdraw her hand, and then left it in his. Her glance stole to him as he kneeled there, and he felt it on him, so that he looked up. She seemed to raise him with her fingers, and her eyes held his and drew them; he stood up, and, still holding her hand, his face was near to hers. Closer and closer yet, as by a spell, each gazing searchingly into the other's glance, till their eyes could see no more for closeness, and their lips met in life's first virgin kiss, — in the glory and strength of a twofold purity, each to each.

Far off at the other end of the room De Pretis struck a chord on the piano. They started at the sound.

"When?" whispered Nino, hurriedly.

"At midnight, under my window," she answered quickly, not thinking of anything better in her haste. "I will tell you then. You must go; my father will soon be here. No, not again," she protested. But he drew her to him, and said good-by in his own manner. She lingered an instant, and tore herself away. De Pretis was playing loudly. Nino had to pass near him to go out, and the maestro nodded carelessly as he went by.

"Excuse me, maestro," said Hedwig, as Nino bowed himself out; "it was a question of arranging certain lessons."

"Do not mention it," said he indifferently; "my time is yours, signorina. Shall we go through with this solfeggio once more?"

The good maestro did not seem greatly disturbed by the interruption. Hedwig wondered, dreamily, whether he had understood. It all seemed like a dream. The notes were upside down in her sight, and her voice sought strange minor keys unconsciously, as she vainly tried to concentrate her attention upon what she was doing.

"Signorina," said Ercole at last, "what you sing is very pretty, but it is not exactly what is written here. I fear you are tired."

"Perhaps so," said she. "Let us not sing any more to-day." Ercole shut up the music and rose. She gave him her hand, a thing she had never done before; and it was unconscious now, as everything she did seemed to be. There is a point when dreaming gets the mastery, and appears infinitely more real than the things we touch.

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Nino, meanwhile, had descended the steps, expecting every moment to meet the count. As he went down the street, a closed carriage drove by with the Lira liveries. The old count was in it, but Nino stepped into the shadow of a doorway to let the equipage pass, and was not seen. The wooden face of the old nobleman almost betrayed something akin to emotion. He was returning from the funeral, and it had pained him; for he had liked the wild baroness, in a fatherly, reproving way. But the sight of him sent a home thrust to Nino's heart.

"Her death is on my soul forever," he muttered between his set teeth. Poor innocent boy, it was not his fault if she had loved him so much. Women have done things for great singers that they have not done for martyrs or heroes. It seems so certain that the voice that sings so tenderly is speaking to them individually. Music is such a fleeting, passionate thing that a woman takes it all to herself; how could he sing like that for any one else? And yet there is always some one for whom he does really pour out his heart, and all the rest are the dolls of life, to be looked at, and admired for their dress and complexion, and to laugh at when the fancy takes him to laugh; but not to love.

At midnight Nino was at his post, but he waited long and patiently for a sign. It was past two, and he was thinking it hopeless to wait longer, when his quick ear caught the sound of a window moving on its hinges, and a moment later something fell at his feet with a sharp, metallic click. The night was dark and cloudy, so that the waning moon gave little light. He picked up the thing, and found a small pocket handkerchief wrapped about a minute pair of scissors, apparently to give it weight. He expected a letter, and groped on the damp pavement with his hands. Then he struck a match, shaded it from the breeze with his hand, and saw that the handkerchief was stained with ink and that the stains were letters, roughly printed to make them distinct. He hurried away to the light of a street lamp to read the strange missive.

X.

He went to the light and spread out the handkerchief. It was a small thing, of almost transparent stuff, with a plain "H. L." and a crown in the corner. The steel pen had torn the delicate fibres here and there.

"They know you have been here. I am watched. Keep away from the house till you hear."

That was all the message, but it told worlds. He knew from it that the count was informed of his visit, and he tortured himself by trying to imagine what the angry old man would do. His heart sank like a stone in his breast when he thought of Hedwig so imprisoned, guarded, made a martyr of, for his folly. He groaned aloud when he understood that it was in the power of her father to take her away suddenly and leave no trace of their destination, and he cursed his haste and impetuosity in having shown himself inside the house. But with all this weight of trouble upon him, he felt the strength and indomitable determination within him which come only to a man who loves, when he knows he is loved again. He kissed the little handkerchief, and even the scissors she had used to weight it with, and he put them in his breast. But he stood irresolute, leaning against the lamp-post, as a man will who is trying to force his thoughts to overtake events, trying to shape the future out of the present. Suddenly, he was aware of a tall figure in a fur coat standing near him on the sidewalk. He would have turned to go, but something about the stranger's appearance struck him so oddly that he stayed where he was and watched him.

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The tall man searched for something in his pockets, and finally produced a cigarette, which he leisurely lighted with a wax match. As he did so his eyes fell upon Nino. The stranger was tall and very thin. He wore a pointed beard and a heavy mustache, which seemed almost dazzlingly white, as were the few locks that appeared, neatly brushed over his temples, beneath his opera hat. His sanguine complexion, however, had all the freshness of youth, and his eyes sparkled merrily, as though amused at the spectacle of his nose, which was immense, curved, and polished, like an eagle's beak. He wore perfectly fitting kid gloves, and the collar of his fur wrapper, falling a little open, showed that he was in evening dress.

It was so late — past two o'clock — that Nino had not expected anything more than a policeman or some homeless wanderer, when he raised his eyes to look on the stranger. He was fascinated by the strange presence of the aged dandy, for such he seemed to be, and returned his gaze boldly. He was still more astonished, however, when the old gentleman came close to him, and raised his hat, displaying, as he did so, a very high and narrow forehead, crowned with a mass of smooth white hair. There was both grace and authority in the courteous gesture, and Nino thought the old gentleman moved with an ease that matched his youthful complexion rather than his hoary locks.

"Signor Cardegna, the distinguished artist, if I mistake not?" said the stranger, with a peculiar foreign accent, the like of which Nino had never heard. He, also, raised his hat, extremely surprised that a chance passer-by should know him. He had not yet learned what it is to be famous. But he was far from pleased at being addressed in his present mood.

"The same, signore," he replied coldly. "How can I serve you?"

"You can serve the world you so well adorn better than by exposing your noble voice to the midnight damps and chills of this infernal — I would say, eternal — city," answered the other. "Forgive me. I am, not unnaturally, concerned at the prospect of losing even a small portion of the pleasure you know how to give to me and to many others."

"I thank you for your flattery," said Nino, drawing his cloak about him, "but it appears to me that my throat is my own, and whatever voice there may be in it. Are you a physician, signore? And pray why do you tell me that Rome is an infernal city?"

"I have had some experience of Rome, Signor Cardegna," returned the foreigner, with a peculiar smile, "and I hate no place so bitterly in all this world — save one. And as for my being a physician, I am an old man, a very singularly old man in fact, and I know something of the art of healing."

"When I need healing, as you call it," said Nino rather scornfully, "I will inquire for you. Do you desire to continue this interview amid the 'damps and chills' of our 'infernal city'? If not, I will wish you good-evening."

"By no means," said the other, not in the least repulsed by Nino's coldness. "I will accompany you a little way, if you will allow me." Nino stared hard at the stranger, wondering what could induce him to take so much interest in a singer. Then he nodded gravely, and turned toward his home, inwardly hoping that his aggressive acquaintance lived in the opposite direction. But he was mistaken. The tall man blew a quantity of smoke through his nose and walked by his side. He strode over the pavement with a long, elastic step.

"I live not far from here," he said, when they had gone a few steps, "and if the Signor Cardegna will accept of a glass of old wine and a good cigar I shall feel highly honored." Somehow an invitation of this kind was the last

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thing Nino had expected or desired, least of all from a talkative stranger who seemed determined to make his acquaintance.

"I thank you, signore," he answered, "but I have supped, and I do not smoke."

"Ah — I forgot. You are a singer, and must of course be careful. That is perhaps the reason why you wander about the streets when the nights are dark and damp. But I can offer you something more attractive than liquor and tobacco. A great violinist lives with me, — a queer, nocturnal bird, — and if you will come he will be enchanted to play for you. I assure you he is a very good musician, the like of which you will hardly hear nowadays. He does not play in public any longer, from some odd fancy of his."

Nino hesitated. Of all instruments he loved the violin best, and in Rome he had had but little opportunity of hearing it well played. Concerts were the rarest of luxuries to him, and violinists in Rome are rarer still.

"What is his name, signore?" he asked, unbending a little.

"You must guess that when you hear him," said the old gentleman, with a short laugh. "But I give you my word of honor he is a great musician. Will you come, or must I offer you still further attractions?"

"What might they be?" asked Nino.

"Nay; will you come for what I offer you? If the music is not good, you may go away again." Still Nino hesitated. Sorrowful and fearful of the future as he was, his love gnawing cruelly at his heart, he would have given the whole world for a strain of rare music if only he were not forced to make it himself. Then it struck him that this might be some pitfall. I would not have gone.

"Sir," he said at last, "if you meditate any foul play, I would advise you to retract your invitation. I will come, and I am well armed." He had my long knife about him somewhere. It is one of my precautions. But the stranger laughed long and loud at the suggestion, so that his voice woke queer echoes in the silent street. Nino did not understand why he should laugh so much, but he found his knife under his cloak, and made sure it was loose in its leathern sheath. Presently the stranger stopped before the large door of an old palazzo, — every house is a palazzo that has an entrance for carriages, — and let himself in with a key. There was a lantern on the stone pavement inside, and seeing a light, Nino followed him boldly. The old gentleman took the lantern and led the way up the stairs, apologizing for the distance and the darkness. At last they stopped, and, entering another door, found themselves in the stranger's apartment.

"A cardinal lives down-stairs," said he, as he turned up the light of a couple of large lamps that burned dimly in the room they had reached. "The secretary of a very holy order has his office on the other side of my landing, and altogether this is a very religious atmosphere. Pray take off your cloak; the room is warm."

Nino looked about him. He had expected to be ushered into some princely dwelling, for he had judged his interlocutor to be some rich and eccentric noble, unless he were an erratic scamp. He was somewhat taken aback by the spectacle that met his eyes. The furniture was scant, and all in the style of the last century. The dust lay half an inch thick on the old gilded ornaments and chandeliers. A great pier-glass was cracked from corner to corner, and the metallic backing seemed to be scaling off behind. There were two or three open valises on the marble floor, which latter, however, seemed to have been lately swept. A square table was in the centre, also free from dust, and a few high-backed leathern chairs, studded with

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brass nails, were ranged about it. On the table stood one of the lamps, and the other was placed on a marble column in a corner, that once must have supported a bust, or something of the kind. Old curtains, moth-eaten and ragged with age, but of a rich material, covered the windows. Nino glanced at the open trunks on the floor, and saw that they contained a quantity of wearing apparel and the like. He guessed that his acquaintance had lately arrived.

"I do not often inhabit this den," said the old gentleman, who had divested himself of his furs, and now showed his thin figure arrayed in the extreme of full dress. A couple of decorations hung at his button-hole. "I seldom come here, and on my return, the other day, I found that the man I had left in charge was dead, with all his family, and the place has gone to ruin. That is always my luck," he added, with a little laugh.

"I should think he must have been dead some time," said Nino, looking about him. "There is a great deal of dust here."

"Yes, as you say, it is some years," returned his acquaintance, still laughing. He seemed a merry old soul, fifty years younger than his looks. He produced from a case a bottle of wine and two silver cups, and placed them on the table.

"But where is your friend, the violinist?" inquired Nino, who was beginning to be impatient; for except that the place was dusty and old, there was nothing about it sufficiently interesting to take his thoughts from the subject nearest his heart.

"I will introduce him to you," said the other, going to one of the valises and taking out a violin case, which he laid on the table and proceeded to open. The instrument was apparently of great age, small and well shaped. The stranger took it up and began to tune it.

"Do you mean to say that you are yourself the violinist?" he asked, in astonishment. But the stranger vouchsafed no answer, as he steadied the fiddle with his bearded chin and turned the pegs with his left hand, adjusting the strings.

Then, suddenly and without any preluding, he began to make music, and from the first note Nino sat enthralled and fascinated, losing himself in the wild sport of the tones. The old man's face became ashy white as he played, and his white hair appeared to stand away from his head. The long, thin fingers of his left hand chased each other in pairs and singly along the delicate strings, while the bow glanced in the lamplight as it dashed like lightning across the instrument, or remained almost stationary, quivering in his magic hold as quickly as the wings of the humming-bird strike the summer air. Sometimes he seemed to be tearing the heart from the old violin; sometimes it seemed to murmur soft things in his old ear, as though the imprisoned spirit of the music were pleading to be free on the wings of sound: sweet as love that is strong as death; feverish and murderous as jealousy that is as cruel as the grave; sobbing great sobs of a terrible death-song, and screaming in the outrageous frenzy of a furious foe; wailing thin cries of misery, too exhausted for strong grief; dancing again in horrid madness, as the devils dance over some fresh sinner they have gotten themselves for torture; and then at last, as the strings bent to the commanding bow, finding the triumph of a glorious rest in great, broad chords, splendid in depth and royal harmony, grand, enormous, and massive as the united choirs of heaven.

Nino was beside himself, leaning far over the table, straining eyes and ears to understand the wonderful music that made him drunk with its strength. As the tones ceased he sank back in his chair, exhausted by the tremendous ef-

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fort of his senses. Instantly the old man recovered his former appearance. With his hand he smoothed the thick white hair; the fresh color came back to his cheeks; and as he tenderly laid his violin on the table, he was again the exquisitely dressed and courtly gentleman who had spoken to Nino in the street. The musician disappeared, and the man of the world returned. He poured wine into the plain silver cups, and invited Nino to drink; but the boy pushed the goblet away, and his strange host drank alone.

"You asked me for the musician's name," he said, with a merry twinkle in his eye, from which every trace of artistic inspiration had faded; "can you guess it now?" Nino seemed tongue-tied still, but he made an effort.

"I have heard of Paganini," he said, "but he died years ago."

"Yes, he is dead, poor fellow! I am not Paganini."

"I am at a loss, then," said Nino, dreamily. "I do not know the names of many violinists, but you must be so famous that I ought to know yours."

"No; how should you? I will tell you. I am Benoni, the Jew." The tall man's eyes twinkled more brightly than ever. Nino stared at him, and saw that he was certainly of a pronounced Jewish type. His brown eyes were long and oriental in shape, and his nose was unmistakably Semitic.

"I am sorry to seem so ignorant," said Nino, blushing, "but I do not know the name. I perceive, however, that you are indeed a very great musician, — the greatest I ever heard." The compliment was perfectly sincere, and Benoni's face beamed with pleasure. He evidently liked praise.

"It is not extraordinary," he said, smiling. "In the course of a very long life it has been my only solace, and if I have some skill it is the result of constant study. I began life very humbly."

"So did I," said Nino thoughtfully, "and I am not far from the humbleness yet."

"Tell me," said Benoni, with a show of interest, "where you come from, and why you are a singer."

"I was a peasant's child, an orphan, and the good God gave me a voice. That is all I know about it. A kind-hearted gentleman, who once owned the estate where I was born, brought me up, and wanted to make a philosopher of me. But I wanted to sing, and so I did."

"Do you always do the things you want to do?" asked the other. "You look as though you might. You look like Napoleon, — that man always interested me. That is why I asked you to come and see me. I have heard you sing, and you are a great artist, — an additional reason. All artists should be brothers. Do you not think so?"

"Indeed, I know very few good ones," said Nino simply; "and even among them I would like to choose before claiming relationship — personally. But Art is a great mother, and we are all her children."

"More especially we who began life so poorly, and love Art because she loves us." Benoni seated himself on the arm of one of the old chairs, and looked down across the worm-eaten table at the young singer. "We," he continued, "who have been wretchedly poor know better than others that art is real, true, and enduring; medicine in sickness and food in famine; wings to the feet of youth and a staff for the steps of old age. Do you think I exaggerate, or do you feel as I do?" He paused for an answer, and poured more wine into his goblet.

"Oh, you know I feel as you do!" cried Nino, with rising enthusiasm.

"Very good; you are a genuine artist. What you have not felt yet, you will feel hereafter. You have not suffered yet."

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"You do not know about me," said Nino in a low voice. "I am suffering now."

Benoni smiled. "Do you call that suffering? Well, it is perhaps very real to you, though I do not know what it is. But art will help you through it all, as it has helped me."

"What were you?" asked Nino. "You say you were poor."

"Yes. I was a shoemaker, and a poor one at that. I have worn out more shoes than I ever made. But I was brought up to it for many years."

"You did not study music from a child, then?"

"No. But I always loved it; and I used to play in the evenings, when I had been cobbling all day long."

"And one day you found out you were a great artist and became famous. I see! What a strange beginning!" cried Nino.

"Not exactly that. It took a long time. I was obliged to leave my home, for other reasons, and then I played from door to door, and from town to town, for whatever coppers were thrown to me. I had never heard any good music, and so I played the things that came into my head. By and by people would make me stay with them awhile, for my music's sake. But I never stayed long."

"Why not?"

"I cannot tell you now," said Benoni, looking grave and almost sad: "it is a very long story. I have traveled a great deal, preferring a life of adventure. But of late money has grown to be so important a thing that I have given a series of great concerts, and have become rich enough to play for my own pleasure. Besides, though I travel so much, I like society, and I know many people everywhere. To-night, for instance, though I have been in Rome only a week, I have been to a dinner party, to the theatre, to a reception, and to a ball. Everybody invites me as soon as I arrive. I am very popular, — and yet I am a Jew," he added, laughing in an odd way.

"But you are a merry Jew," said Nino, laughing, too, "besides being a great genius. I do not wonder people invite you."

"It is better to be merry than sad," replied Benoni. "In the course of a long life I have found out that."

"You do not look so very old," said Nino. "How old are you?"

"That is a rude question," said his host, laughing. "But I will improvise a piece of music for you." He took his violin, and stood up before the broken pier-glass. Then he laid the bow over the strings and struck a chord. "What is that?" he asked, sustaining the sound.

"The common chord of A minor," answered Nino immediately.

"You have a good ear," said Benoni, still playing the same notes, so that the constant monotony of them buzzed like a vexatious insect in Nino's hearing. Still the old man sawed the bow over the same strings without change. On and on, the same everlasting chord, till Nino thought he must go mad.

"It is intolerable; for the love of Heaven, stop!" he cried, pushing back his chair and beginning to pace the room. Benoni only smiled, and went on as unchangingly as ever. Nino could bear it no longer, being very sensitive about sounds, and he made for the door.

"You cannot get out, — I have the key in my pocket," said Benoni, without stopping.

Then Nino became nearly frantic, and made at the Jew to wrest the instrument from his hands. But Benoni was agile, and eluded him, still playing vigorously the one chord, till Nino cried aloud, and sank in a chair, entirely overcome by the torture, that seemed boring its way into his brain like a corkscrew.

"This," said Benoni, the bow still

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sawing the strings, "is life without laughter. Now let us laugh a little, and see the effect."

It was indeed wonderful. With his instrument he imitated the sound of a laughing voice, high up above the monotonous chord: softly at first, as though far in the distance; then louder and nearer, the sustaining notes of the minor falling away one after the other and losing themselves, as the merriment gained ground on the sadness; till finally, with a burst of life and vitality of which it would be impossible to convey any idea, the whole body of mirth broke into a wild tarantella movement, so vivid and elastic and noisy that it seemed to Nino that he saw the very feet of the dancers, and heard the jolly din of the tambourine and the clattering, clappering click of the castanets.

"That," said Benoni, suddenly stopping, "is life with laughter, be it ever so sad and monotonous before. Which do you prefer?"

"You are the greatest artist in the world!" cried Nino enthusiastically; "but I should have been a raving madman if you had played that chord any longer."

"Of course," said Benoni, "and I should have gone mad if I had not laughed. Poor Schumann, you know, died insane because he fancied he always heard one note droning in his ears."

"I can understand that," said Nino. "But it is late, and I must be going home. Forgive my rudeness and reluctance to come with you. I was moody and unhappy. You have given me more pleasure than I can tell you."

"It will seem little enough to-morrow, I dare say," replied Benoni. "That is the way with pleasures. But you should get them all the same, when you can, and grasp them as tightly as a drowning man grasps a straw. Pleasures and money, money and pleasures."

Nino did not understand the tone in which his host made this last remark. He had learned different doctrines from me.

"Why do you speak so selfishly, after showing that you can give pleasure so freely, and telling me that we are all brothers?" he asked.

"If you are not in a hurry, I will explain to you that money is the only thing in this world worth having," said Benoni, drinking another cup of the wine, which appeared to have no effect whatever on his brain.

"Well?" said Nino, curious to hear what he had to say.

"In the first place, you will allow that from the noblest moral standpoint a man's highest aim should be to do good to his fellow creatures? Yes, you allow that. And to do the greatest possible good to the greatest possible number? Yes, you allow that, also. Then, I say, other things being alike, a good man will do the greatest possible amount of good in the world when he has the greatest possible amount of money. The more money, the more good; the less money, the less good. Of course money is only the means to the end, but nothing tangible in the world can ever be anything else. All art is only a means to the exciting of still more perfect images in the brain; all crime is a means to the satisfaction of passion, or avarice which is itself a king-passion; all good itself is a means to the attainment of heaven. Everything is bad or good in the world, except art, which is a thing separate, though having good and bad results. But the attainment of heaven is the best object to keep in view. To that end, do the most good; and to do it, get the most money. Therefore, as a means, money is the only thing in the world worth having, since you can most benefit humanity by it, and consequently be the most sure of going to heaven when you die. Is that clear?"

"Perfectly," said Nino, "provided a man is himself good."

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"It is very reprehensible to be bad," said Benoni, with a smile.

"What a ridiculous truism!" said Nino, laughing outright.

"Very likely," said the other. "But I never heard any preacher, in any country, tell his congregation anything else. And people always listen with attention. In countries where rain is entirely unknown, it is not a truism to say that 'when it rains it is damp.' On the contrary, in such countries that statement would be regarded as requiring demonstration, and once demonstrated, it would be treasured and taught as an interesting scientific fact. Now it is precisely the same with congregations of men. They were never bad, and never can be; in fact, they doubt, in their dear innocent hearts, whether they know what a real sin is. Consequently they listen with interest to the statement that sin is bad, and promise themselves that if ever that piece of information should be unexpectedly needed by any of their friends, they will remember it."

"You are a satirist, Signor Benoni," said Nino.

"Anything you like," returned the other. "I have been called worse names than that, in my time. So much for heaven, and the prospect of it. But a gentleman has arisen in a foreign country who says that there is no heaven, anywhere, and that no one does good except in the pursuit of pleasure here or hereafter. But as his hereafter is nowhere, disregard it in the argument, and say that man should only do, or actually does, everything solely for the sake of pleasure here; say that pleasure is good, so long as it does not interfere with the pleasures of others, and good is pleasure. Money may help a man to more of it, but pleasure is the thing. Well, then, my young brother artist, what did I say?—'money and pleasure, pleasure and money.' The means are there; and as, of course, you are good, like everybody else, and desire pleasure, you will get to heaven hereafter, if there is such a place; and if not, you will get the next thing to it, which is a paradise on earth." Having reached the climax, Signor Benoni lit a cigarette, and laughed his own peculiar laugh.

Nino shuddered involuntarily at the hideous sophistry. For Nino is a good boy, and believes very much in heaven, as well as in a couple of other places. Benoni's quick brown eyes saw the movement, and understood it, for he laughed longer yet, and louder.

"Why do you laugh like that? I see nothing to laugh at. It is very bitter and bad to hear, all this that you say. I would rather hear your music. You are badly off, whether you believe in heaven or not. For if you do, you are not likely to get there; and if you do not believe in it, you are a heretic, and will be burned forever and ever."

"Not so badly answered, for an artist; and in a few words, too," said Benoni approvingly. "But, my dear boy, the trouble is that I shall not get to heaven either way, for it is my great misfortune to be already condemned to everlasting flames."

"No one is that," said Nino gravely.

"There are some exceptions, you know," said Benoni.

"Well," answered the young man thoughtfully, "of course there is the Wandering Jew, and such tales, but nobody believes in him."

"Good-night," said Benoni. "I am tired, and must go to bed."

Nino found his way out alone, but carefully noted the position of the palazzo before he went home through the deserted streets. It was four in the morning.

F. Marion Crawford.

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EZRA RIPLEY, D. D.[1]

Ezra Ripley was born May 1, 1751 (O. S.), at Woodstock, Connecticut. He was the fifth of the nineteen children of Noah and Lydia (Kent) Ripley. Seventeen of these nineteen children married, and it is stated that the mother died leaving nineteen children, one hundred and two grandchildren and ninety-six great-grandchildren. The father was born at Hingham, on the farm purchased by his ancestor, William Ripley, of England, at the first settlement of the town, which farm has been occupied by seven or eight generations. Ezra Ripley followed the business of farming till sixteen years of age, when his father wished him to be qualified to teach a grammar school, not thinking himself able to send one son to college without injury to his other children. With this view, the father agreed with the late Rev. Dr. Forbes, of Gloucester, then minister of North Brookfield, to fit Ezra for college by the time he should be twenty-one years of age, and to have him labor during the time sufficiently to pay for his instruction, clothing and books.

But when fitted for college, the son could not be contented with teaching, which he had tried the preceding winter. He had early manifested a desire for learning, and could not be satisfied without a public education. Always inclined to notice ministers, and frequently attempting, when only five or six years old, to imitate them by preaching, now that he had become a professor of religion he had an ardent desire to be a preacher of the gospel. He had to encounter great difficulties, but, through a kind providence and the patronage of Dr. Forbes, he entered Harvard University, July, 1772. The commencement of the Revolutionary War greatly interrupted his education at college. In 1775, in his senior year, the college was removed from Cambridge to Concord. The studies were much broken up. Many of the students entered the army, and the class never returned to Cambridge. There were an unusually large number of distinguished men in this class of 1776: Christopher Gore, Governor of Massachusetts and Senator in Congress; Samuel Sewall, Chief Justice of Massachusetts; George Thacher, Judge of the Supreme Court; Royal Tyler, Chief Justice of Vermont; and the late learned Dr. Prince, of Salem.

Mr. Ripley was ordained minister of Concord, November 7, 1778. He married, November 16, 1780, Mrs. Phœbe (Bliss) Emerson, then a widow of thirty-nine, with five children. They had three children: Samuel, born May 11, 1783; Daniel Bliss, born August 1, 1784; Sarah, born April 8, 1789. He died September 21, 1841.

To these facts, gathered chiefly from his own diary, and stated nearly in his own words, I can only add a few traits from memory.

He was identified with the ideas and forms of the New England Church, which expired about the same time with him, so that he and his coevals seemed the rear-guard of the great camp and army of the Puritans, which, however in its last days declining into formalism, in the heyday of its strength had planted and liberated America. It was a pity

[1] This sketch was written for the Social Circle, a club in Concord now more than a century old, and said to be the lineal descendant of the Committee of Safety in the Revolution. Mr. Emerson was a member for many years, and greatly valued its weekly evening meetings, held, during the winter, at the houses of the members. After the death of Dr. Ripley, an early member, and connected with him by marriage, Mr. Emerson was asked to prepare the customary memoir for the Club-Book.

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that his old meeting-house should have been modernized in his time. I am sure all who remember both will associate his form with whatever was grave and droll in the old, cold, unpainted, uncarpeted, square-pewed meeting-house, with its four iron-gray deacons in their little box under the pulpit, — with Watts's hymns, with long prayers, rich with the diction of ages, and not less with the report like musketry from the movable seats. He and his contemporaries, the old New England clergy, were believers in what is called a particular providence, — certainly, as they held it, a very particular providence, — following the narrowness of King David and the Jews, who thought the universe existed only or mainly for their church and congregation. Perhaps I cannot better illustrate this tendency than by citing a record from the diary of the father of his predecessor,[1] the minister of Malden, written in the blank leaves of the almanac for the year 1735. The minister writes against January 31st, "Bought a shay for 27 pounds, 10 shillings. The Lord grant it may be a comfort and blessing to my family." In March following he notes, "Had a safe and comfortable journey to York." But, April 24th, we find, "Shay overturned, with my wife and I in it, yet neither of us much hurt. Blessed be our gracious Preserver. Part of the shay, as it lay upon one side, went over my wife, and yet she was scarcely anything hurt. How wonderful the preservation." Then again, May 5th: "Went to the beach with three of the children. The beast, being frightened when we were all out of the shay, overturned and broke it. I desire (I hope I desire it) that the Lord would teach me suitably to repent this providence, to make suitable remarks on it, and to be suitably affected with it. Have I done well to get me a shay? Have I not been proud or too fond of this convenience? Do I exercise the faith in the Divine care and protection which I ought to do? Should I not be more in my study and less fond of diversion? Do I not withhold more than is meet from pious and charitable uses?" Well, on 15th May we have this: "Shay brought home; mending cost thirty shillings. Favored in this respect beyond expectation." 16th May: "My wife and I rode together to Rumney Marsh. The beast frighted several times." And at last we have this record, June 4th: "Disposed of my shay to Rev. Mr. White."

The same faith made what was strong and what was weak in Dr. Ripley and his associates. He was a perfectly sincere man, punctual, severe, but just and charitable; and if he made his forms a strait-jacket to others, he wore the same himself all his years. Trained in this church, and very well qualified by his natural talent to work in it, it was never out of his mind. He looked at every person and thing from the parochial point of view. I remember, when a boy, driving about Concord with him, and in passing each house he told the story of the family that lived in it, and especially he gave me anecdotes of the nine church members who had made a division in the church in the time of his predecessor, and showed me how every one of the nine had come to bad fortune or to a bad end. His prayers for rain and against the lightning, "that it may not lick up our spirits;" and for good weather; and against sickness and insanity, "that we have not been tossed to and fro until the dawning of the day, that we have not been a terror to ourselves and others," are well remembered; and his own entire faith that these petitions were not to be overlooked, and were entitled to a favorable answer. Some of those around me will remember one occasion of severe drought in this vicinity, when the late Rev. Mr. Goodwin offered to relieve the doctor of the duty of leading in prayer; but

[1] Rev. Joseph Emerson.

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the doctor suddenly remembering the season, rejected his offer with some humor, as with an air that said to all the congregation, "This is no time for you young Cambridge men; the affair, sir, is getting serious. I will pray myself." One August afternoon, when I was in his hayfield helping him with his man to rake up his hay, I well remember his pleading, almost reproachful looks at the sky, when the thunder gust was coming up to spoil his hay. He raked very fast, then looked at the cloud, and said, "We are in the Lord's hand; mind your rake, George! We are in the Lord's hand;" and seemed to say, "You know me; this field is mine, — Dr. Ripley's, thine own servant!"

He used to tell the story of one of his old friends, the minister of Sudbury, who, being at the Thursday lecture in Boston, heard the officiating clergyman praying for rain. As soon as the service was over, he went to the petitioner, and said, "You Boston ministers, as soon as a tulip wilts under your windows, go to church and pray for rain, until all Concord and Sudbury are under water." I once rode with him to a house at Nine Acre Corner, to attend the funeral of the father of a family. He mentioned to me on the way his fears that the oldest son, who was now to succeed to the farm, was becoming intemperate. We presently arrived, and the doctor addressed each of the mourners separately: "Sir, I condole with you." "Madam, I condole with you." "Sir, I knew your great-grandfather. When I came to this town, your great-grandfather was a substantial farmer in this very place, a member of the church, and an excellent citizen. Your grandfather followed him, and was a virtuous man. Now your father is to be carried to his grave, full of labors and virtues. There is none of that large family left but you, and it rests with you to bear up the good name and usefulness of your ancestors. If you fail, Ichabod, the glory is departed. Let us pray." Right manly he was, and the manly thing he could always say. I can remember a little speech he made to me, when the last tie of blood which held me and my brothers to his house was broken by the death of his daughter. He said on parting, "I wish you and your brothers to come to this house as you have always done. You will not like to be excluded; I shall not like to be neglected."

When "Put" Merriam, after his release from the state prison, had the effrontery to call on the doctor as an old acquaintance, in the midst of general conversation Mr. Frost came in, and the doctor presently said, "Mr. Merriam, my brother and colleague, Mr. Frost, has come to take tea with me. I regret very much the causes (which you know very well) which make it impossible for me to ask you to stay and break bread with us." With the doctor's views, it was a matter of religion to say thus much. He had a reverence and love of society, and the patient, continuing courtesy, carrying out every respectful attention to the end, which marks what is called the manners of the old school. His hospitality obeyed Charles Lamb's rule, and "ran fine to the last." His partiality for ladies was always strong, and was by no means abated by time. He claimed privilege of years, was much addicted to kissing, spared neither maid, wife, nor widow, and, as a lady thus favored remarked to me, "seemed as if he was going to make a meal of you."

He was very credulous, and as he was no reader of books or journals he knew nothing beyond the columns of his weekly religious newspaper, the tracts of his sect, and perhaps the Middlesex Yeoman. He was the easy dupe of any tonguey agent, whether colonizationist, or anti-papist, or charlatan of iron combs, or tractors, or phrenology, or magnetism, who went by. At the time

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when Jack Downing's letters were in every paper, he repeated to me at table some of the particulars of that gentleman's intimacy with General Jackson, in a manner that betrayed to me at once that he took the whole for fact. To undeceive him, I hastened to recall some particulars to show the absurdity of the thing, as the major and the President going out skating on the Potomac, etc. "Why," said the doctor, with perfect faith, "it was a bright moonlight night;" and I am not sure that he did not die in the belief in the reality of Major Downing. Like other credulous men, he was opinionative, and, as I well remember, a great browbeater of the poor old fathers who still survived from the 19th of April, to the end that they should testify to his history as he had written it.

He was a man so kind and sympathetic, his character was so transparent and his merits so intelligible to all observers, that he was very justly appreciated in this community. He was a natural gentleman: no dandy, but courtly, hospitable, manly and public-spirited; his nature social, his house open to all men. We remember the remark made by the old farmer, who used to travel hither from Maine, that no horse from the Eastern country would go by the doctor's gate. Travelers from the West and North and South bear the like testimony. His brow was serene and open to his visitor, for he loved men, and he had no studies, no occupations, which company could interrupt. His friends were his study, and to see them loosened his talents and his tongue. In his house dwelt order and prudence and plenty. There was no waste and no stint. He was open-handed and just and generous. Ingratitude and meanness in his beneficiaries did not wear out his compassion; he bore the insult, and the next day his basket for the beggar, his horse and chaise for the cripple, were at their door. Though he knew the value of a dollar as well as another man, yet he loved to buy dearer and sell cheaper than others. He subscribed to all charities, and it is no reflection on others today that he was the most public-spirited man in the town. The late Dr. Gardiner, in a funeral sermon on some parishioner whose virtues did not readily come to mind, honestly said, "He was good at fires." Dr. Ripley had many virtues, and yet all will remember that even in his old age, if the fire-bell was rung, he was instantly on horseback, with his buckets and bag.

He showed even in his fireside discourse traits of that pertinency and judgment, softening ever and anon into elegancy, which make the distinction of the scholar, and which under better discipline might have ripened into a Bentley or a Porson. He had a foresight, when he opened his mouth, of all that he would say, and he marched straight to the conclusion. In debate in the vestry or the Lyceum, the structure of his sentences was admirable; so neat, so natural, so terse, his words fell like stones; and often, though quite unconscious of it, his speech was a satire on the loose, voluminous, draggle-tail periods of other speakers. He sat down when he had done. A man of anecdote, his talk in the parlor was chiefly narrative. We remember the remark of a gentleman who listened with much delight to his conversation at the time when the doctor was preparing to go to Baltimore and Washington, that "a man who could tell a story so well was company for kings and John Quincy Adams."

Sage and savage strove harder in him than in any of my acquaintances, each getting the mastery by turns, and pretty sudden turns: "Save us from the extremity of cold and these violent sudden changes:" "The society will meet after the Lyceum, as it is difficult to bring people together in the evening,— and no moon." "Mr. N. F. is dead,

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and I expect to hear of the death of Mr. B. It is cruel to separate old people from their wives in this cold weather."

With a very limited acquaintance with books, his knowledge was an external experience, an Indian wisdom, the observation of such facts as country life for nearly a century could supply. He watched with interest the garden, the field, the orchard, the house and the barn, horse, cow, sheep and dog, and all the common objects that engage the thought of the farmer. He kept his eye on the horizon, and knew the weather like a sea-captain. The usual experiences of men, birth, marriage, sickness, death, burial; the common temptations; the common ambitions; — he studied them all, and sympathized so well in these that he was excellent company and counsel to all, even the most humble and ignorant. With extraordinary states of mind, with states of enthusiasm on enlarged speculation, he had no sympathy, and pretended to none. He was sincere, and kept to his point, and his mark was never remote. His conversation was strictly personal, and apt to the party and the occasion. An eminent skill he had in saying difficult and unspeakable things; in delivering to a man or a woman that which all their other friends had abstained from saying, in uncovering the bandage from a sore place, and applying the surgeon's knife with a truly surgical spirit. Was a man a sot, or a spendthrift, or too long time a bachelor, or suspected of some hidden crime, or had he quarreled with his wife, or collared his father, or was there any cloud or suspicious circumstances in his behavior, the good pastor knew his way straight to that point, believing himself entitled to a full explanation, and whatever relief to the conscience of both parties plain speech could effect was sure to be procured. In all such passages he justified himself to the conscience, and commonly to the love, of the persons concerned. He was the more competent to these searching discourses from his knowledge of family history. He knew everybody's grandfather, and seemed to address each person rather as the representative of his house and name than as an individual. In him have perished more local and personal anecdotes of this village and vicinity than are possessed by any survivor. This intimate knowledge of families, and this skill of speech, and, still more, his sympathy, made him incomparable in his parochial visits, and in his exhortations and prayers. He gave himself up to his feelings, and said on the instant the best things in the world. Many and many a felicity he had in his prayer, now forever lost, which defied all the rules of all the rhetoricians. He did not know when he was good in prayer or sermon, for he had no literature and no art; but he believed, and therefore spoke. He was eminently loyal in his nature, and not fond of adventure or innovation. By education, and still more by temperament, he was engaged to the old forms of the New England church. Not speculative, but affectionate; devout, but with an extreme love of order, he adopted heartily, though in its mildest forms, the creed and catechism of the fathers, and appeared a modern Israelite in his attachment to the Hebrew history and faith. He was a man very easy to read, for his whole life and conversation were consistent. All his opinions and actions might be securely predicted by a good observer on short acquaintance. My classmate at Cambridge, Frederick King, told me from Governor Gore, who was the doctor's classmate, that in college he was called Holy Ripley.

And now, in his old age, when all the antique Hebraism and its customs are passing away, it is fit that he too should depart, — most fit that in the fall of laws a loyal man should die.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

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THE TRUSTWORTHINESS OF THE HEBREW TRADITIONS.

THERE has been of late years a great increase of interest in the history and literature of ancient Israel. If the Old Testament is less studied than in former times as an authority in religious doctrine, as a book among books it is studied more than ever. In Holland, especially, this revival of interest has been most marked. A whole new school of Dutch scholars, with Dr. A. Kuenen at their head, have been subjecting the Hebrew books to almost microscopic examination and criticism. Their endeavor has been to discover the real date, character, and authority of those books, and so to make out the actual course of the history of Israel. To this task they have brought rich resources of learning, and minds at once acute and singularly free from theological prepossessions. The result has been that they have arrived with striking unanimity at a series of conclusions as to the age of the earlier portions of the Bible, which they believe must almost revolutionize the hitherto accepted ideas of the ancient Hebrew monotheism. It is the object of this article not to gainsay their critical conclusions, but to show that they do not involve any such revolution. There is another element in the problem, which seems to have been hardly noticed, — *tradition*. Let this have its due weight, and then whatever dates be assigned to the written records, yet the great names, events, and religious significance of that wonderful history will remain substantially unaffected.

In order to make the question at issue clear, note, first, wherein has been supposed to lie the value of the earlier Bible histories; and secondly, exactly how this is supposed to be affected by the new criticism.

The value of those earlier narratives, then, — I speak of it, of course, simply in relation to historical studies, — lay in their giving the story of a very ancient and remarkable outgrowth of comparatively pure religion. According to them, the Jewish people had their very origin as a separate nationality in a literally "new departure" of monotheism under Abraham. It is not without clinging elements of the heathenism round, yet for that early age it stands out in marvelous elevation. That monotheism continues, though gradually weakening, through successive generations of his descendants: they almost lose it in Egypt, where they sink into a pariah class of forced laborers; it is revived, almost reinstituted, with a nobler purity and power than ever by Moses, their great leader, lawgiver, and prophet, who, if the later Jewish ideas of him were true, was the loftiest religious teacher of the ancient world. After him come dark and broken centuries, during which the Hebrews are constantly falling away from the religion of Abraham and Moses into all kinds of home and foreign idolatries: but still, from time to time, they are recalled to it; the old monotheism is lifted up again, and restored; and at last, in the course of ages, the disunited tribes become a nation, the worship of the one God a settled, fervent, national religion, and out of that religion come the noble utterances of the prophets, the long-accumulating treasures of the Psalms, and ultimately the perfect flower of Christ and Christianity. All this idea of the earlier Hebrews has rested not on any extreme theory of the Pentateuch and historical books being inspired, but simply on the belief in their being genuine old-world chronicles: in parts dating, as written records, from the very time of Moses; and through traditions, virtually indorsed by him, reaching back much earlier still. Thus

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it was believed that we had, in fairly trustworthy history, at least the main personal and religious facts of that remarkable line of monotheistic development from Abraham downwards.

Now the new criticism of Kuenen and his collaborateurs shows that the Hebrew books containing the story of those earlier ages are not, in their present form, nearly so old as used to be supposed. Deuteronomy is referred to about 620 B. C.; the rest of the Pentateuch to the time of Ezra, B. C. 458. In place of the heretofore accepted idea of Scripture precedence: (1) the Pentateuch with the histories, (2) the Psalms, (3) the prophecies, it is maintained that the true order is: earliest, the prophecies; secondly, the Pentateuch; third, and latest, the Psalms. The earliest real records that we have are the earlier prophets — Amos, Hosea, Micah, and the first part of Isaiah — dating from the eighth century B. C. This prophetic era, therefore, they maintain, gives us our first contemporaneous evidence of Hebrew monotheism. It is, in itself, quite a respectable antiquity, but still it does not bring us within five centuries of Moses; while as for Abraham, if there can now be supposed ever to have been a man of that name, he lies away back in the nebulous distances of a thousand years. Here comes in the practical effect of the common idea that oral tradition must necessarily be hazy and unreliable. Having relegated everything prior to the prophetic era to the rank of tradition, Kuenen regards all that traditional period as being therefore virtually without history. A few of the greater names and events he admits as having probably survived in the national memory, for example, that the Israelites did come out of Egypt, and that Moses was the leader of that exodus; but as for any earlier personages, the patriarchs and Abraham, he regards them as wholly mythical. What is more important, however, is that the whole *religious* character of those traditions prior to the prophetic era is to be ignored, or set aside as merely a later gloss. The eighth century B. C. was the stand-point from which the earlier history was written, and the ideas pervading that history can be only the ideas of the century which composed it. All that tone of monotheism, that pervading monotheistic meaning, giving the impetus to Abraham's migration and to Moses' leadership, is merely the retrospective coloring infused by the reforming prophets of King Josiah's time, or the priestly lawgivers around Ezra. That *struggling monotheism of the past* thus cleared away, Kuenen constructs his theory of the development of Israelitish religion so as to lead up, as he conceives, more naturally to the state of things disclosed by the prophetic writings. Those writings show a gross and general polytheism on the part of the people, with only the prophets earnestly contending against it; and his theory is that, in fact, Israel had never previously known anything but polytheism, and was only then for the first time emerging from it. So, the history of what we are accustomed to regard as the peculiar faith of Israel begins only with the prophets; and if we would look still further back, it must be by picturing to ourselves not a far earlier dayspring of comparatively pure religion, but simply rude sun-god and sky-god worships, and dark idolatries shading back into unbroken night.

With regard to the definite conclusions of this new criticism, so far as they relate to the age and order of the various Hebrew books I have nothing to object. I am doubtful, indeed, whether its expounders give quite sufficient weight to what is really part of their own argument, namely, that some of those historical books, though of late compilation as they stand, are actually made up of various and possibly much more ancient literary fragments; but, with this

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possible exception, I can only bow before their marvelously minute scholarship and perfect honesty, and do not feel able — indeed, do not wish — to gainsay their critical decisions. Let it be that we have no written record provably earlier than the prophetic era, the eighth century B. C. But even if this be so, and if all the earlier story is only tradition, still the question remains, What is the value of those traditions, and what reliance can be placed upon them? It is here that I venture to think Professor Kuenen's method is open to some reconsideration.

In a recent number of the Atlantic Monthly I have drawn attention to the general subject of the part which tradition played in the ancient world.[1] It seems to have been curiously overlooked that oral tradition, prior to the invention, or common use, of writing, filled an entirely different place, and therefore was an entirely different thing from what it is now. In our modern days it is an accident, a mere uncertain remainder of things which have not been forgotten; but prior to writing, tradition was an instrument, a purposed and often carefully disciplined and guarded method of keeping in mind those things which a people wanted remembered, and wanted truly remembered. I do not maintain that any absolute canon can be established of the trustworthiness of all ancient tradition; but I showed that memory is perfectly capable of retaining and handing down narratives of almost any length and any minuteness of names and details; and so I think it must be recognized that, among peoples who seem to have regarded their traditions as sacred or precious, and to have taken some deliberate care in their transmission, especially where they have been transmitted in fixed and stereotyped forms, they approach the quality of actual records, and may be trusted a long way back for the main-lines of history.

Now all this involves a kind of inquiry with regard to the Hebrew traditions into which Professor Kuenen does not appear to have at all entered. He has concentrated his study upon the question when the Hebrew historical records begin; and finding, as he believes, nothing earlier than the eighth-century prophets, he says, *There*, then, we must take our stand; that is the earliest point of knowledge. All prior to that is mere story, legend, hearsay. As to these he does not discriminate, or even attempt to do so. Tradition with him is *tradition*. He does not recognize any difference between that of the nineteenth century after Christ and that of the nineteenth century before Christ. He says distinctly that "a century was a hundred years then" — that is, in reference to the survival of national recollections — "as it is now;" and as if to prevent any possible mistake about his meaning, he adds an instance of its application, which I must again quote: "The oldest accounts of the Mosaic time were as far removed from Israel's lawgiver as we Dutchmen are from the beginning of the Hoek and Kabeljauw quarrels. Suppose that we knew of the latter only by tradition, which had never been committed to writing up to this time: should we have the boldness to trust ourselves to the historian who now wrote them for the first time, as a safe guide?"[2] So that, in fact, this whole field of inquiry into the special quality of the Hebrew traditions remains to be examined. It has not only to be asked at what point we pass beyond the bounds of history, — let us suppose that settled, but when we enter on the traditional region, — Of what kind are the traditions? Are there any marks of special value having been set upon particular elements in them? Are there any indications of

[1] The Trustworthiness of Early Tradition, in The Atlantic for July, page 158.

[2] The Religion of Israel, vol. i. p. 17.

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a tendency to national self-glorification or the reverse? Especially, are there any signs of their having been handed down, and at last committed to writing, in set and stereotyped forms? If there are such marks, then the Hebrew traditions must not be brushed aside to make room for abstract evolutionary theories; they must be treated as worthy of a large and general credit; and while, of course, not to be followed in minor details, and needing careful sifting, they may be fairly trusted as having preserved the great national names, events, and changes, and especially the larger significance of these in the national development.

It is earnestly to be hoped that Dr. Kuenen and his collaborateurs will recognize the necessity for this further inquiry, and themselves take it up. No other critics are so competent to do so. For myself, I cannot pretend to any technical knowledge or ability in that direction. Simply from my deep interest in all old-world records I have been led to this idea of a possible value, heretofore curiously overlooked, even in traditions, and to some general examination of how this idea may apply in one of those directions along which critics and historians are so carefully exploring. But even in this general study of the Hebrew traditions, I cannot help being struck with the presence of various characteristics which should win for them a very high degree of respect, as faithfully preserving the main lines of national history from very early times.

The first of these indications appears in the part which genealogies played in Hebrew life and thought; not in the exact accuracy of those genealogies as they now exist, — that is a secondary consideration, — but in the evident store which the Hebrews set upon pedigree and the handing down of their lines of descent. We find this all through their historical times; in fact, every one knows that it has always been one of the most marked characteristics of the Jews. Now such characteristics do not grow up to order, or suddenly. Certainly, they do not begin with the invention or use of writing. The genealogies which we find Jewish writers so carefully treasuring and comparing [1] as soon as they begin to write history tell, as clearly as the fossil remains of some early geologic period, of one of the main interests of their prehistoric time.

Nor is this general inference in any degree weakened by finding that the genealogies by no means always agree. Genealogies in historic times are constantly found to have most curious discrepancies and difficulties. There are probably not half a dozen pedigrees, even of the greatest English families, reaching back to the Norman Conquest, that do not present quite as irreconcilable perplexities as any of the Jewish lines preserved in the Bible. But there is no real uncertainty about the main names in those great English pedigrees; only as to where exactly they belong. So it is surely fair to believe that the Jews had from immemorial times handed down the main links in their great chains of descent, with something of the same singular and reverent care with which we find those chains regarded as soon as we come upon them in actual history.

But here we are met by a consideration on which great stress is laid by Kuenen and others as at once fatal to any idea of those earlier genealogies being genuine. The persons composing them are all "progenitors of tribes;" [2] therefore it is taken for granted, almost as of course, that they cannot have been real historical personages. But why does this follow? We are told that the Hebrews in the beginning were one of

[1] The Talmud says that the Jews did not leave Babylon till they had sifted the genealogies "to the finest ground flour." — *Note* by my friend, Dr. Gustav Gottheil, the learned Rabbi of New York, who has kindly gone over the general argument with me, and given me various confirmatory details to strengthen its force.

[2] The Religion of Israel, vol. i. p. 109.

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those nomadic tribes of which we have the analogue, perhaps the actual representation, in some of the Arab races of the present day. I turn, then, to Palgrave's Arabia, — about the best authority on the subject, — and find him writing thus: "Arab nationality, thus far like that of the historical Jew or the Highlander, is, and always has been from the very earliest times, based on the divisions of families and clans." These clans are generally divided into two branches: one settled down as "townsmen or peasants;" the other still remaining pastoral and nomadic. And here is the significant thing: it is the nomadic portions of the tribes which, on the matter of "family demarkation," "continue to be the faithful depositories of primeval Arab tradition, and constitute a sort of standard rule for the whole nation. Hence, when genealogical doubts and questions of descent arise, as they often do, among the fixed inhabitants or 'dwellers in brick,' recourse is often had to the neighboring Bedouins for a decision unattainable in the complicated records of town life; whereas the living Gwillym of the desert can readily explain every quartering and surcharging of Arab nobility." [1] The names of the Arab tribes to this day retain the mark of this family origin. They are all like "the children of Israel." "Beni Taghlēb," "Beni 'Abs," "Benoo Kahtān," "Benoo Hajār," "Beni Tai," are a few of the names one comes across in a few pages. Why should it be any way incredible that these preserve the fossil record of real tribal progenitors from some far-back period when this or that son of the original family split off, and went apart with his own little clan of wives, children, and slaves? I do not for a moment argue that the generations of the patriarchal times, from Moses back to Abraham, are preserved with minute accuracy; but certainly all Arab analogy confirms the general truthlikeness of such generations, such tribal origins, and such carefully preserved name-marks of ancestral separation; and therefore, if the Hebrew traditions are otherwise, in the main, natural, there is nothing in the fact of their chief men being "progenitors of tribes" to hinder their being accepted as fairly outlining a real national descent, and embalming its most memorable personalities.

While thus the extreme stress laid upon genealogical matters by the Hebrews, as among the Arabs of to-day, gives a fair presumption that they have correctly preserved at least the personal framework of their history, we have to look in another direction to gather the spirit in which that framework has been fitted up. It might well have been that the great names of their past should be preserved, and yet that the stories attaching to those names had been so exaggerated as to be historically worthless. But is this the case? The Hebrew traditions themselves supply the answer. One has only to compare them with, for example, the Greek traditions of the heroic age to become conscious of a certain modest, realistic, almost prosaic quality pervading them. One curious element of exaggeration comes in, as if it were impossible for even the most sober-minded people of antiquity to keep entirely free from it, — I mean the great ages of the primeval time. Yet even those five, or six, or eight hundred years are modest compared with the millenniums and æons by which Persian and Hindoo mythology lengthened out the retrospect towards the origin of all things. This is almost the sole element of glorifying exaggeration in the Hebrew traditions. Even in their furthest past, away beyond what can be called tradition, in the evidently mythical period, we do not find them conceiving of any twilight age of demigods. The one tiny fragment of that kind of mythology — that about the "sons of God"

[1] Abridged from Central and Eastern Arabia. By William Gifford Palgrave. Vol. i. p. 35.

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taking wives "of the daughters of men" — comes in like a bowlder from an altogether different stratum, and by its very contrast only brings into clearer relief the simple humanness of the Hebrew thought of the beginnings of our race. But it is when we come to the traditions proper, from the time of Abraham down, that this quality appears most strikingly. That great figure of their ancestor, with his little clan (three hundred and eighteen men all told), living in his tent, moving away from his own land with his flocks and herds, — there is a marked absence of anything like heroic glorification in the earlier traditions about him. More recent Jewish legends magnify him, as do those of the Arabs; he becomes, in the later view, a great conquering chief with an army; but the primitive Hebrew tradition is entirely free from anything of the kind. So, again, coming downwards towards the historical period, there is a curious spirit of candor, as compared with the general tendency of ancient national tradition. Their annals, handed down orally for centuries, though with evident exaggerations of numbers and colored by their belief in providential aid, are yet on the whole wonderfully moderate and candid. Take the migration from Egypt, for instance: did ever a people, inventing or evolving legends about their past, place themselves in such a miserable light, or construct such a poor part for themselves? That whole story of the Exodus seems to have grown into a kind of national epic, through the sense of its being the crisis of their history, and through their reverence for their great leader. Yet how they tell of their own cowardice, their want of faith, their lapses into sin and idolatry, with a stolid simplicity curiously different from the usual tone of retrospective imagination, and unaccountable, except upon the supposition that the events of that terrible deliverance, in their general perspective at least, impressed themselves upon the national memory, and were handed down with careful fidelity as sacred traditions which they dared not alter. Nor is this characteristic confined to those earlier times. It appears in their later histories, also, when they begin to touch upon those of the great nations round. Rawlinson, the historian of the Five Great Monarchies, shows how different was the tone in their records: "It has always been the practice in the East to commemorate only the glories of the monarch, and to ignore his defeats and reverses." Again: "In the entire range of the Assyrian annals there is no case where a monarch admits a disaster, or even a check, to have happened to himself or his generals; and the only way in which we become distinctly aware, from the annals themselves, that Assyrian history was not an unbroken series of victories and conquests is from an occasional reference to a defeat or loss as sustained by a former monarch." "The Jewish records," he says, "furnish a solitary exception to this practice." Surely no one can read them without feeling the truth of this. Defeats are narrated almost as carefully as successes. Their ideal king, David, is portrayed in his guilt and his blood-shedding as vividly as in his glory. The later work of the Chronicler appears indeed to be history written for a purpose; but the traditional materials, in the books of Kings, from which it was evidently worked up, show how different, how honest, the earlier spirit was. In fact, it is in the ages of written records that we perceive the most palpable traces of exaggeration; and the more we touch here and there the primitive tradition, the more evidence do we find of truth-like and almost stolid simplicity.

Thus far my suggestions touch the trustworthiness of the historical element alone in the Hebrew traditions. We come to a different and more complicated question in considering the great body of legislation which is interspersed

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throughout the Pentateuch. Dr. Kuenen regards this as, in the main, dating only from the fifth century B. C. A few chapters, which he thinks may have constituted an original "book of the Covenant" (Exod. xxi.–xxiii. 19), he ascribes to the early prophetic era, the eighth century B. C., and Deuteronomy to the time of Josiah, B. C. 622; but the great body of what came afterwards to be called "the Law of Moses" he attributes to Ezra and the priestly party, the establishers of that hierarchical community which, after the return from exile, took the place of the nation. The various arguments upon which he bases this conclusion centre briefly in this: that we do not find any traces in the earlier times of such laws being observed, nor even of their being known to exist.

There is undoubtedly a great deal of truth and force in this. The earlier prophets do indeed allude to a "law," and "commandments," and "transgressions," which imply some ancient and traditional legislation, generally known, though little regarded. But no one, in reading those prophets or the historical books, would, from what is told of the people's life and doings, infer the existence of such a detailed system of enactments as we find in the Pentateuch. It is quite possible, in any case, that many of these may have originated with Ezra, or been modified by him; but still there are several considerations which render it more likely that his work was not the imposing of a substantially new law, but the collecting, transcribing, and revising the ancient legal traditions of his people, which had really been what they were called, "the Law of Moses."

It would require a treatise to discuss the whole subject at all adequately, but I may outline some of these considerations. The first is negative: that the mere fact that few traces of the most characteristic laws of the Pentateuch are found in the earlier history is no necessary disproof of their having been really given by Moses. It was one thing to promulgate laws in the desert, and quite another to carry them out in the restless, unsettled life of the centuries which followed. But apart from any such explanation, this absence of any attempt to carry out the Mosaic law is almost exactly paralleled in the Vedic legislation. The very ancient system called "the laws of Manu" — in part, at least, made up from earlier codes — is of far greater extent than the Jewish ceremonial law, and deals with an even wider variety of subjects; yet Sir Henry Maine states, as the conclusion of the best scholars, that "it does not as a whole represent a set of rules ever actually administered in Hindustan, but is an ideal picture of what, in the view of the Brahmans, *ought* to be the law."[1]

But while thus there is no reason why the Jewish law may not have been substantially a tradition really dating from Moses, there are some points in it which are strongly in favor of such an origin. Many of the provisions and regulations are of a kind that would have no appropriateness, except in a nomadic, desert life. The minute directions for the construction of a tabernacle capable of being taken to pieces and moved from place to place; all the sanitary ordinances, for the disposal of the offal from the sacrifices "outside the camp," and the unclean being excluded for specified seasons from "the camp;" such curious provisions as that every man must have a "paddle" (or little shovel) upon his weapon (Deut. xxiii. 13), — these and many other laws surely not only come from the desert wanderings, but show how minutely the traditions of that time were preserved. Because it will hardly be suggested that these were manufactured antiques, introduced by Josiah's or Ezra's scribes, to give color to the use of the name of Moses. Such ideas of historical appropriateness and realism

[1] Ancient Law, page 16.

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are of a quite later, almost modern origin.

On the other hand, there are a number of the laws, and among them the most singular and characteristic, which, though applicable only after the occupation of Canaan, could hardly have originated after the circumstances of occupation and possession were actually realized. Take the law of the year of jubilee, for instance, with its elaborate provision for the reversion of all land to the original owners each fiftieth year. It is urged that no mention is found of this being carried out in the earlier times. But then Dr. Kuenen himself admits that it was never carried out at all. So of the law allotting forty-eight cities to the Levites, "which we know," he says, "they never possessed but on paper." Surely it is much more truth-like that such laws should have been conceived by Moses, in his ideal parceling out of a land not yet occupied, than that they should have been drawn up by Ezra, when he was going back to a country where the holding and transfer of land was already, for centuries, fixed and settled past all power of altering. In fact, a great deal of the Mosaic legislation is precisely of this character: breathing a noble purpose; fine, as an ideal; just what such a lofty, prophetic mind as that of Moses might well conceive when trying to provide for the future well-being of his people, but not really practicable, and not such as Ezra, in the circumstances of his far later day, would have been at all likely to attempt.

It must be considered, too, how integral a part of a people's life is its law, and how hard old laws and usages are to alter. The changes which Ezra and his party introduced in the actual life of their time were enough to strain their authority to the uttermost, even with all the prestige of acknowledged though long-neglected tradition to support them. If they were simply innovations of his own devising, their success is almost incomprehensible. Here I cannot help paying my tribute of admiration to the fresh and most living interest with which Kuenen invests this whole crisis of Israelitish history. He brings out with marvelous clearness the conflict of parties: the fervent monotheists, with Ezra and Nehemiah at their head, zealous for the Jahveh worship, eager to realize their ideal of a great religious community of Israel, to replace that nation which had been hopelessly shattered by exile; the people, stirred by their zeal, yet hardly ready for so sweeping changes, liking some of the old customs, even if they were associated with idolatry, and not seeing why it was such a sin to marry wives from the peoples round. In fact, he depicts the conservative forces against which Ezra had to work so vividly that it is impossible to help asking: Could it be, then, that all this was a really *new* law he was imposing, and that its ascription to Moses was a mere pious ruse? I confess I cannot so weigh the forces of national life and feeling. By Dr. Kuenen's own reasoning I am led to a conclusion the reverse of his. It seems much more likely, much more adequate to such a crisis, that Ezra was really, as the history says (we are in the times of history now), reviving the ancient law of his people. What is there unlikely in the supposition that it had come down for centuries as the Law of Moses, regarded with a traditional reverence almost superstitious, though much of it had never been carried out at all (any more than the laws of Manu); and that Ezra now brought out for fulfillment provisions in it which had been overlooked as completely as the prohibition of Suttee in the Vedas had been overlooked by the Hindu priests, who for over two thousand years had been repeating those Vedas?

But if the acceptance of Ezra's law by his own people is a strong argument in the direction of its being substantially

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an ancient tradition revived, a stronger argument still is its acceptance by the Samaritans. Indeed, Dr. Kuenen's own account of the alienation of the Samaritans carries within itself a complete refutation of his theory that "the law" was a virtually new thing in the time of Ezra. Mark the facts! In 536 B. C. the first party of exiles returned from Babylon to Jerusalem, and the rebuilding of the temple was begun. The now mixed population who had remained in Palestine asked to be allowed, as Jews, to join in the work. They were refused and disowned. The refusal drove them into separation and hostility, and gradually they became the bitterest enemies of the Jews. Now, it was not till this alienation had been going on for nearly eighty years that Ezra came to Jerusalem, "with the law of his God in his hand." It was a new law, according to Kuenen, "made known and imposed upon the Jewish nation *now for the first time*" (vol. ii. p. 231. The italics are his). Elsewhere he calls it the "founding of Judaism;" and again he says, "It is nothing less than a revolution" (ii. 218). Was it likely that the Samaritans would welcome such a new law? Even among the Jews, it aroused fierce opposition. Some of them, led by the son of the high priest, withdrew in disgust and resentment, and joined the Samaritans, their leader becoming the Samaritan high priest, and the temple on Mt. Gerizim being built for him. Yet, by and by, these Samaritans are found possessing and cherishing that very law, in the Pentateuch, and insisting that they alone rightly inherit and fulfill it! How comes this? How is it, in fact, that the only Hebrew scriptures they carry down in their separate and rival priesthood, are these (alleged) latest books, the greater part of which, we are told, were only composed among the Jews eighty years after the Samaritans had become a separate and hostile people? Kuenen's explanation of this surely serious difficulty is simply this: that "the Jews being far in advance of them in religious and intellectual development, the Samaritans involuntarily became their disciples;" and "when the five books of Moses had undergone their final redaction . . . they were also adopted by the Samaritans. These books merely required an alteration here and there to serve them as holy records and a canon" (ii. 250).

Surely this explanation is wholly, almost ludicrously, inadequate. People do not adopt "holy records and a canon" in any such easy-going fashion; at any rate, not from neighbors to whom they have become bitterly hostile. The very facts so ably brought out all point to an original traditional law, already held in reverence for ages, and which the Samaritans carried with them into their separate existence; and if their Pentateuch is really identical with the Thorah promulgated by Ezra, then it only shows how faithfully he must have kept to the ancient tradition for his transcription of it to be accepted and used even by his greatest enemies.

I cannot claim that any of these are entirely new points, although I think they have been very much overlooked in the more modern criticism; but the other argument that I have to adduce is one which, as far as I am aware, has not been in any way noticed heretofore.

Apart from all general questions as to the characteristics of the Hebrew traditions, there is a special interest in considering whether they were transmitted orally in their present form. Supposing that they were only written down and compiled, as we have them, during or after the prophetic age, how were they then found existing by the compilers? Were they merely outlines of story, floating loosely in the mind of older people, told by each one in his own words, and only fashioned into their present shape by those who wrote them down; or were they already existing in

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set, stereotyped forms, in wordings handed down from earlier times? It is plain that if we should find reason to suppose that the latter was the case, that what the prophetic or priestly editors compiled were fixed oral traditions however fragmentary or imperfect, they would have much more value for us. But have we any traces that would lead to this conclusion? I believe we have.

It is well known that, in the endeavor to distinguish the different documents embodied in the Pentateuch, one of the indications upon which great stress has been laid is the name by which, in this part or that, the Almighty is spoken of. Thus the Elohistic and the Jehovistic elements of the Pentateuch, including the book of Joshua, have come to be recognized landmarks of historical exploration. But the argument can be carried further. There is, really, a third indication of the same kind, the bearing of which has hardly been perceived, namely, the use of the expression, applied to God, "of hosts," as "Lord of hosts" (original, Jahveh or Jehovah of hosts) and less frequently "God of hosts." I do not mean that this epithet has not been noticed by the Dutch school; it has been, but with a curious inversion of its real bearing. In fact, it has been taken by them to help a theory with which it can hardly have anything to do, while its actual significance has been overlooked. This may seem a strong statement to make about critics so careful; but let us look at the facts. Kuenen, as is well known, regards Jehovah or Jahveh as having originally, and in the Mosaic period, been merely a tribal nature-god, only in the later, prophetic era developing into the higher spiritual conception, when the name came to be regarded as a derivative of the verb *to be*. Now he treats the epithet "of hosts" as a survival illustrative of that older idea of a God dwelling in the sky and ruling the stars. These views are in his own Religion of Israel elaborated at too great length to quote, but one of the ablest expounders of the new criticism, Professor Toy, of Harvard University, has lately given this meaning of the epithet "of hosts" (as a side illustration of the old heathen idea of Jahveh as the sky-god) in language at once unmistakable and brief. He says, "From various expressions in the Old Testament we may infer that Yahwe was originally a god of the sky, especially of the thunderstorm. This suits the fine description in Psalm XVIII. [of God riding upon the storm] and many other passages, and *the common Old Testament name 'the Lord of hosts';* that is, Yahwe, the ruler of the hosts of stars." Now mark how he proceeds: "In process of time this origin of the deity [that is, as the sky-god] was forgotten; moral qualities were associated with him, his worship was purified, and he became the just and holy God, such as we see him in Amos and the other prophets; and finally he became the only God."[1] But both Professor Kuenen and Professor Toy entirely ignore the consideration of *when* this "common Old Testament name" first appears. In fact, it is never found *at all* until the times of the prophets, when the coarser ideas of Jehovah as a sky-god had passed away! Throughout the whole Peutateuch and the continuing traditions of Joshua and Judges the expression "God of hosts" or "Lord of hosts" never once occurs. It is only when we come to the writings of the higher period that it first appears. Of course this is no proof that when it did thus come into use it had a high spiritual meaning. It seems, in reality, doubtful what its meaning was. But since it does not appear at all until the higher spiritual idea of Jehovah had arisen, it seems rather gratuitous to take it then in its most materialistic meaning, and to

[1] The History of the Religion of Israel, an Old Testament Primer. By Crawford H. Toy. Boston.

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throw that back upon the earlier ages as an illustration of how gross were their conceptions of God.

But there is more in this than the simple allocation of an epithet of doubtful meaning to its right and later period. This fact has to be noted: when the expression "of hosts" did spring up, it became the favorite national name for God. In almost every one of the prophets, and in the later historical books of the prophetic era, — Samuel, Kings, etc., — we find it frequently. From the eighth or ninth century onwards one may fairly call it, as Professor Toy does, "the common Old Testament name" for God. Now, is there nothing significant in the fact that, while it thus constantly appears in the original writings of those prophetic centuries, it is entirely absent from those books which are supposed to have been simultaneously edited from older traditions? Remember that Kuenen's central idea is that those other traditions were then "made over," if not absolutely reconstructed; that the later and higher religious ideas were read into them, written into them; that the whole monotheistic coloring of Abraham's and Moses' time was thus a mere retrospective infusion from the prophetic age. Yet, if so, how comes it that the favorite God-name of that prophetic age never appears in these reconstructed traditions? Surely it is significant of those traditions having really come down from a quite older time; not only so, but also of their having come down in a settled and accepted and known form; and, further, of that settled and known form *not* having been recast into the language and ideas of the prophetic compilers, but having been taken simply and unaltered as it had been handed down, — yes, taken with such reverent care that in all the processes of compiling and recompiling, even at long intervals and probably by many hands, the favorite and habitual name for God during the ages of compilation has not crept in, in one solitary instance.

It would be interesting to inquire whether, in the general language of the Pentateuch, there are to be found such archaisms as it seems natural to expect, if the wording of its traditions had really come down from much earlier times than the prophetic age when the present books are supposed to have been written. I have not, however, sufficient knowledge of Hebrew to enable me to pursue such an inquiry, and, as far as I can gather, the opinions of those who have are curiously divided. The great Hebraist Jahn maintained that there are such archaisms, well marked and numerous; Gesenius holds the contrary. I leave this question to those who are competent to discuss it, content to contribute to the argument this instance, palpable even to the mere English reader, not of a mere word-form present or absent, but of a well-marked expression, standing for a distinct stage of thought.

Only a few closing words are needed to gather these various suggestions to a point. I do not for a moment claim to have made any complete study of the Hebrew historical books, but I do think I have shown that even *as traditions* they are deserving of a kind of study which they have not been receiving. If further investigation shall confirm these indications which I have pointed out of their ancient and careful character, and of their having been transmitted and transcribed in the very phraseology of older times, this will not, indeed, justify the place once given to them, and for which some still contend, of infallible histories. But I think it will justify us — I think enough is already visible to do so — in regarding them as, in their main outlines, preserving the real story of the Hebrew development. It justifies us especially in regarding their peculiar *religious* coloring, their pictures of a patriarchal monotheism rising and falling and rising again, as being a part of

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the ancient tradition, and not a gloss of the far-subsequent prophetic times. The ages back of the prophets are no longer a lost, unknown time, whose apparent names and shapes of "seekers after God" are mere myths, constructed backwards from the stand-point of the eighth century. We have not to clear them away, and construct in their place some evolutionary theory of a race slowly rising out of gross polytheism. Instead of this, great names, great religious movements, great historic events, stand out, far off and often dim, yet unmistakably real, against the morning sky of Hebrew antiquity. We may trust the large impression that David left upon the national heart; the portrayal of the tenderer and nobler side of his life as well as the strangely candid traditions of fierce and evil passions in him; and his historical place as the fosterer of an established worship, and at least the founder of its psalmody. We can believe the general account of Samuel and of Saul. We may trace the great outlines of the story of the Exodus, with the grand work of its prophet leader; and even if whole codes of later ages were added on to his, there is quite enough visible alike of his religion and of his laws and of his mighty leadership to leave him, as he has been regarded in the past, one of the loftiest teachers of mankind. Even the stories of the patriarchs are not incredible, having been preserved as connecting links in those genealogical successions which they counted so important, and are invaluable to us for their marvelous photographs of the world's ancient life. And, back of all, we can see — and, for so early an age, in a curious life-likeness — that father of monotheism, of whom Max Müller says, "We want to know more of Abraham; but even with the little that we do know, he stands before us as a figure second only to one in the whole history of the world." These great personalities and their main religious characteristics abide secure. We have indeed to feel our way to the central facts of their history through traditions often fragmentary and imperfect, and through much that is local, exaggerated, sometimes mythical, and which it is often a relief to be able to put aside. But there is still enough clearly discernible, alike of divine leadings and human doings, to keep that oldest Hebrew literature in its ancient place, — not as any cast-iron authority either of history or of faith, but as the treasured stories of our faith's beginnings, and as the noblest testimonies from the world's ancient life to the eternal verities of religion and to the deep workings of God's spirit in man.

Brooke Herford.

CHARON'S FEE.

THIS gray sarcophagus is bare
Of chiseled grace,
And blank the walls of its recess;
Beside it amphora and vase
Kept tears and spices. Haste! displace
The lid and night of ages! Day
Looks coldly in on nothingness!
Yet stay!
Green-mouldered coins are lying there
For Charon's fee.

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The fee unpaid,
Where wanders the unferried shade?
By dread
Perseis led in crossing ways?
On oak-grown heights where Zeus' high praise
Erst sounded? Where the fields proclaim
The presence of Persephone,
To flit and sigh
Anigh
And plead her queenly influence
Returning hence?
Haste hither, Shade of vanished name!
These crusted coins await thy claim
For Charon's fee.

NEWPORT.

X.

YOUNG THORBURN AND OLD THORBURN.

PERRY discovered that there were compensations for his accident on the polo-field which would almost have persuaded him to undergo another like it. He made a languid state progress from his father's enormous villa on the Cliffs to the Casino, the Club, the houses of his friends, carrying his arm in a sling, and accepting the solicitude, the admiration, and the fervent good wishes of many beautiful young ladies and sweetly judicious mammas. Not a bad fellow was this Perry, by nature; but he had of course been spoiled as a boy, and it was quite delightful to him to find that he could now indulge himself with a complete relapse into unreasonableness, on the excuse of an injured arm. He enjoyed the affectionate abasement of his mother and the uncouth tenderness of his father, both of whom suffered from a belief (and yet were pleased by it) that they did not come up to his standard. He also enjoyed being taken out on the avenue by some of the best "whips" among the ladies, and resigning himself, like a wounded veteran, to their graceful management of the reins. Frequently he sailed over to Jamestown, to call on Josephine; and as the Thorburns had brought no yacht to Newport, Raish Porter quickly saw the advantage of placing his own boat at Perry's disposal. All this time, however, Perry tortured his household with the most capricious moods, and took especial pains to make Quisbrough the victim of his pseudo-invalidism.

Quisbrough still exercised a feeble tutorial function, although Perry had reached the age of twenty-four. The young man had never been to college. As Quisbrough once confidentially remarked, "At first, owing to Perry's want of appreciation for the requirements, Harvard would n't admit him; and afterwards, in retaliation, he refused to admit Harvard." He was understood to be pursuing advanced studies in private, and even entertained notions of astonishing the world, some day; but his instructor really had little to do, beyond certain duties as secretary to Thorburn

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senior and the submitting himself to Perry's persecutions. He was obliged to go in the yacht to Jamestown, remaining fixed on board while the autocrat spent an hour or two with Josephine; and afterwards he had to listen to his charge's laudations of that young woman, his sentimental anxieties, and his peevish dissatisfaction because both his father and Mr. Hobart opposed a union with her: the former for the reason that he wanted his vast fortune to be joined, through his son's marriage, with some other immense accumulation; while Mr. Hobart strenuously demurred at the idea of losing his daughter's care and companionship, in his increasing age and ill-health.

Returning from one of these trips, Perry insisted upon stretching himself, propped by a pillow, on a sofa in his father's library, a long and wide, low-studded apartment, fitted up with much grandeur of dark-hued wood; rows of elegant, unread books in solid cases — which, viewing their dead and useless contents, one might have considered the catacombs of literature — and as many other appliances for display as the architect and furnisher had allowed. The windows were of plain glass, but were heavily leaded in a pattern somewhat resembling a spider-web. The proprietor of this lordly place was seated at an immense desk — the high altar of his religion — bestowed in a capacious alcove; one that could be shut off at will from the main apartment, and had a vaulted ceiling on which the web design reappeared. He was extracting benefit from his seaside leisure by reading some cipher dispatches which had just come from New York through his private wire. The click of the instrument, in charge of a private operator, could be heard through an open door leading from the library; and there was so much privacy altogether about the arrangement that to any one but Perry it would have been sacred. The only tribute, however, that he paid to the established cult was the incense of a cigar which he proceeded to light.

"Why do you come in here, boy?" asked his father, turning his head for an instant towards Perry. Thorburn was so heavy a man, his head was so cumbrous, that he seemed hardly capable of looking *at* any one; but the aspect of shrewd and searching intelligence marked upon the bulky, almost brutish features was distinct, and became, by contrast with their dull weight, rather unpleasant — in fact, terrifying at times, like the sudden projection of a tree or a rock at night, which transiently takes on the appearance of a monster's head. "Have n't you got rooms enough of your own?" he continued. "I 'm busy."

"That 's the reason I came," said his son. "I like to see you doing business."

Old Thorburn settled himself into his former position, as a sign of his displeasure, and was soon absorbed again. Perry, having waited for this, resumed: "Besides, I 've got something to speak about."

"Can't hear it," said his father, without moving.

"Well, it 's just as you like," Perry answered, imperturbably. "I thought it would be fair to tell you, but I 'll go ahead any way, without consulting you."

"What is it?" Mr. Thorburn asked, in a voice as heavy as his features, — as heavy as a sponge full of water. "Business?"

"No. More important than that. I 'm going to marry Josephine Hobart."

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Thorburn, dropping his papers and facing round. "After my stating expressly that I disapprove of it?" He rose, walked across the room, and closed the door of the private telegraph-office. "Have you spoken to her?"

"No," said Perry, in a very comfortable manner, speaking with his cigar in his mouth. "But I 'm going to, soon."

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At this point, Mr. Thorburn noticed that Quisbrough had remained in the room. "You may leave us," he said to the tutor-secretary. "This is private," and with a short, arbitrary gesture, he indicated the surroundings, himself, and Perry.

But Perry, seeing an opportunity to embarrass Quisbrough, said: "No, Quiz, I 'd rather have you stay. He knows all about it," he added, to his father.

Quisbrough, without looking at either of them, continued the perusal of a small book which he had taken from his pocket, and did not move.

"Very well, sir," continued Thorburn, addressing Perry, "let us have an explanation. You must be crazy! Why, you have n't finished your education yet."

"No, I have n't," the young man returned; "but, for all that, I know a good deal more than you do about some things."

Quisbrough, leaning against the base of a book-case, glanced up with a little quirk in his thick beard, that apparently resulted from a smile. "Perry flatters me," he observed, "beyond my deserts."

"You know a lot more about infernal impudence," Thorburn proceeded, to his only child, "than I could afford at your age; and that 's about all you *have* learned. It 's pretty near time for me to give you a lesson or two myself, and I 'm damned if I don't do it."

The heir of the estate smiled blandly, and leaned back on his pillow. "There," said he, "is where you 're considerably off your chump, if you think you can teach me. I don't see the use of getting excited: I only thought it would make things pleasanter and smoother if I gave you fair notice that I 'm going to marry Josephine; and that 's all there is to it."

Old Thorburn glowered at him for a moment. The millionaire had a big face, with long and copious side-whiskers that inclosed a huge shaven area about the coarsely moulded lips and chin; and the big eyes above his well-fed and well-wined cheeks disclosed, even in his genial moments, a semi-indignant expression, as if they were outraged by the unfortunate spectacle of the lower face over which they were compelled to take their observations. At present they were more indignant than usual. "Look here, Perry," he inquired finally, "do you suppose I 'm going to submit to this? Do you really mean to tell me that without resources of your own — no business, no opportunities — nothing but the hundred thousand or so that I 've given you, you 're going to undertake a marriage against my will? You can't be such a fool!"

Perry exhaled a meditative wreath of smoke. "Well," he replied, gently, "I should relax my features; I should murmur ever so sweetly."

"What does the cub mean," Thorburn asked, turning helplessly to Quisbrough, "by those idiotic phrases? Does he mean yes or no?"

"On the whole," said Quisbrough gravely, "I should say he meant yes."

"Right you are," declared Perry, nodding his head.

"Then, all I 've got to say," his father exclaimed, growing redder in the face and squaring his big body at the reclining athlete, "is this: I forbid it! I won't have it, I tell you! And I 'll find ways to stop it, if I want; you may be sure of that. Why, old Hobart is opposed to it, too — he told me so; and I 'll make it for his interest to be still more opposed. Or if that won't do, I 'll buy the girl off, herself."

Perry leaped from the couch at one bound. "Stop that, sir!" he cried. "There 's one thing you can't do, any way; and that is, insult the lady I mean to marry. By thunder, if it comes to that, I walk straight out of this house and stay out. Take your choice." In his excitement, he tore the lame arm free from its bandage.

The magnate was cowed, for an in-

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stant. The owner of railroads and parts of railroads and masses of the national debt; the great operator in stocks; the man who had bought up a line of Newport steamers merely as a diversion, and was running them in sumptuous style, with bands of music to give a concert on every trip; the owner of sundry revered trotting-horses; the dealer in legislatures below par; — this individual, I say, was frightened by a few manly words from his useless and indolent son. Nevertheless, he growled, after a pause, though not without a strain of conciliation in the gruff, guttural speech: "It 's strange that I can't have my own way in a matter like this — a matter right in my own family. I 've bought things a deuced sight more important than the obedience of a boy or the refusal of a girl." Here a humorous contraction of the muscles rolled his lips back in a grim smile. "But filial affection, I suppose, is a luxury that I ought to appreciate, even if I get it for nothing." He was pleased with his sarcasm, but, growing angry again, he continued: "All the same, I won't have this thing. Mind now, I 'm opposed to it, first and last; and if you persist, I 'll disinherit you — at least for your mother's life — and cut you down to the lowest figure, any way you can fix it."

"Oh, I know you 're a hard customer, when you 've made your mouth up," said Perry, returning to slang. This indirect allusion to the unfortunate feature in his father's physiognomy was by no means soothing. "Still, I 've got some capacity, too, for going ahead, when I want to. I 'm not afraid."

"Will you allow me one word?" Quisbrough now interposed, seemingly fatigued to the point of somnolence. "It strikes me, Mr. Thorburn, that you 're forgetting just for the moment our American principles of free action, and so forth. What you propose to do would be all very well in the old country, but it does n't suit the genius of our institutions. You see, you have n't got any background for it."

"Background!" roared Thorburn. "What do you call this?" He waved his arm, and as it were swept the whole vista of the opulent room at his critic: the paneled wood ceiling, the luxurious chairs, the sham old armor, and the spider-web tracery of the leaded windows. "What do you call my business interests? If all that is n't background enough, I don't know where you 'll find it."

"It 's as good as possible, in its way," said the secretary, whose sedate manner of treating the question in a philosophic mood filled Perry with satirical joy; "but what I refer to is the social system of the country. We need two or three centuries of a well-defined money aristocracy, with entail and a fixed principle of parental authority, before a man can expect to control his son's matrimonial choice."

Thorburn did not fail to see that his adroit employee, although assuming the position of a futile theorizer, had really opened for him the best way out of the dispute. Besides, he was rapidly sketching, in the close-barred retirement of his own mind, where there was neither secretary nor private wire, a delectable scheme for impressing his unruly offspring, and getting him into a "tight place;" and, sharp though his irritation remained, the first move in that scheme must, he was aware, be to conciliate Perry.

He affected to ponder Quisbrough's words. "Perhaps you are right," he said, throwing into his reply a careful reluctance. "If I wanted any traditions badly enough, I guess I could make 'em for myself; still, you may be right, Quisbrough. It may be better to float with the current in this particular case. Well, Perry, my boy," — his demeanor softened into something like that of a trained bear, — "I don 't like it, but I shall try to make the best of it,

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if it 's bound to happen. 'First catch your hare,' though: you 've got to get the young lady's consent."

"I 'll attend to that," replied the other, serenely.

"Then suppose we drop the subject. I shall have something to say to you by and by; some hints that may be useful. But not now: I 'm busy." Saying which, Thorburn reseated himself at his desk.

"All right. Come along, Quiz," said Perry. "I want you to fix up this sling for me." He began chuckling, after they left the room. "By Jove, the old man was bowled over pretty easily, eh? Had n't any idea he 'd give in. Now we 've got to settle Hobart, and I don't see how to do it. Do you?"

His companion professed a total inability to assist, but at once began to cogitate upon methods of doing so. It was not long before circumstances placed in his hands a complete outline of the measures to be adopted. Raish Porter, having lent his yacht to Perry for the excursions to Jamestown, found opportunities to carry him off now and then, on brief cruises up the bay or along the outer shore; and in the course of these miniature voyages he allowed particulars to be drawn from him respecting the important enterprises of the Orbicular Manufacturing Company. With the diffidence of a man who is sure in the ownership of a property that must naturally excite the envy of others, he let fall significant items about the new patents for cotton-roving machines which he controlled; he also alluded to valuable railroad appliances to be produced by the Orbicular Company, the monopoly of which alone would bring in a princely revenue. By and by he allowed him to learn that Mr. Hobart was a heavy investor in the concern; a fact which stimulated Perry's attention to a wonderful degree.

"I presume," said Raish heartily, — "since it 's no secret, — that you know of the attacks which have been made on the company and myself, during the last few weeks. They were started by one of those blackmailing commercial papers — no account — and have been taken up by a few others. But look at the great dailies. The Luminary, of course, is down on us — down on everything, if it thinks there 's half a chance. The Trumpeter writes one way first, and then the other, so 's to be 'independent.' But all the rest steer clear, and there has n't been a particle of evidence produced yet. The best answer to these slanders is the big factory we 're putting up out in Jersey: it 'll cost us a quarter of a million. You can't imagine, though, how annoying this irresponsible onslaught is. Some of the best men are stockholders, but we have really been slightly impeded by this thing; capital, you know, is so sensitive. Still, you remember, it has been said that 'half the failures in life arise from pulling in one's horse as he is leaping;' and I don't propose to pull mine in just now. Not by a long sight!" Raish laughed with great good cheer, in conclusion.

Quisbrough waited for Perry to broach the topic, when they were alone, and then he gradually admitted, with an apologetic air, that since Porter was evidently prepared to accept a new subscriber for Orbicular stock, and also had great influence with Hobart, his energies might be enlisted to break down the old gentleman's objection to the match with Josephine, if Perry should put money into the new company. Such a manœuvre strongly commended itself to the millionaire's son, who fancied that he saw in it the means of outwitting his father, and at the same time conducting a profitable business operation for himself. Within a day or two, accordingly, he arrived at an understanding with Porter, and agreed to take a large number of shares in the Orbicular.

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Meanwhile, he crossed the bay again, to see Josephine. She was staying with her father at a barren old farm-house, which stood out in the green fields, surrounded by a few stunted trees; and as Perry approached, he found the small covered piazza in sole possession of the old gentleman, assisted by a brood of dauntless chickens who were wandering all over it. "What a frightful place for her to be in!" thought the gallant suitor, as he had often thought before.

Small Mr. Hobart, white-bearded, red-nosed, fussy, laid down his paper, and presented to the visitor a countenance barred by a pair of gold spectacles, which appeared to restrain and imprison the choleric wearer, compelling him to observe an artificial civility. He greeted Perry much more cordially than usual. "Glad to see you," he said. "It shows you have some sense, to get away occasionally from that ridiculous merry-go-round on the other side of the water, and come over here. I 've heard some news about you, too: it seems you 're beginning to make a business man of yourself."

Perry blushed, as well as he could with his sunburned complexion; in part from modesty, but still more from pride at the first sign of success attending his machination.

"Well, yes," he said, "I 've been talking with Mr. Porter a little about your new company. It 's a good thing, is n't it?"

"Splendid, sir!" exclaimed Mr. Hobart, in a cracked voice, taking a pull at the short brier pipe he was smoking. "You can't do better, as a beginning. Lucky chance for you: there ain't many men Porter would think of letting in; but I 'm glad he 's inclined to give you a block, I swear. You did n't come here to talk business, though," the retired merchant continued, giving a wretched imitation of hilarity in the form of a shattered laugh. "Josie is n't in the house; she 's just walked up the road, there. I guess you 'll overtake her, though, if you follow."

And Perry did overtake her. Exactly what occurred need not be recited here in detail; but half an hour later, Quisbrough beheld his overgrown pupil striding down to the water's edge at an impatient pace. He came out in a boat to the yacht, and boarded her without uttering a syllable; he maintained a rigorous silence, in fact, all the way home. But it was not the silence of satisfaction; and at length scattered ejaculations, like the first drops of a storm, began to fall upon Quisbrough, making known to him the result of the interview. Josephine had not refused Perry; but she had put him off, had asked him to wait. Over and over there recurred to his mind with galling persistence the excuses, the delays, the remonstrances, she had made.

"I am almost sure of gaining your father over," he had said; "and, even without that, I should still ask you to marry me. I want to take you away from this broken-up, unhappy sort of life you lead with him, and to place you where you belong. Fortunately, I shall have all the means for giving you surroundings that would be worthy of you, Josephine. It will be pleasure enough for my whole life, only to do that. But if I were miserably poor, I should love you just the same, and have just the same ambition for you. Is that nothing to you?"

"Ah no, no; you do really love me, I am certain," she replied, regarding him calmly, dreamily, with her dark, restful eyes; "and to know it, I will tell you fairly, is a great deal to me, whether I will or not. But" —

"Oh, you mean you can't return my sentiments," he interrupted, hotly. "Is that it?"

"Don't force me to say so, Mr. Thorburn," she admonished him. Her bearing was as serene, as unaffected and yet queenly, standing there with one elbow

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leaned on the roadside stone-wall, and with open, wind-swept fields stretching out on every side, as it would have been if they had met in the most formal drawing-room of Newport.

"I only want to know the hard fact," he declared, obstinately. "Whatever it may be, I warn you I shall try to overcome it: I can't help trying. But only let me know. Oh!" he suddenly exclaimed, clapping one hand to his temple with unmerciful sharpness. "Perhaps that 's it, but I never thought of it. I might have known, though: you — you are thinking of some one else!"

Josephine desisted from her unfaltering gaze, and the long eyelashes swept downward as she answered, almost repeating her former appeal, "Don't ask me. I can't say that, either."

"Then, if it is n't so," he implored, "what is the reason? What can be the difficulty?"

She bent her glance, as it happened, towards the bay; she turned towards the spot where distant Newport lay in a confused mass of huddled gray roofs on the dim opposite shore. There was a strange expectancy in her mien, as if she awaited an impossible relief from that quarter. "Mr. Thorburn," she said, in honest distress, "I beg you won't go on. I can't explain; truly, I can't. I respect your devotion and your kindness, and I don't want to inflict any hurt upon you; but oh, indeed, you must n't ask me any more!"

Nothing had availed to wring from her any utterance more satisfactory than this; and so poor Perry, who had counted with such assurance upon his factitious advantages and his unqualified affection, was left to reconcile himself to the baffling situation as well or ill as he could. He promptly adopted the expedient of becoming reckless. As may well be guessed, nothing was revealed to his father concerning the set-back he had encountered; but the wily old manipulator noted in him signs of a desperation which, however, was still temperate, if one may say so. Perry avoided the society of ladies, now, and hung about the clubs, drinking and smoking a good deal; he also dropped in at the secret and luxurious gambling-place, politely supposed not to exist, where Stillman Ware often sought diversion. One day old Thorburn summoned him, being ready to ignite the train he had laid.

"I see you are restless," he said, "and I think I can guess why. Of course it 's natural you should feel the responsibilities of the line you are taking. You need more money than you 've got, and you don't know how to make it."

"No, I suppose I don't know much about that," said Perry, amused to think what a surprise he would give the old gentleman with his manufacturing-stock, by and by.

"Well, this is what I referred to, the other day — hints I wanted to give. You have n't considered my feelings nor obeyed my wish about Miss Hobart; but I shall do you a good turn, notwithstanding. Do you know how Transcontinental Telegraph stands now?"

As this was one of the most uncertain among the great speculative stocks, Perry could not say precisely; and his father gave him the quotation. "My ticker," he said, "showed it at seventy-one and three quarters, about ten minutes ago. I advise you to buy in for a rise." Thorburn was exceedingly amiable, at this moment, but contrived also to make his advice as impressive as a command.

"Is there going to be a 'deal'?" his son inquired, eying him intelligently.

"If there were," said his father, "it would n't do for me to tell you anything about it. Now, I don't want you to ask questions: I only advise you to buy. After you have jumped in, you must rely on your own swimming. *I* sha'n't explain to you what you 're to

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do; but I feel confident we shall see Transcontinental at ninety-five, or par, before many weeks are over. And by the way, my boy, don't mention this to any one, unless it be two or three of your intimate friends."

Perry was quite captivated by his father's conversion and kindness. He at once sent an order to Roger Deering, in New York, to make a considerable purchase of Transcontinental for his account. That proceeding was followed by a creditable impulse to show Raish some gratitude for his service with regard to Mr. Hobart; for although matters did not yet advance any farther in Perry's wooing of Josephine, Raish's arguments had been effectual at all events in gaining her father's assent. He had represented to Mr. Hobart that the cash assets, of which just then their company stood most indigently in need, would be furnished by young Thorburn, provided Josephine were not trammeled by parental opposition. Nothing could have been more natural than that, by way of returning this favor, Perry should have bethought him of imparting to Raish the priceless suggestion which his father had thrown out. To disregard a hint from this source would have seemed to Porter a folly for which he would never be able to pardon himself: moreover, the prospect of a swift and colossal profit was one that, in the temporary embarrassment of his manufacturing project, was peculiarly acceptable. He, too, began buying; and somehow many other people, in Newport, in New York, in other cities, or in simple, uncovetous country regions, were seized with a like inspiration at the same time. They winged their way to the brokers for Transcontinental, even as bees fare to the garden for honey. As a consequence, the stock went up several points in a few days. Meanwhile, old Thorburn, to whose industry this cheering circumstance was due, continued to officiate at his altar-like desk in the little chancel or alcove off the library; and the tangled mouldings above his head continued to figure the meshes of a web. The special wire ran out from the house like a thread prolonged from those meshes; it tingled and grew alive with the quick, secret current of thought pulsating through it from the owner's brain; and the owner himself remained physically inert within, as deceptively quiet as if he had actually been an enlarged and improved species of spider watchfully presiding over those complicated filaments.

XI.

OLIPHANT, OCTAVIA, AND JOSEPHINE.

At this time Oliphant felt all the romance of his youth returning to him. He was thoroughly and beyond recall in love with Octavia; nothing that he could remember, nothing that he could fear or forecast, had any power to restrain him from his one great hope of making her his wife. When he recalled his first passion for Alice Davenant — which had thus far been the single mastering emotion of his life-time — it was only to wonder at the dim insubstantiality into which it now faded: he was completely puzzled, and remained unable to reconcile the two sentiments. Invariably he came back to the simple truth that it was Octavia to whom he looked for a realization of perfect happiness; she it was for whom he wished to exist. Certainly, he was troubled by a lingering tradition of loyalty to Alice; and the belief that Octavia also was haunted by a theory of dedicating herself forever to her lost husband constantly intervened to make him hesitate about bringing his hopes to another and a final test. But then, too, the consideration would come up that Alice, so far as the evidence went, had not found in him the adequate companion that, for some reason, we human beings believe

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ourselves entitled to. Had she, by a sardonic coincidence, made a fatal error in refusing Gifford; while he, too late, had met this appointed counterpart in Octavia? The conflict between these doubts and the one certainty did not, as we should at first imagine, depress him. No; it stimulated him; the tide of vitality flowed stronger and more buoyant in him on account of them. At moments he suffered intensely, but he rejoiced in his suffering. At other times his spirits rose to a point of volatile gayety which they had not attained in years. He had rapidly gained standing in the most attractive and well-founded society of the town, as a favorite against whom no objection was heard; and to escape the anxieties he felt respecting his fate with Octavia, he insensibly gave himself up more and more to the intoxicating festivities which offered on every side. He had been in the deep places of sorrow long enough; surely it was permissible for him to float on the surface, now, as much as he liked. The object of Newport was pleasure, and pleasure suited him perfectly. And so he came into a better sympathy with the so-called frivolous world than he had ever experienced until then.

"Yes," he replied to one of Raish's burly strictures, "fashionable life here is hollow; but since all of us are more or less hollow, why object to that? Fashion is not the fruit, it 's merely the passing flower, of human desires; and the special beauty of a flower is that it *is n't* solid."

Mary Deering asked him if he was not convinced that she had done wisely in counseling him to come thither, and he said vigorously, "Indeed you did! Do you know how it strikes me? I feel as if I were one of those figures on a drop-curtain. No matter what tragedies have happened, or are to come, on the stage, the drop-curtain population is always serene and soothing, and lives in a softly colored landscape. It 's so here, too."

It was while Perry was still laboring under depression that Oliphant strolled one day into the billiard-room of the old Club, and found him there. Perry was playing with De Peyster; and, although it was early in the afternoon, he had just ordered a second bottle of champagne when our friend entered. "Here, I 'll pay up now," he said to the waiter. "How much is it?" And he pulled out from his trousers-pocket a handkerchief, which dragged with it gold and silver pieces that fell on the floor. Without noticing this mishap, he dived into his pocket again, and produced a handful of the precious metals, while the waiter was collecting the crumbs of wealth already fallen. In fact, everything he did betrayed a disdainful heat of temper. He stalked around the table as if it were something he had a contempt for; he spoke little with De Peyster; and he did n't recognize the existence of Quisbrough, who sat in one of the cushioned chairs fixed in a row at the side of the room; except that now and then he sent him a glass of wine. The tutor always drank it in silence, and went on smoking cigarettes imperturbably, his face subdued to a self-contained, dryly sagacious expression. Oliphant took a place beside him. They had before now established a pleasant and easy-going acquaintance, and Quisbrough had shown a willingness to accept Oliphant on terms almost of intimacy, for he evidently trusted him.

"You are continuing your course of instruction, I see," Oliphant observed.

"Yes," said Quiz. "It 's decidedly arduous. I have to cover so many branches. Just think of a man undertaking to be an Alma Mater, and all by himself! That 's what I have to do. I 'm a walking college, which has to go wherever Perry does; and, what 's worse, I have to be professor at the same time. Just at present I 'm occupying the chair

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of billiards, you notice. Very arduous, very!"

After a while, Perry continuing his proud moroseness, the two onlookers strayed out together on the roofless platform at the side of the club-house. "Your undergraduate seems to be in a troubled state of mind," said Oliphant.

"Yes; he's luxuriating in a sentiment, I believe," Quiz returned.

"My friend Porter has told me something about it," Oliphant at once explained. "He's an extraordinary fellow for finding out things. I infer that Perry has confided a good deal to him, and I knew already of the attachment to Miss Hobart. What a curious thing all this love-making is, and the misery people create for themselves out of it!"

"Very odd," Quiz agreed, with sedate humor. "It's not a part of the prescribed course for Perry — only an elective; but as he has chosen it, I've been obliged to read the subject up, and I don't mind saying that I fail to master it. If it's a science, it's the science of unreason; but if it's an art, it's the art of helpless nature. Then, there are the different conceptions of love in various ages and countries: no one can say exactly what the essence is, common to all the ideas of it. Nowadays we're governed mainly by what Hegel calls the Romantic view. Would you like to hear how he states it?" Straightway, Quiz hauled forth a note-book and began reading: "'The highest phase of love is the devotion of the subject or person to an individual of the opposite sex,' — profound, is n't it? — 'the surrender of his independent consciousness, and of his individual, isolated being-for-himself, which feels itself to have become thoroughly penetrated with its own knowledge of itself, for the first time, in the consciousness of another.' Now, does that make it any clearer?" He went on mumbling out words like "abstract . . . concrete . . . individualized . . . my entire subjectivity," until Oliphant laughingly stopped him.

"That 'll do for the philosophy of it," he said.

"Oh, well, I'm crammed with the poetry of the thing, too," responded Quiz, ruffling the leaves of his little book. "The sum and substance of the poetical doctrine is that the less you can tell why you love, and the more you can glory in your ignorance, the better. Turn to index of authors, under L. John Lilly: 'Affection is a fire, which kindleth as well in the bramble as in the oak; and catcheth hold where it first lighteth, — not where it may best burn.' Under M., Milton, thusly: —

> "'It is not virtue, wisdom, valor, wit,
> Strength, comeliness of shape, or amplest merit,
> That woman's love can win or long inherit.'

And, not to bore you, so it goes on; but they all agree that there's something very fine about love. It's a sort of superstition — like religion."

Oliphant became grave. "I've been a man of the world, Quisbrough," said he, "but I hold on to my religion, and it is n't superstitious; so I can't quite accept your remark. Love, like religion, appears to me to be a result of faith. Our belief in the good and noble traits of humanity is apt to be disappointed in most cases, and by the flaws and meannesses we discover in ourselves, too. But when a man falls in love, he concentrates his general belief in the fine qualities of mankind on one person; he has faith that she is mainly composed of those qualities; and that faith — as we see often enough — will carry him serenely through life, in face of the most glaring contradictions. Even when he detects the woman's faults, he is fond of them, he comes near being proud of them, because — well, simply because he loves her."

"Ah, you see," Quisbrough retorted, "you come back, as I do, to the 'because,' which does n't explain anything. And as to your faith — there's so much

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selfishness, after all, in love! It 's a mutual agreement to be kind and generous, and to believe, on the distinct ground that a full equivalent shall be given in return. You know how easily love turns to hate; well, that proves it to be selfish. But this is just the quality that makes it so delightful to people: the passion is merely selfishness in an etherealized form, which intoxicates the partaker, inverts his ideas, and makes him think — or her think — that this emotion which is dilating the bosom, and so on, is a magnanimous self-surrender."

"But are n't there instances of persons who love long after they have ceased to receive any return?"

"Yes; you 're right; but they 're rare, I imagine. Any way, that belongs to the higher branches: Perry will need a post-graduate course to get so far."

At this moment Mr. Farley Blazer appeared on the balcony. He liked to worry himself by coming down to Newport sometimes and living in a separate apartment, whence he could watch his wife following her path of glory by means of his wealth. On this occasion he was very much under the influence of liquor, and was humming a song, —

> "The last poor rat,
> Without a cravat;
> He had no coat,
> And a hole in that," —

which perhaps symbolized to him his own mental condition. He invited the two talkers to drink, but they declined; and, after a few companionable remarks of a luridly humorous nature, he withdrew his wild beard and dull eyes from their sight.

"There 's an example, now," Quiz resumed. "That man still loves his wife, though she does n't care a rap for him; and he 's paying her the costly tribute of drinking himself to death, because there is n't any other way to show his regard."

Oliphant had a sudden thought of Roger Deering; for ugly rumors about Mary and Atlee had been flying rather thick of late. And then, passing from these two instances of badly damaged conjugal affection, his mind reverted to the milk-and-water of Hawkstane's kindness, which was now rapidly turning its current towards Tilly Blazer. How could that feeble sentiment be classed with Craig's devouring passion for Vivian? And then, again, could the name of love be applied to the instinctive calculations of the various smiling, talkative little rosebuds and the statelier belles of society, who were able to gauge their heart-throbs by a bank account and prospects of "position;" or to the moth-flights of Dana Sweetser?

"There are about as many degrees in these matters," he said, "as there are individuals. According to your notion, though, I suppose the giving of devotion with absolutely nothing in exchange would be the perfect phase of love."

"I should call it the highest," was Quisbrough's reply. "What is heroism but a generalized, intense love of others, who, perhaps, don't know that we exist? Men lay down their lives for total strangers whom they see in peril."

"But that 's a case of honor, or duty, or enthusiasm. There 's no passion in it; is there?"

"It strikes me there 's passion of the finest kind in such deeds," Quisbrough declared. "If they 're not prompted by a sublimated, unselfish power of love, I can see no motive in them at all."

"I never looked at it in that way," Oliphant now said, yieldingly. "But I should n't wonder if you had hit the truth. Of course love must be an idea, as well as a passion; and probably most of us don't come within a thousand miles of comprehending the whole idea."

No doubt he meant what he said; but, as he walked away from the club, he told himself that a man like Quis-

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brough could not really know anything about it. His own love for Octavia, he was firmly convinced, rose to the highest mark: he knew that he would do anything for her; he would sacrifice himself for her, if need were; and, should she be unwilling to share her life with him, he was still capable of making his own minister to hers wherever an opportunity offered. That night he walked out towards her house. In the high slope of the roof one window was still glowing, which he tried to suppose was hers, at the same time that he argued against its being so. He wandered up and down the neighboring roads in the rich, soft silence, feeling the moist seabreeze on his face, and gazing now and then at a bank of white, inchoate cloud-shapes that throbbed with a dim uncertainty of silver light above the tardy moon. Remote, intangible, and fair as those were the hopes that shone down into his midnight reverie; but he resolved soon to attempt to realize them.

He was to see Octavia the next day; for they had made an appointment with Craig, who wanted them to hear him practice on the organ in the old church. Oliphant called for her at the hour agreed upon, and they drove to Trinity together. She was rather pale that morning; the reason of which was that she had in fact been sitting up when Oliphant made his nocturnal reconnaissance, and had been thinking a good deal about him. He was sensible of a new reserve in her manner, which, instead of warning him away, drew him — he could not tell how — nearer, and thrilled him with a vague exultation. On the way she talked of nothing but Craig and Vivian, who were still at odds; and it seemed that Vivian had been doing all sorts of vexatious things to increase Justin's discouragement: she was flirting desperately, and defying the conventionalities more than ever. She had even committed the indiscretion of sharing in a game of polo played entirely by ladies, which had been conducted with great secrecy, but had nevertheless come to everybody's knowledge and been commented on severely.

"I have decided," said Oliphant, "to send Justin to Germany, and he will go before the season 's out. We must get up a reconciliation by that time."

"Oh, yes; and sooner," Octavia rejoined. "I have n't yet told you how anxious Dana Sweetser is to have Justin give a concert for the Drainage Association. We 'll persuade Vivian to get his consent. Won't that be nice? And do you know what else I 've done? I 'm afraid it shows dreadful duplicity in me, but I could n't help it: I — I told her we were all going to be at the church to-day!"

Octavia looked at him (they were in the carriage) with mingled mischief and contrition, and the effect of her glance was greatly heightened by the bonnet she wore, which was made entirely of pansies, and crowned her with a simple grace worthy of some mythical wood-nymph. Were I to tell what Oliphant thought of this piece of head-gear, and how he worshiped it, I should make him appear ridiculous to every one excepting such ladies as may have had a bonnet just like it; but the alluring light in her eyes, the trustful reliance that he would respond to her mood, and her sunshiny liveliness — faintly shadowed always by that reserve I have mentioned — were of far more importance to him. What could all these mean, unless that she resented nothing of what he had said at the Pirate's Cave, and that she might be induced to listen to him again? And so, blithely and sympathetically, they entered the empty church, took places in one of the pews where they could see Justin as well as hear his playing, and had great enjoyment of the music together. It was delightful to know that one identical strain of harmony was sweeping through them both at the same time; and they ex-

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changed many swift looks of approval and pleasure at particular passages. And then, as they were preparing to go away, Octavia, fancying that she heard a light step in the vestibule below, hurried to a window in the gallery. Justin was putting in the organ-stops; she beckoned Oliphant to come to her side; and, standing there, he saw Vivian in the path leading out of the old graveyard. She had of course been listening, unseen, to the music. She happened to turn at the moment, glanced up, and saw them; and they hastily drew back, though not before Octavia had shaken her finger jestingly at her friend.

"You see, I knew what would be the effect of telling her," she whispered to Oliphant. "Shall we let Justin know?"

"Not yet. I will, afterward," he said.

"Very well: that shall be your part." Octavia was as full of repressed glee over the little secret as a child. She laid her shut fan against her lips and then touched it to his shoulder, in her haste to caution him that they should say no more, because Justin was about coming towards them. This, to be sure, was a trifle; but it would be singular if she did not perceive what influence such trifles must have upon Oliphant. At any rate, the effect was clear to others when Octavia invited Oliphant, Vivian, and Craig to dinner one evening. The younger couple made some approach to composing their quarrel, and did not stay very late; but Oliphant irresolutely hung back from going, and finally remained longer. He did not dare as yet to come to the climax of a full avowal, but they dropped into reflections more or less personal, which led very close to it.

When she was once more alone, Octavia began to wonder what was going to be the result of such trifles, upon *her*. She still felt an unreasoning resentment against Oliphant, yet her moments of relenting were becoming more frequent. Just now, as she sat by her window, trying to read, a microscopic insect — a winged life no bigger than a pin-head — fluttered in, and began executing the craziest spirals around her lamp, always dropping upon the page, on what served it as a back; whereat it went instantly into a frantic spasm, closing with a general wriggle of legs and wings that brought it upright again. There was something so irrational about this tiny creature that it acquired a likeness to humanity, which amused Octavia. She stopped reading, to watch it; but her thoughts returned to Oliphant. "Why should I care what he feels?" she mused. "He asked if I forgave him, and I said, 'You could n't have done differently.' Well, I suppose *he* could n't: another man might have. If he is punished, will it be my fault?" At length, noticing the insect again, she brushed it away carelessly, and ended its existence.

Whether it were the insect or Oliphant that oppressed her conscience, she slept ill that night, and woke with an unappeased questioning at her heart, still. There is, in one sense, no untruth: what seems so is merely the shadow from some cloud of personal temperament, floating between our deeper selves and the sun of truth. The shadows could not be without the light; but light does not depend for its existence on shadow. This nullity of untruth is what makes it difficult for us, when groping through the gradations of shadow in our own minds, to know just the degree of error that obscures our sight. And so Octavia was unable to make out whether she was quite veracious or not.

The general talk, however, of those who kept the run of such matters was that the affair had arrived at a point where an engagement must soon follow. Mrs. Farley Blazer let it be known that she was delighted with the romantic conjunction. Mrs. Richards said to Mary Deering that the wedding ought to come off during the Newport season;

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and that, as Octavia was a widow, she would probably have to be "married in a bonnet" (and, incidentally, in a church). Mrs. Deering, in reply, observed that there was the best sort of promise for happiness in the match: "Because, you know, Mrs. Gifford had such a devoted husband; and when widows have had one good husband they are generally kinder the second time — to make up for past faults and get even with their consciences. Eugene will appreciate this in Octavia, because he *did n't* have much happiness from *his* marriage."

Views of this sort having been circulated, Josephine came to Octavia and asked her, "Do you know what everybody is saying?"

"'I decline to be interviewed,'" said Octavia, parting her lips in a perverse little laugh.

"Seriously, my dear," insisted her friend, "you ought to think about it — you ought to think what you are doing."

"Well; and perhaps I have thought," Octavia retorted.

"Oh, you are in earnest, then?"

"Did I say I was?"

"No," answered Josephine. "But surely" — She finished by a fixed gaze of melancholy intentness, which made Octavia nervous. I may add that this quietude verging on sadness, characteristic of Josephine, had been growing upon her of late. Even Oliphant had made observation of it in the fleeting glimpses he had had of her when she came over to a ball, or a strolling play at the Casino Theatre; and it had resulted that she rose upon his reveries, now and then, mildly radiant and serious like the evening star. "I 'll tell you how it seems to me," she slowly recommenced, to Octavia. "Of course I did n't need other people to show me that you have been drawing him on: I 've seen that for some time. But I don't think you mean to marry him."

"What right have you to say that?" exclaimed Octavia, growing fiery.

"Why, it would be inconsistent with all your principles — everything you 've ever said to me about marrying again." This was Josephine's response, and she too gave signs of a rising temperature.

"Ah, Josephine," Octavia was swift in retorting, "how can you let yourself criticise me so? Suppose I had reconsidered my principle?"

Josephine did not glide into easy acquiescence. "This is too bad," she said forlornly. "I can't believe you 've changed your mind. And yet, and yet — oh, *is* it true, Octavia? You 're deceiving that man!"

"I deceiving?" echoed the other woman. "What do we all do, at times? If I was sure I was very fond of him, and kept back the truth, that would n't be deceit, I suppose. And if I dislike him for any reason, and yet treat him well, that is n't any more deceitful. But did you ever hear what De Musset makes a character say in one of his plays? — 'Are you sure that everything in a woman lies, when her tongue does?' Why should I tell you this: can't you guess how hard it is to know one's own mind?"

"Yes, I understand it well!" cried Josephine, starting up. The evening star had lost her pensive repose: her face was tumultuous, now, with feeling, which she tried hard to suppress. "But you have gone too far to be uncertain. It is not right: I cannot stand by and see this, much as I have loved you, Octavia. Mr. Oliphant does n't deserve to be jilted. I came to you, hoping to persuade you; but, if that won't do, I shall look for some other way to save him. He *must* be told what you 're preparing for him!"

Octavia's face lighted with a singular sort of triumph. "Then, *you* love him!" she said, significantly. "Poor child, you have been so hasty that you have betrayed yourself!" Josephine

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turned away, blushing in mortification. "Have you told Perry Thorburn so? If you are going to warn Mr. Oliphant of anything, how will it do for me to warn Perry? Tell me, Josephine."

There was an instant of struggle, of effort on the part of Josephine to assume a silent pride; but the attempt failed, and she clutched at Octavia's hand with her own, which missed its grasp and fastened only upon a fold of the widow's dress. "Oh, you don't know," she said, in a detached, uncertain way. "You must n't think that about me. And I — won't think anything about you, except that I hope you 'll be good to him. And don't — don't speak to Perry!"

George Parsons Lathrop.

A NOBLE LADY.

In the year 1660 Cardinal Mazarin, everywhere victorious, had just added the treaty of the Pyrenees to the treaty of Westphalia. A Spanish gentleman, Don Luis de Haro, felicitating the cardinal on the repose which he was about to enjoy, now that the season of storms was over, received the reply that in France one could never promise one's self repose. "You Spaniards," said Mazarin "may talk of it, for your women busy themselves with love only; but in France it is not so. There are three here now capable of governing or of overturning three great kingdoms, — the Duchess of Longueville, the Princess Palatine, and the Duchess of Chevreuse."

The cardinal's words were but a large statement of the truth that in France, in the seventeenth century, whoever engaged in the great game of politics found it necessary to take women into the account either as friends or foes. Among these women, famous in love, in politics, and even in war, are some whose names are better known than that of Marie de Hautefort. The careers of Madame de Longueville and of Madame de Chevreuse read like highly colored romances, full of stirring incident and perilous adventure. The story of Madame de Hautefort, if it contains less of the exciting element, on the other hand possesses a charm the others lack. She interests as much by the dissimilarity as by the resemblance of her character to the characters of her celebrated contemporaries. In tracing her history we are brought into the same period and into the midst of the same events wherein Madame de Chevreuse figures so brilliantly, but Marie de Hautefort does not belong in an equal degree to the political history of the time. She was Richelieu's enemy, but never his rival; she did not dispute with the two great cardinals their power or the government of France; she simply refused to yield to them her liberty of mind, or to betray to them her friends, and the cause which to her was that of religion and virtue. It is this elevation of soul which distinguishes her from other more dazzling figures of the courts of Louis XIII. and Louis XIV. Beloved as she was by all for her amiability, her gentle and compassionate kindness to her inferiors, to the poor and miserable, yet her most marked trait was her dignity and noble pride of character.

She was born in 1616, in an old feudal castle of Perigord, the youngest child of the Marquis Charles de Hautefort, marshal of the king's army, and gentleman-in-ordinary of his chamber. Her father and her mother both dying soon after Marie's birth, she was left,

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with very little for her maintenance, to the care of her grandmother, Madame de La Flotte Hauterive. Her earliest years were passed in the obscurity and monotony of provincial life, of which the beautiful and intelligent girl did not fail to become wearied. Certain affairs calling Madame de La Flotte Hauterive to Paris, she took with her the child, whose budding graces made everywhere the happiest impression, and her grandmother found no difficulty in procuring a place for Marie among the maids of honor of the queen-mother, Marie de Médicis. She was fourteen years of age when in 1630 she accompanied her mistress to Lyons, at which place the king had been taken seriously ill, while Richelieu was at the head of the army in Italy. It was here that for the first time Louis saw Marie, or Aurora, as she was commonly called in recognition of the brilliancy of her youthful beauty.

Louis XIII., of all men in the world, least resembled his father, Henri IV., and the facile beauties of the court of his mother and his wife hardly attracted his notice. The modesty as well as beauty of Marie de Hautefort touched the heart of the melancholy Louis. He became unable to dispense with the pleasure of seeing and conversing with her, and on his return from Lyons, when his fidelity to Richelieu drove him to banish his mother from the court, he took from her her maid of honor, whom he placed with Queen Anne, begging that for his sake Mademoiselle de Hautefort might be treated with affection. Anne of Austria received with sufficiently bad grace the present thus made her. Belonging to the party of the queen-mother and of Spain, she looked on her new attendant not only as a rival in the king's regard, but also as an enemy and a spy. But she was not long in recognizing her mistake. The foundation of Marie's character was a generous pride, half chivalric, half Christian, which always urged her to take the side of the feeble and the oppressed; and the sight of her mistress, persecuted and unhappy, was enough to engage her honor to the faithful service of the queen. Her loyalty and candor, as well as the graces of her mind, gradually won upon Anne, until the king's favorite was equally the favorite of his queen. La Grande Mademoiselle in her Memoirs alludes to this platonic love of Louis: "The court was very agreeable at this time. The king's affection for Mademoiselle de Hautefort, whom he sought to entertain in every way, contributed much to this. The chase was one of his greatest pleasures, and we often accompanied him. We all dressed in velvet, and rode beautiful horses, richly caparisoned. To protect us from the sun each wore a hat adorned with a multitude of plumes. The chase was always directed to the neighborhood of some fine country house, where a grand collation was prepared, and on the return the king took a seat in the carriage with Mademoiselle de Hautefort and me. When he was in a pleasant humor, he conversed agreeably on a variety of subjects." Even had Mademoiselle de Hautefort been less discreet, the king's regard would have brought with it no alarms. In the evenings he talked with her in the queen's salon, but his topics were chiefly his dogs, his birds, and the chase. Nevertheless, their intercourse was agitated by frequent jealousies, for Louis would have liked to possess himself of the exclusive attention of Marie. This assiduity of devotion wearied the young girl, and with her characteristic independence she allowed the king to perceive it, — whence misunderstandings and reconciliations that did not endure long. Madame de Motteville declares that while Mademoiselle de Hautefort was sensible of the honor of the king's friendship, she had no personal liking for him, and treated him as badly as it is possible to treat a king. The whole court was aware of it when one of their fallings-out occurred;

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the diversions ceased, and if the king came in the evening to the queen's salon he sat in a corner, without speaking a word. The subject of their quarrels was most commonly the queen. Louis' grounds of complaint against Anne were two: one political, in that she had allied herself with the party opposed to Richelieu and himself; and the other personal, in that he suspected her of an understanding with the Duke of Orléans, and a wish to share the throne with him after his own decease. But the more the king endeavored to detach the maid of honor from her mistress the less did he succeed. To the cardinal the king's sombre and fantastic humor was a constant source of disquietude, and he looked favorably upon the friendship of Louis for this young girl, who belonged to no particular party, hoping that her influence might prove a wholesome and soothing one. He was prodigal, therefore, of compliments and attentions to her, even putting himself to the pains of trying to accommodate their disputes, fawning, in return, to gain Marie to his cause. However, with the young and ardent girl it was not a question of state interests, but of personal loyalty; and regarding him as the persecutor of her mistress, Marie rejected the cardinal's advances and disdained his friendship, at a time when there was hardly a woman at the court who would not have offered up thanks for a glance from him. Not being able to win her over, Richelieu set himself to displace Mademoiselle de Hautefort from the king's regard. He now mixed in their disputes to aggravate them, and when Louis was at odds with Marie he threatened her with the cardinal. She mocked at the menace, with the levity of youth and the independence of her character. Richelieu found means to detach Louis by bringing him exaggerated reports of jesting remarks upon the king made by Mademoiselle de Hautefort in the queen's apartments, and also by magnifying the doubts of the king's scrupulous conscience as to the possibly immoderate measure of his affection for Marie. The rupture having been brought about, Richelieu managed to maintain it for two entire years. In place of Marie he substituted Mademoiselle de La Fayette, who was a Mademoiselle de la Vallière without the frailty. As the new favorite, however, failed likewise to fall in with the cardinal's designs, he had recourse to his former tactics, and ended by driving her into a convent.

Meanwhile the king had not continued insensible to the persuasions of these two noble young girls, and his feelings toward Anne had become softened. The year 1637 was the most perilous and distressing that Anne had yet passed through. With but a small number of friends and domestics she kept her secluded court, into which, however, the cardinal's vigilant eye did not fail to penetrate. Anne was meditating some desperate enterprise. She intrigued with Madame de Chevreuse, then in Touraine, and kept up a correspondence, which was at least of an equivocal kind, with her brothers Philip IV. and the Cardinal Infanta while France was at war with Spain. A certain La Porte, one of the domestics employed in this correspondence, and who was possessed of all her secrets, was arrested, thrown into the Bastille, and subjected to the severest question. The queen, after denying with assurance all that was charged against her, was driven to a partial confession; but it was necessary that her declarations should tally with those of La Porte, and, in despair of communicating with him, she felt that her safety hung on a thread. In this grave conjunction Marie de Hautefort undertook to aid her mistress. The proud girl, who had never allowed herself so much as to receive the slightest *billet* from a gentleman of the court, set out to do what might cost her her reputation. She persuaded a relative, M. de Montalais, to

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go to Tours and warn Madame de Chevreuse of the situation of affairs. Then disguising herself as a *grisette*, she issued from the Louvre before any one was awake, entered a *fiacre*, and was driven to the Bastille. She requested permission to see the Chevalier de Jars, a devoted servant of the queen, who had already risked his neck in her cause, and having just escaped the scaffold was enjoying a respite from danger and the liberty of occasional intercourse with a few friends. Marie gave herself out as a sister of the chevalier's valet, come to inform his master of the mortal illness of the former. The chevalier, knowing his servant to be in good health, hesitated to disturb himself for this visitor, so that Marie was compelled to wait for a time in the guard-room, exposed to the jokes and the free regards of the men present. Being at last admitted, she made known her errand, which was to induce the chevalier to attempt communication with La Porte, in order to convey to him the proper statements to be made to the interrogatories of his judges. Naturally enough there was a disposition on the chevalier's part to decline this entanglement in new perils, but he yielded to the representations of Marie de Hautefort and the force of her brave example. She was so fortunate as to make her reëntrance into the Louvre unrecognized. The chevalier accomplished his mission, contriving to pierce the floor of his chamber and to let down a letter attached to a cord, with an entreaty to the prisoner in the room below to drop the inclosed billet in like manner to the third floor, and thence to the fourth, wherein La Porte was confined.

In 1638, after the advent of an heir to the throne was announced, greater peace and harmony in the court succeeded to the discord of the previous years. Marie de Hautefort had now attained her twenty-second year. Brought once more into closer contact with her in her increased beauty and charm, the king's flame was rekindled, and their former intimate but irreproachable relations were in a measure renewed. At this time Marie was appointed mistress of the robes, with the title of Madame in place of Mademoiselle. In spite of appearances, Richelieu, however, was aware that the queen had not ceased to encourage the malcontents. He gained to his interests one of her maids, the young Mademoiselle de Chemerault, who became the clever spy of her mistress' secrets. Not having another Mademoiselle de La Fayette under his hand at this time to balance Mademoiselle de Hautefort, but aware of the necessity to Louis of some sort of sentimental distraction, Richelieu looked about him and selected Cinq-Mar, son of his own devoted friend, the Marshal d'Effiat. The youth pleased the weak-minded monarch, who found it the easier to love him since to do so did not involve the cardinal's displeasure. Having provided a substitute, the cardinal now openly accused Madame de Hautefort of treasonable intrigues, demanded her exile from the court, and gave Louis to choose between her and his minister. Louis yielded so far as to consent to a temporary banishment. On receiving the king's command, Madame de Hautefort went to the royal apartment, and begged to know the cause of her disgrace. Louis protested that the exile was to be but brief and for reasons of state alone. She replied that the fortnight assigned as the term of her banishment she knew well would last forever, and that she would therefore take her final farewell of his majesty. She retired to an estate at Mans belonging to her grandmother, taking with her her young sister and brother, and also the spy, Mademoiselle de Chemerault, whom Richelieu thus disgraced to cover his manœuvres and to keep watch upon the exiled favorite. So far was Marie from suspecting her companion that she wrote

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from Mans to the queen in behalf of Mademoiselle de Chemerault, toward whom the queen's bounty, she thought, had been but scanty. The queen's resignation to Richelieu's triumph and to the outrage upon her mistress of the robes had not failed to wound Marie's affection, but more than for these she grieved to see the queen fallen below the idea of generosity and nobility she had formed for her royal mistress. Her letter to Anne is an admirable revelation of her character. For three years she lived thus in seclusion, seeing only a few friends, among others La Porte, who in vain endeavored to warn her against Mademoiselle de Chemerault, of whose feigned friendship he was no dupe. The pure-hearted Marie refused to listen to him. During this time she heard of Scarron, of his infirmities and the courage with which he endured them, and she became, in untold ways, his good angel: and hence the numerous verses addressed by Scarron to Madame de Hautefort and her sister. From her retreat she looked forth upon the spectacle of the disturbed world outside. Once she received the present of the portrait of the dauphin, sent by Anne as a presage of better days to come. She saw the fall of the rash-brained youth who had replaced her in the affection of the king. She saw the terrible cardinal, conqueror of all his enemies, while still meditating his bold designs, succumb under the weight of his infirmities and thousand cares, and Louis XIII. ready to follow his minister to the tomb. On the king's death in 1643, Anne the regent recalled her friend and former attendant, sending her private carriage to Mans for her, in which Madame de Hautefort and La Porte reëntered Paris in triumph.

In Marie de Hautefort, now twenty-seven years of age, the young woman had replaced the young girl. In this prime of her beauty and intelligence she became one of the ornaments of the Hôtel Rambouillet, the most perfect of *précieuses*. She went among them by the name of Hermione. It was to be expected that this charming woman should not fail of many and noble adorers. Of La Rochefoucauld it is told that he did not dare to breathe openly the respectful passion she inspired, but of which he made confession to her brother on the field of battle; praying the marquis to convey the avowal of his love in a letter to his sister should La Rochefoucauld perish in the ensuing combat. Another lover, the Duc de Lorraine, declared himself in the romantic fashion of the Middle Ages by sending from the battle-field of Nordlingen a captive of his hand, that he might kiss the robe of Madame de Hautefort on the part of her worshiper, who received this act as ransom for the prisoner. A formidable rival of these gentlemen was the young, handsome, and gallant Marquis de Gêvres, whose appearance as a suitor for the honor of Madame de Hautefort's hand during Louis's life-time threw the king into a passion of jealousy so great that he sent a message to the father of the marquis such as compelled the withdrawal of the son's suit. In the list of adorers also appears the old Duc d'Angoulême, governor of Provence, who put his name and fortune at her feet. Another admirer was the Duc de Liancourt, who at a time when his wife's death was hourly expected allowed himself to express a hope of future consolation. Madame de Hautefort received the words in silence, and with a manner of silence which recalled the duke to himself, and her exquisite tact afterward enabled her to convert his passion into a firm and tender friendship.

We would fain form to ourselves some idea of the beauty which acted as one of the many fascinations of this noble dame. No trustworthy and satisfactory portrait of her exists. The best, which remains in the possession of one of the collateral branches of her family

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at the present day, has small merit as a work of art, but its traits correspond sufficiently well with contemporary pen portraits. It represents her as a superb blonde, with large and brilliant blue eyes, a nose slightly aquiline, richly colored lips and cheeks, and a little chin dimple. She wears pearl ornaments in her ears, a collar of pearls, and an agrafe of the same upon her breast. The total impression of the portrait is more one of nobility and force than of lightness and grace. Her beauty, like her character, was altogether in the grand style.

Every detail of the story of Madame de Hautefort is full of interest, but to relate it in full would require a volume. Only a few months had passed since her recall to the court when Marie de Hautefort realized that the charm of her ancient friendship with the queen was forever broken, and indeed but a single year elapsed before she received a second dismissal. The reason for this lay in the fact that Anne of Austria, now become regent, had changed her politics, while Madame de Hautefort continued constant to her former opinions and to her friends of old. It is said that the supple Mazarin, in bringing about Anne's political conversion, made his appeal to the woman's heart as well as the woman's reason. Without attempting to enter into historical questions of this sort, it is enough to say that the relations of the queen and her minister were such as the reinstated mistress of the robes strongly disapproved. To Anne's change of political view she might have resigned herself, but not to the abandonment of the friendships they had hitherto cherished in common. However Madame de Hautefort may be thought to have failed in political insight, we can but think the better of her heart when we find her opposing herself anew to a powerful minister of state, and risking the favor of the sovereign, from motives which seemed to her those of duty and honor. The beautiful and brilliant woman loved the life of the magnificent court, yet not for a moment did she hesitate to range herself on the side of those ancient friends, some of whom Anne allowed to retreat into obscurity, while others were proscribed and forced to follow the path leading to prison and to exile. An ordinary mistress of the robes would have accommodated herself to the new order of things at the court, but both honor and piety forbade Marie de Hautefort from so doing. She was unable to rest easy in sight of the conduct of her mistress and friend: she blushed at the idea of a breath of suspicion attaching to it, and with her characteristic frankness and courage she braved the danger of warning the queen, and set herself to dispute the influence of the handsome and fortunate cardinal. The latter at first endeavored to gain her over, as Richelieu had done, but like him in vain; then, since he could bring no accusation against her on the ground of political ambition or self-interest, he attacked her only vulnerable part, and complained of her haughtiness, the license of her language toward the queen, and brought exaggerated reports of casual remarks and comments. Her former adorer and present friend, the Duc de Liancourt, now high in court favor, defended Madame de Hautefort with zeal, endeavoring at the same time to modify her opposition to the cardinal. She was not without other partisans and defenders, for there was not a person at the court by whom she was not beloved, no matter of what political party. At this time the Duc de Schomberg, marshal of France, was a declared suitor for Madame de Hautefort's hand. At forty-two years of age he was still handsome, and remarkable for his noble and distinguished mien. By birth, fortune, position, and character he had claims upon the consideration of the fastidious mistress of the robes. He belonged to no party and mingled in no intrigues;

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he had served the queen and Mazarin as he had served Richelieu and Louis XIII., maintaining always an attitude of respectful independence. The only obstacle between these two, apparently so suited to each other, was the Duc de Schomberg's loyalty to Mazarin and his small liking for the Importants, as they were called, that is, the remaining members of the party of the opposition. Madame de Hautefort, while not insensible to his homage, hesitated, and allowed her noble suitor to sigh for a while longer. Mazarin's triumph over his opponent was but a question of time. Her pleadings in behalf of the imprisoned Duc de Beaufort were treated as a capital offense, and in April, 1664, she received her order of dismissal from the court. It was impossible not to recall the words of Louis, who had warned her: "You are making a mistake: you serve an ingrate." She retired to the convent of Les Filles de Sainte Marie, in the Rue St. Antoine, with an idea of taking the veil. Mazarin, to do him justice, satisfied with his success, had no thought of persecuting his enemy. More than one of Madame de Hautefort's adorers generously sought to draw her from her retirement, among them the Duc de Ventadour and the Maréchal de Gassion, but in vain. At length the Duc de Schomberg appeared at her convent grating to renew his pleadings, and this time he was not repulsed. Madame de Hautefort issued from the convent into the world again, though without appearing at court. A strange episode occurred, however, before the marriage took place. Previous to leaving the convent she received a visit from the sister of the Duc de Schomberg and wife of the Duc de Liancourt. This lady, having suspected something of her husband's former passion for Madame de Hautefort, was alarmed lest, in the closer intimacy which the intended marriage would bring about, her husband's flame might rekindle. She therefore made representations to Madame de Hautefort of the injury it would be to her brother, whose fortune, she said, was considerably diminished from various causes, should he marry one who was not able to reestablish his affairs upon a better footing. It was asking of Madame de Hautefort the sacrifice of her last hope to require the breaking off of this intended marriage. There was a battle in her heart, but finally generosity carried the day; she promised the sister that she would not be the ruin of the brother. But happily Madame de Liancourt was unable to support the falsehood she had succeeded in imposing. She made speedy confession of her fault, begging her injured friend to become her sister. Madame de Hautefort became Duchesse de Schomberg at thirty years of age, and with this event terminated the more romantic portion of her career. Thenceforth her life was as peaceful as its earlier years had been agitated. She loved her husband with all the fervor of her disposition, and when in 1656, ten years after their marriage, the marshal died, his widow consecrated herself to his faithful memory. It is said that she preserved for many years her wonderful beauty. In the portraits of Mademoiselle she appears under the name of Olympe. Without becoming a Jansenist, she had leanings towards Port Royal. At Metz, during M. de Schomberg's governorship of that city, she encountered Bossuet, and became one of his earliest friends and patrons. Anne of Austria she seldom saw, but when, in 1666, she learned that her royal friend was about to die, Madame de Schomberg sought permission to attend once more at the queen's bedside; and it is said that the dying Anne recommended the faithful friend to the protection of her son. Louis XIV. in vain endeavored to draw Madame de Schomberg to his court: with respectful firmness she declined his favors, and remained in her

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quiet seclusion. Works of charity became the occupation, we may say the passion, of her life. Without children of her own, she earned the beautiful name of Mother of the Poor. Her house in the Faubourg St. Antoine became an asylum for the unfortunate and oppressed. From this gentle and pious existence she passed away in her seventy-fifth year, August, 1691, and was buried beside her beloved husband in the chapel of the Château de Nanteuil. Bossuet, who always cherished her memory tenderly, never was at Meaux without passing by Nanteuil, that he might pray beside her tomb.

I seem to have been describing here a paragon. Assuredly Marie de Hautefort must have had her defects, but the record of them has not come down to us, and whatever they may have been we are permitted to believe that her virtues cast her faults into the shade.

Maria Louise Henry.

EN PROVINCE.

IV.

FROM NARBONNE TO NÎMES.

I.

At Narbonne I took up my abode at the house of a *serrurier mécanicien*, and was very thankful for the accommodation. It was my misfortune to arrive at this ancient city late at night, on the eve of market-day; and market-day at Narbonne is a very serious affair. The inns, on this occasion, are stuffed with wine-dealers, for the country roundabout, dedicated almost exclusively to Bacchus, has hitherto escaped the phylloxera. This deadly enemy of the grape is encamped over the Midi in a hundred places; blighted vineyards and ruined proprietors being quite the order of the day. The signs of distress are more frequent as you advance into Provence, many of the vines being laid under water, in the hope of washing the plague away. There are healthy regions still, however, and the vintners find plenty to do at Narbonne. The traffic in wine appeared to be the sole thought of the Narbonnais; every one I spoke to had something to say about the harvest of gold that bloomed under its influence. "C'est inoui, monsieur, l'argent qu'il y a dans ce pays. Des gens à qui la vente de leur vin rapporte jusqu'à 500,000 francs par an." That little speech, addressed to me by a gentleman at the inn, gives the note of these revelations. It must be said that there was little in the appearance either of the town or of its population to suggest the possession of such treasures. Narbonne is a *sale petite ville* in all the force of the term, and my first impression on arriving there was an extreme regret that I had not remained for the night at the lovely Carcassonne. My journey from that delectable spot lasted a couple of hours, and was performed in darkness — a darkness not so dense, however, but that I was able to make out, as we passed it, the great figure of Béziers, whose ancient roofs and towers, clustered on a goodly hill-top, looked as fantastic as you please. I know not what appearance Béziers may present by day; but by night it has quite the grand air. On issuing from the station at Narbonne, I found that the only vehicle in waiting was a kind of bastard tramcar, a thing shaped as if it had been meant to go upon rails; that is, equipped with small wheels, placed beneath it, and with a

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platform at either end, but destined to rattle over the stones like the most vulgar of omnibuses. To complete the oddity of this conveyance, it was under the supervision not of a conductor, but of a conductress. A fair young woman, with a pouch suspended from her girdle, had command of the platform, and as soon as the car was full she jolted us into the town through clouds of the thickest dust I ever have swallowed. I have had occasion to speak of the activity of women in France — of the way they are always in the ascendent; and here was a signal example of their general utility. The young lady I have mentioned conveyed her whole company to the wretched little Hôtel de France, where it is to be hoped that some of them found a lodging. For myself, I was informed that the place was crowded from cellar to attic, and that its inmates were sleeping three or four in a room. At Carcassonne I should have had a bad bed, but at Narbonne, apparently, I was to have no bed at all. I passed an hour or two of flat suspense, while fate settled the question of whether I should go on to Perpignan, return to Béziers, or still discover a modest couch at Narbonne. I shall not have suffered in vain, however, if my example serves to deter other travelers from alighting unannounced at that city on a Wednesday evening. The retreat to Béziers, not attempted in time, proved impossible, and I was assured that at Perpignan, which I should not reach till midnight, the affluence of wine-dealers was not less than at Narbonne. I interviewed every hostess in the town, and got no satisfaction but distracted shrugs. Finally, at an advanced hour, one of the servants of the Hôtel de France, where I had attempted to dine, came to me in triumph to proclaim that he had secured for me a charming apartment in a *maison bourgeoise*. I took possession of it gratefully, in spite of its having an entrance like a stable, and being pervaded by an odor compared with which that of a stable would have been delicious. As I have mentioned, my landlord was a locksmith, and he had strange machines which rumbled and whirred in the rooms below my own. Nevertheless, I slept, and I dreamed of Carcassonne. It was better to do that than to dream of the Hôtel de France. I was obliged to cultivate relations with the cuisine of this establishment. Nothing could have been more *méridional;* indeed, both the dirty little inn and Narbonne at large seemed to me to have the infirmities of the south without its usual graces. Narrow, noisy, shabby, belittered and encumbered, filled with clatter and chatter, the Hôtel de France would have been described in perfection by Alphonse Daudet. For what struck me above all in it was the note of the Midi, as he has represented it — the sound of universal talk. The landlord sat at supper with sundry friends, in a kind of glass cage, with a genial indifference to arriving guests; the waiters tumbled over the loose luggage in the hall; the travelers who had been turned away leaned gloomily against doorposts; and the landlady, surrounded by confusion, unconscious of responsibility, and animated only by the spirit of conversation, bandied high-voiced compliments with the *voyageurs de commerce*. At ten o'clock in the morning there was a *table d'hôte* for breakfast — a wonderful repast, which overflowed into every room and pervaded the whole establishment. I sat down with a hundred hungry marketers, fat, brown, greasy men, with a good deal of the rich soil of Languedoc adhering to their hands and their boots. I mention the latter articles because they almost put them on the table. It was very hot, and there were swarms of flies; the viands had the strongest odor; there was in particular a horrible mixture known as *gras-double*, a light gray, glutinous, nauseating mess, which my companions devoured in large quantities.

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A man opposite to me had the dirtiest fingers I ever saw; a collection of fingers which in England would have excluded him from a farmers' ordinary. The conversation was mainly bucolic; though a part of it, I remember, at the table at which I sat, consisted of a discussion as to whether or no the maid-servant were *sage* — a discussion which went on under the nose of this young lady, as she carried about the dreadful gras-double, and to which she contributed the most convincing blushes. It was thoroughly méridional.

II.

In going to Narbonne I had of course counted upon Roman remains; but when I went forth in search of them I perceived that I had hoped too fondly. There is really nothing in the place to speak of; that is, on the day of my visit there was nothing but the market, which was in complete possession. "This intricate, curious, but lifeless town," Murray calls it; yet to me it appeared overflowing with life. Its streets are mere crooked, dirty lanes, bordered with perfectly insignificant houses; but they were filled with the same clatter and chatter that I had found at the hotel. The market was held partly in the little square of the hôtel de ville, a structure which a flattering wood-cut in the Guide-Joanne had given me a desire to behold. The reality was not impressive, the old color of the front having been completely restored away. Such interest as it superficially possesses it derives from a fine mediæval tower which rises beside it, with turrets at the angles — always a picturesque thing. The rest of the market was held in another *place*, still shabbier than the first, which lies beyond the canal. The Canal du Midi runs through the town, and, spanned at this point by a small suspension-bridge, presented a certain sketchability. On the further side were the venders and chafferers — old women under awnings and big umbrellas, rickety tables piled high with fruit, white caps and brown faces, blouses, sabots, donkeys. Beneath this picture was another — a long row of washerwomen, on their knees on the edge of the canal, pounding and wringing the dirty linen of Narbonne — no great quantity, to judge by the costume of the people. Innumerable rusty men, scattered all over the place, were buying and selling wine, straddling about in pairs, in groups, with their hands in their pockets, and packed together at the doors of the cafés. They were mostly fat and brown and unshaven; they ground their teeth as they talked; they were very méridional.

The only two lions at Narbonne are the cathedral and the museum, the latter of which is quartered in the hôtel de ville. The cathedral, closely shut in by houses, and with the west front undergoing repairs, is singular in two respects. It consists exclusively of a choir, which is of the end of the thirteenth century and the beginning of the next, and of great magnificence. There is absolutely nothing else. This choir, of extraordinary elevation, forms the whole church. I sat there a good while; there was no other visitor. I had taken a great dislike to poor little Narbonne, which struck me as sordid and overheated, and this place seemed to extend to me, as in the Middle Ages, the privilege of sanctuary. It is a very solemn corner. The other peculiarity of the cathedral is that, externally, it bristles with battlements, having anciently formed part of the defenses of the *archevêché*, which is beside it and which connects it with the hôtel de ville. This combination of the church and the fortress is very curious, and during the Middle Ages was not without its value. The palace of the former archbishops of Narbonne (the hôtel de ville of to-day forms part of it) was both an asylum and an arsenal during the hideous wars by which the Languedoc was ravaged in the thirteenth century. The whole mass of buildings is jammed

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together in a manner that from certain points of view makes it far from apparent which feature is which. The museum occupies several chambers at the top of the hôtel de ville, and is not an imposing collection. It was closed, but I induced the portress to let me in — a silent, cadaverous person, in a black coif, like a *beguine*, who sat knitting in one of the windows while I went the rounds. The number of Roman fragments is small, and their quality is not the finest; I must add that this impression was hastily gathered. There is indeed a work of art in one of the rooms which creates a presumption in favor of the place — the portrait (rather a good one) of a citizen of Narbonne, whose name I forget, who is described as having devoted all his time and his intelligence to collecting the objects by which the visitor is surrounded. This excellent man was a connoisseur, and the visitor is doubtless often an ignoramus.

III.

"Cette, with its glistening houses white,
Curves with the curving beach away
To where the lighthouse beacons bright,
Far in the bay."

That stanza of Matthew Arnold's, which I happened to remember, gave a certain importance to the half hour I spent in the buffet of the station at Cette while I waited for the train to Montpellier. I had left Narbonne in the afternoon, and by the time I reached Cette the darkness had descended. I therefore missed the sight of the glistening houses, and had to console myself with that of the beacon in the bay, as well as with a *bouillon* of which I partook at the buffet aforesaid; for, since the morning, I had not ventured to return to the table d'hôte at Narbonne. The Hôtel Nevet, at Montpellier, which I reached an hour later, has an ancient renown all over the south of France — advertises itself, I believe, as *le plus vaste du midi*. It seemed to me the model of a good provincial inn: a big, rambling, creaking establishment, with brown, labyrinthine corridors, a queer old open-air vestibule, into which the diligence, in the *bon temps*, used to penetrate, and a hospitality more expressive than that of the new caravansaries. It dates from the days when Montpellier was still accounted a fine winter residence for people with weak lungs; and this rather melancholy tradition, together with the former celebrity of the school of medicine still existing there, but from which the glory has departed, helps to account for its combination of high antiquity and vast proportions. The old hotels were usually more concentrated; but the school of medicine passed for one of the attractions of Montpellier. Long before Mentone was discovered or Colorado invented, British invalids traveled down through France in the post-chaise or the public coach, to spend their winters in the wonderful place which boasted both a climate and a faculty. The air is mild, no doubt, but there are refinements of mildness which were not then suspected, and which in a more analytic age have carried the annual wave far beyond Montpellier. The place is charming, all the same, and it served the purpose of John Locke, who made a long stay there, between 1675 and 1679, and became acquainted with a noble fellow-visitor, Lord Pembroke, to whom he dedicated the famous Essay. There are places that please, without your being able to say wherefore, and Montpellier is one of the number. It has some charming views, from the great promenade of the Peyrou; but its position is not strikingly fair. Beyond this, it contains a good museum and the long façades of its school, but these are its only definite treasures. Its cathedral struck me as quite the weakest I had seen, and I remember no other monument that made up for it. The place has neither the gayety of a modern nor the solemnity of an ancient town, and it

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is agreeable as certain women are agreeable who are neither beautiful nor clever. An Italian would remark that it is sympathetic; a German would admit that it is *gemüthlich*. I spent two days there, mostly in the rain, and even under these circumstances I carried away a kindly impression. I think the Hôtel Nevet had something to do with it and the sentiment of relief with which, in a quiet, even a luxurious room that looked out on a garden, I reflected that I had washed my hands of Narbonne. The phylloxera has destroyed the vines in the country that surrounds Montpellier, and at that moment I was capable of rejoicing in the thought that I should not breakfast with vintners.

The gem of the place is the Musée Fabre, one of the best collections of paintings in a provincial city. François Fabre, a native of Montpellier, died there in 1837, after having spent a considerable part of his life in Italy, where he had collected a good many valuable pictures and some very poor ones, the latter class including several from his own hand. He was the hero of a remarkable episode, having succeeded no less a person than Vittorio Alfieri in the affections of no less a person than Louise de Stolberg, Countess of Albany, widow of no less a person than Charles Edward Stewart, the second pretender to the British crown. Surely no woman ever was associated sentimentally with three figures more diverse: a disqualified sovereign, an Italian dramatist, and a bad French painter. The productions of M. Fabre, who followed in the steps of David, bear the stamp of a cold mediocrity; there is not much to be said even for the portrait of the genial countess (her life has been written by M. Saint-René-Taillandier, who depicts her as delightful), which hangs in Florence, in the gallery of the Uffizzi, and makes a pendant to a likeness of Alfieri by the same author. Stendhal, in his Mémoires d'un Touriste, says that this work of art represents her as a cook who has pretty hands. I am delighted to have an opportunity of quoting Stendhal, whose two volumes of the Mémoires d'un Touriste every traveler in France should carry in his portmanteau. I have had this opportunity more than once, for I have met him at Tours, at Nantes, at Bourges, and everywhere he is suggestive. But he has the defect that he is never pictorial, that he never by any chance makes an image, and that his style is perversely colorless, for a man so fond of contemplation. His taste is often singularly false; it is the taste of the early years of the present century, the period that produced clocks surmounted with sentimental "subjects." Stendhal does not admire these clocks, but he almost does. He admires Domenichino and Guercino, and prizes the Bolognese school of painters because they "spoke to the soul." He is a votary of the new classic, is fond of tall, square, regular buildings, and thinks Nantes, for instance, full of the "air noble." It was a pleasure to me to reflect that five and forty years ago he had alighted in that city, at the very inn in which I spent a night, and which looks down on the Place Graslin and the theatre. The hotel that was the best in 1837 appears to be the best to-day. On the subject of Touraine, Stendhal is extremely refreshing; he finds the scenery meagre and much overrated, and proclaims his opinion with perfect frankness. He does, however, scant justice to the banks of the Loire; his want of appreciation of the picturesque — want of the sketcher's sense — causes him to miss half the charm of a landscape which is nothing if not "quiet," as a painter would say, and of which the felicities reveal themselves only to waiting eyes. He even despises the Indre, the river of Madame Sand. The Mémoires d'un Touriste are written in the character of a commercial traveler, and the author has nothing to say about Chenonceaux or

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Chambord, or indeed about any of the châteaux of that part of France; his system being to talk only of the large towns, where he may be supposed to find a market for his goods. It was his ambition to pass for an ironmonger. But in the large towns he is usually excellent company, though as discursive as Sterne, and strangely indifferent, for a man of imagination, to those superficial aspects of things which the poor pages now before the reader are mainly an attempt to render. It is his conviction that Alfieri, at Florence, bored the Countess of Albany terribly, and he adds that the famous Gallophobe died of jealousy of the little painter from Montpellier. The Countess of Albany left her property to Fabre; and I suppose some of the pieces in the museum of his native town used to hang in the sunny saloons of that fine old palace on the Arno which is still pointed out to the stranger in Florence as the residence of Alfieri.

The institution has had other benefactors, notably a certain M. Bruyas, who has enriched it with an extraordinary number of portraits of himself. As these, however, are by different hands, some of them distinguished, we may suppose that it was less the model than the artists that M. Bruyas wished to exhibit. Easily first are two large specimens of David Teniers, which are incomparable for brilliancy and a glowing perfection of execution. I have a weakness for this singular genius, who combined the delicate with the groveling, and I have rarely seen richer examples. Scarcely less valuable is a Gerard Dow which hangs near them, though it must rank lower as having kept less of its freshness. This Gerard Dow did me good, for a master is a master, whatever he may paint. It represents a woman paring carrots, while a boy before her exhibits a mouse-trap in which he has caught a frightened victim. The goodwife has spread a cloth on the top of a big barrel which serves her as a table, and on this brown, greasy napkin, of which the texture is wonderfully rendered, lie the raw vegetables she is preparing for domestic consumption. Beside the barrel is a large cauldron lined with copper, with a rim of brass. The way these things are painted brings tears to the eyes; but they give the measure of the Musée Fabre, where two specimens of Teniers and a Gerard Dow are the jewels. The Italian pictures are of small value, but there is a work by Sir Joshua Reynolds, said to be the only one in France — an infant Samuel in prayer, apparently a repetition of the picture in England which inspired the little plaster image, disseminated in Protestant lands, that we used to admire in our childhood. Sir Joshua, somehow, was an eminently Protestant painter; no one can forget that who, in the National Gallery in London, has looked at the picture in which he represents several young ladies as nymphs, voluminously draped, hanging garlands over a statue, a picture suffused indefinably with the Anglican spirit and exasperating to a member of one of the Latin races. It is an odd chance, therefore, that has led him into that part of France where Protestants have been least *bien vus*. This is the country of the dragonnades of Louis XIV. and of the pastors of the desert. From the garden of the Peyrou, at Montpellier, you may see the hills of the Cévennes, to which they of the religion fled for safety, and out of which they were hunted and harried.

I have only to add, in regard to the Musée Fabre, that it contains the portrait of its founder, a little, pursy, fat-faced, elderly man, whose countenance contains few indications of the power that makes distinguished victims. He is, however, just such a personage as the mind's eye sees walking on the terrace of the Peyrou of an October afternoon in the early years of the century: a plump figure in a chocolate-colored

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coat and a *culotte* that exhibits a good leg — a culotte provided with a watch-fob from which a heavy seal is suspended. This Peyrou (to come to it at last) is a wonderful place, especially to be found in a little provincial city. France is certainly the country of towns that aim at completeness; more than in other lands, they contain stately features as a matter of course. We should never have ceased to hear about the Peyrou, if fortune had placed it in a Shrewsbury or a Hartford. It is true that the place enjoys a certain celebrity at home, which it amply deserves, moreover, for nothing could be more impressive and monumental. It consists of an "elevated platform," as Murray says, an immense terrace, laid out, in the highest part of the town, as a garden, and commanding in all directions a view which in clear weather must be of the finest. I strolled there in the intervals of showers, and saw only the nearer beauties: a great pompous arch of triumph, in honor of Louis XIV. (which is not, properly speaking, in the garden, but faces it, straddling across the *place* by which you approach it from the town), an equestrian statue of that monarch set aloft in the middle of the terrace, and a very exalted and complicated fountain, which forms a background to the picture. This fountain gushes from a kind of hydraulic temple, to which you ascend by broad flights of steps, and which is fed by a splendid aqueduct, stretched in the most ornamental and unexpected manner across the neighboring valley. All this work dates from the middle of the last century. The combination of features — the triumphal arch, or gate; the wide, fair terrace, with its beautiful view; the statue of the grand monarch; the big architectural fountain, which would not surprise one at Rome, but does surprise one at Montpellier; and to complete the effect, the extraordinary aqueduct, charmingly foreshortened — all this is worthy of a capital, of a little court city. The whole place, with its repeated steps, its balustrades, its massive and plentiful stone-work, is full of the air of the last century — *sent bien son dix-huitième siècle;* none the less so, I am afraid, that, as I read in my faithful Murray, after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the block, the stake, the wheel, had been erected here for the benefit of the hunted and tracked Camisards.

IV.

It was a pleasure to feel one's self in Provence again — the land where the silver-gray earth is impregnated with the light of the sky. To celebrate the event, as soon as I arrived at Nîmes I engaged a calèche to convey me to the Pont du Gard. The day was yet young, and it was perfectly fair; it appeared well, for a longish drive, to take advantage, without delay, of such security. After I had left the town I became more intimate with that Provençal charm which I had already enjoyed from the window of the train, and which glowed in the sweet sunshine and the white rocks, and lurked in the smoke-puffs of the little olives. The olive-trees in Provence are half the landscape. They are neither so tall, so stout, nor so richly contorted as I have seen them beyond the Alps; but this mild, colorless bloom seems the very texture of the country. The road from Nîmes, for a distance of fifteen miles, is superb; broad enough for an army, and as white and firm as a dinner-table. It stretches away over undulations which suggest a kind of harmony, and in the curves it makes through the wide, free country, where there is never a hedge or a wall, and the detail is always exquisite, there is something majestic, almost processional. Some twenty minutes before I reached the little inn that marks the termination of the drive, my vehicle met with an accident which just missed being serious, and which engaged the attention of a gentleman who, followed by his groom

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and mounted on a strikingly handsome horse, happened to ride up at the moment. This young man, who, with his good looks and charming manner, might have stepped out of a novel of Octave Feuillet, gave me some very intelligent advice in reference to one of my horses, who had been injured, and was so good as to accompany me to the inn, with the resources of which he was acquainted, to see that his recommendations were carried out. The result of our interview was that he invited me to come and look at a small but ancient château in the neighborhood, which he had the happiness — not the greatest in the world, he intimated — to inhabit, and at which I engaged to present myself after I should have spent an hour at the Pont du Gard. For the moment, when we separated, I gave all my attention to that great structure. You are very near it before you see it; the ravine it spans suddenly opens and exhibits the picture. The scene at this point grows extremely beautiful. The ravine is the valley of the Gardon, which the road from Nimes has followed some time without taking account of it, but which, exactly at the right distance from the aqueduct, deepens and expands, and puts on those characteristics which are best suited to give it effect. The gorge becomes romantic, still and solitary, and with its white rocks and wild shrubbery hangs over the clear-colored river, in whose slow course there is here and there a deeper pool. Over the valley, from side to side, and ever so high in the air, stretch the three tiers of the tremendous bridge. They are unspeakably imposing, and nothing could well be more Roman. The hugeness, the solidity, the unexpectedness, the monumental rectitude, of the whole thing leave you nothing to say — at the time — and make you stand gazing. You simply feel that it is noble and perfect, that it has the quality of greatness. A road, branching from the highway, descends to the level of the river and passes under one of the arches. This road has a wide margin of grass and loose stones, which slopes upward into the bank of the ravine. You may sit here as long as you please, staring up at the light, strong piers; the spot is extremely natural, though two or three stone benches have been erected on it. I remained there an hour, and got a complete impression; the place was perfectly soundless, and for the time, at least, lonely; the splendid afternoon had begun to fade, and there was a fascination in the object I had come to see It came to pass that at the same time I discovered in it a certain stupidity, a vague brutality. That element is rarely absent from great Roman work, which is wanting in the nice adaptation of the means to the end. The means are always exaggerated, the end is so much more than attained. The Roman rigidity was apt to overshoot the mark, and I suppose a race which could do nothing small is as defective as a race which can do nothing great. Of this Roman rigidity the Pont du Gard is an admirable example. It would be a great injustice, however, not to insist upon its beauty — a kind of manly beauty, that of an object constructed not to please but to serve, and impressive simply from the scale on which it carries out this intention. The number of arches in each tier is different; they are smaller and more numerous as they ascend. The preservation of the thing is extraordinary; nothing has crumbled or collapsed; every feature remains; and the huge blocks of stone, of a brownish-yellow (as if they had been baked by the Provençal sun for eighteen centuries), pile themselves, without mortar or cement, as evenly as the day they were laid together. All this to carry the water of a couple of springs to a little provincial city! The conduit on the top has retained its shape and traces of the cement with which it was lined. When the vague twilight began to gather, the

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lonely valley seemed to fill itself with the shadow of the Roman name, as if the mighty empire were still as erect as the supports of the aqueduct; and it was open to a solitary tourist, sitting there sentimental, to believe that no people has ever been, or will ever be, as great as that, measured as we measure the greatness of an individual, by the push they gave to what they undertook. The Pont du Gard is one of the three or four deepest impressions they have left; it speaks of them in a manner with which they might have been satisfied.

I feel as if it were scarcely discreet to indicate the whereabouts of the château of the obliging young man I had met on the way from Nîmes; I must content myself with saying that it nestled in an enchanting valley — *dans le fond*, as they say in France — and that I took my course thither on foot, after leaving the Pont du Gard. I find it noted in my journal as "an adorable little corner." The principal feature of the place is a couple of very ancient towers, brownish-yellow in hue, and mantled in scarlet Virginia-creeper. One of these towers is isolated, and is only the more effective; the other is incorporated in the house, which is delightfully fragmentary and irregular. It had got to be late by this time, and the lonely *castel* looked crepuscular and mysterious. An old housekeeper was sent for, who showed me the rambling interior; and then the young man took me into a dim old drawing-room, which had no less than four chimney-pieces, all unlighted, and gave me a refection of fruit and sweet wine. When I praised the wine, and asked him what it was, he said simply, "C'est du vin de ma mère!" Throughout my little journey I had never yet felt myself so far from Paris; and this was a sensation I enjoyed more than my host, who was an involuntary exile, consoling himself with laying out a *manège*, which he showed me as I walked away. His civility was great, and I was greatly touched by it. On my way back to the little inn where I had left my vehicle, I passed the Pont du Gard, and took another look at it. Its great arches made windows for the evening sky, and the rocky ravine, with its dusky cedars and shining river, was lonelier than before. At the inn I swallowed, or tried to swallow, a glass of horrible wine with my coachman; after which, with my reconstructed team, I drove back to Nîmes in the moonlight. It only added a more solitary whiteness to the constant sheen of the Provençal landscape.

V.

The weather the next day was equally fair, so that it seemed an imprudence not to make sure of Aigues-Mortes. Nîmes itself could wait; at a pinch, I could attend to Nîmes in the rain. It was my belief that Aigues-Mortes was a little gem, and it is natural to desire that gems should have an opportunity to sparkle. This is an excursion of but a few hours, and there is a little friendly, familiar, dawdling train that will convey you, in time for a noonday breakfast, to the small dead town where the blessed Saint Louis twice embarked for the crusades. You may get back to Nîmes for dinner; the run — or rather the walk, for the train does n't run — is of about an hour. I found the little journey charming, and looked out of the carriage window, on my right, at the distant Cévennes, covered with tones of amber and blue, and, all around, at vineyards red with the touch of October. The grapes were gone, but the plants had a color of their own. Within a certain distance of Aigues-Mortes they give place to wide salt-marshes, traversed by two canals; and over this expanse the train rumbles slowly upon a narrow causeway, failing for some time, though you know you are near the object of your curiosity, to bring

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you to sight of anything but the horizon. Suddenly it appears, the towered and embattled mass, lying so low that the crest of its defenses seems to rise straight out of the ground; and it is not till the train stops, close before them, that you are able to take the full measure of its walls.

Aigues-Mortes stands on the edge of a wide *étang*, or shallow inlet of the sea, the further side of which is divided by a narrow band of coast from the Gulf of Lyons. Next after Carcassonne, to which it forms an admirable *pendant*, it is the most perfect thing of the kind in France. It has a rival in the person of Avignon, but the ramparts of Avignon are much less effective. Like Carcassonne, it is completely surrounded with its old fortifications, and if they are far simpler in character (there is but one circle) they are quite as well preserved. The moat has been filled up, and the site of the town might be figured by a billiard-table without pockets. On this absolute level, covered with coarse grass, Aigues-Mortes presents quite the appearance of the walled town that a school-boy draws upon his slate, or that we see in the background of early Flemish pictures — a simple parallelogram, of a contour almost absurdly bare, broken at intervals by angular towers and square holes. Such, literally speaking, is this delightful little city, which needs to be seen to tell its full story. It is extraordinarily pictorial, and if it is a very small sister of Carcassonne it has at least the essential features of the family. Indeed, it is even more like an image and less like a reality than Carcassonne; for by position and prospect it seems even more detached from the life of the present day. It is true that Aigues-Mortes does a little business; it sees certain bags of salt piled into barges which stand in a canal beside it, and which carry their cargo into regions comparatively modern. But nothing could well be more drowsy and desultory than this industry as I saw it practiced, with the aid of two or three brown peasants and under the eye of a solitary douanier, who strolled on the little quay beneath the western wall. "C'est bien plaisant, c'est bien paisible," said this worthy man, with whom I had some conversation; and pleasant and peaceful is the place indeed, though the former of these epithets may suggest an element of gayety in which Aigues-Mortes is deficient. The sand, the salt, the dull sea-view, surround it with a bright, quiet melancholy. There are fifteen towers and nine gates, five of which are on the southern side, overlooking the water. I walked all round the place three times (it does n't take long), but lingered most under the southern wall, where the afternoon light slept in the dreamiest, sweetest way. I sat down on an old stone, and looked away to the desolate salt-marshes and the still, shining surface of the étang; and, as I did so, reflected that this was a queer little out-of-the-world corner to have been chosen, in the great dominions of either monarch, for that pompous interview which took place, in 1538, between Francis I. and Charles V. It was also not easy to perceive how Louis IX., when in 1248 and 1270 he started for the Holy Land, set his army afloat in such very undeveloped channels. An hour later I purchased in the town a little pamphlet by M. Marius Topin, who undertakes to explain this latter anomaly, and to show that there is water enough in the port, as we may call it by courtesy, to have sustained a fleet of crusaders. I was unable to trace the channel that he points out, but was glad to believe that, as he contends, the sea has not retreated from the town since the thirteenth century. It was comfortable to think that things are not so changed as that. M. Topin indicates that the other French ports of the Mediterranean were not then *disponibles*, and

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that Aigues-Mortes was the most eligible spot for an embarkation.

Behind the straight walls and the quiet gates the little town has not crumbled, like the Cité of Carcassonne. It can hardly be said to be alive, but if it is dead it has been very neatly embalmed. The hand of the restorer rests on it constantly; but this artist has not, as at Carcassonne, had miracles to accomplish. The interior is very still and empty, with small, stony, whitewashed streets, tenanted by a stray dog, a stray cat, a stray old woman. In the middle is a little *place*, with two or three cafés decorated by wide awnings, — a little *place* of which the principal feature is a very bad bronze statue of Saint Louis by Pradier. It is almost as bad as the breakfast I had at the inn that bears the name of that pious monarch. You may walk round the enceinte of Aigues-Mortes both outside and in, but you may not, as at Carcassonne, make a portion of this circuit on the *chemin de ronde*, the little projecting footway attached to the inner face of the battlements. This footway, wide enough only for a single pedestrian, is in the best order, and near each of the gates a flight of steps leads up to it; but a locked gate, at the top of the steps, makes access impossible, or at least unlawful. Aigues-Mortes, however, has its citadel, an immense tower, larger than any of the others, a little detached, and standing at the northwest angle of the town. I called upon the *casernier* — the custodian of the walls — and in his absence I was conducted through this big Tour de Constance by his wife, a very mild, meek woman, yellow with the traces of fever and ague, a scourge which, as might be expected in a town whose name denotes "dead waters," enters freely at the nine gates. The Tour de Constance is of extraordinary girth and solidity, divided into three superposed circular chambers, with very fine vaults, that are lighted by embrasures of prodigious depth, converging to windows little larger than loopholes. The place served for years as a prison to many of the Protestants of the south whom the revocation of the Edict of Nantes had exposed to atrocious penalties, and the annals of these dreadful chambers during the first half of the last century were written in tears and blood. Some of the recorded cases of long confinement there make one marvel afresh at what man has inflicted and endured. In a country in which a policy of extermination was to be put into practice this horrible tower was an obvious resource. From the battlements at the top, which is surmounted by an old disused light-house, you see the little compact rectangular town, which looks hardly bigger than a garden-patch, mapped out beneath you, and follow the plain configuration of its defenses. You take possession of it, and you feel that you will remember it always.

VI.

After this I was free to look about me at Nîmes, and I did so with such attention as the place appeared to require. At the risk of seeming too easily and too frequently disappointed, I will say that it required rather less than I had been prepared to give. It is a town of three or four fine features, rather than a town with, as I may say, a general figure. In general Nîmes is poor; its only treasures are its Roman remains, which are of the first order. The new French fashions prevail in many of its streets; the old houses are paltry and the good houses are new; while beside my hotel rose a big spick-and-span church, which had the oddest air of having been intended for Brooklyn or Buffalo. It is true that this church looked out on a square completely French — a square of a fine modern disposition, flanked on one side by a classical palais de justice, embellished with trees and parapets, and occupied in the centre with a group of allegorical statues, such as one encoun-

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ters only in the cities of France, the chief of these being a colossal figure by Pradier, representing Nîmes. An English, an American town which should have such a monument, such a square as this, would be a place of great pretensions; but like so many little *villes de province* in the country of which I write, Nîmes is easily ornamental. What nobler ornament can there be than the old Roman baths at the foot of Mont Cavalier, and the delightful old garden that surrounds them? All that quarter of Nîmes has every reason to be proud of itself; it has been revealed to the world at large by copious photography. A clear, abundant stream gushes from the foot of a high hill (covered with trees and laid out in paths), and is distributed into basins which sufficiently refer themselves to the period that gave them birth — the period that has left its stamp on that pompous Peyrou which we admired at Montpellier. Here are the same terraces and steps and balustrades, and a system of water-works less impressive, perhaps, but very ingenious and charming. The whole place is a mixture of old Rome and of the French eighteenth century; for the remains of the antique baths are in a measure incorporated in the modern fountains. In a corner of this umbrageous precinct stands a small Roman ruin which is known as a temple of Diana, but was more apparently a *nymphæum*, and appears to have had a graceful connection with the adjacent baths. I learn from Murray that this little temple, of the period of Augustus, "was reduced to its present state of ruin in 1577;" the moment at which the townspeople, threatened with a siege by the troops of the crown, partly demolished it, lest it should serve as a cover to the enemy. The remains are very fragmentary, but they serve to show that the place was lovely. I spent half an hour in it on a lovely Sunday morning (it is inclosed by a high *grille*, carefully tended, and has a warden of its own), and with the help of my imagination tried to reconstruct a little the aspect of things in the Gallo-Roman days. I do wrong, perhaps, to say that I *tried;* from a flight so deliberate I should have shrunk. But there was a certain contagion of antiquity in the air, and among the ruins of baths and temples, in the very spot where the aqueduct that crosses the Gardon in the wondrous manner I had seen discharged itself, the picture of a splendid paganism seemed vaguely to glow. Roman baths — Roman baths; those words alone were a scene. Everything was changed: I was strolling in a *jardin français;* the bosky slope of the Mont Cavalier (a very modest mountain), hanging over the place, is crowned with a shapeless tower, which is as likely to be of mediæval as of antique origin; and yet, as I leaned on the parapet of one of the fountains, where a flight of curved steps (a hemicycle, as the French say) descended into a basin full of dark, cool recesses, where the slabs of the Roman foundations gleam through the clear green water — as in this attitude I surrendered myself to contemplation and reverie, it seemed to me that I touched for a moment the ancient world. Such moments are illuminating, and the light of this one mingles, in my memory, with the dusky greenness of the Jardin de la Fontaine.

The fountain proper — the source of all these distributed waters — is the prettiest thing in the world, a reduced copy of Vaucluse. It gushes up at the foot of the Mont Cavalier, at a point where that eminence rises with a certain cliff-like effect, and like other springs in the same circumstances appears to issue from the rock with a sort of quivering stillness. I trudged up the Mont Cavalier — it is a matter of five minutes — and having committed this cockneyism enhanced it presently by another. I ascended the stupid Tour Magne, the mysterious structure I men-

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tioned a moment ago. The only feature of this massive, empty cylinder, except the inevitable collection of photographs to which you are introduced by the door-keeper, is the view you enjoy from its summit. This view is of course remarkably fine, but I am ashamed to say I have not the smallest recollection of it; for while I looked into the brilliant spaces of the air I seemed still to see only what I saw in the depths of the Roman baths — the image, disastrously confused and vague, of a vanished world. This world, however, has left at Nîmes a far more considerable memento than a few old stones covered with water-moss. The Roman arena is the rival of those of Verona and of Arles; at a respectful distance it emulates the Colosseum. It is a small Colosseum, if I may be allowed the expression, and is in a much better preservation than the great circus at Rome. This is especially true of the external walls, with their arches, pillars, cornices. I must add that one should not speak of preservation, in regard to the arena at Nîmes, without speaking also of repair. After the great ruin ceased to be despoiled, it began to be protected, and most of its wounds have been dressed with new material. These matters concern the archæologist, and I felt here, as I felt afterwards at Arles, that one of the profane, in the presence of such a monument, can only admire and hold his tongue. The great impression, on the whole, is an impression of wonder that so much should have survived. What remains at Nîmes, after all dilapidation is estimated, is astounding. I spent an hour in the Arènes on that same sweet Sunday morning, as I came back from the Roman baths, and saw that the corridors, the vaults, the staircases, the external casing, are still virtually there. Many of these parts are wanting in the Colosseum, whose sublimity of size, however, can afford to dispense with detail. The seats at Nîmes, like those at Verona, have been largely renewed; not that this mattered much, as I lounged on the cool surface of one of them, and admired the mighty concavity of the place and the elliptical sky-line, broken by uneven blocks and forming the rim of the monstrous cup — a cup that had been filled with horrors. And yet I made my reflections; I said to myself that though a Roman arena is one of the most impressive of the works of man, it has a touch of that same stupidity which I ventured to discover in the Pont du Gard. It is brutal, it is monotonous, it is not at all exquisite. The Arènes at Nîmes were arranged for a bull-fight — a form of recreation that, as I was informed, is much *dans les habitudes Nîmoises* and very common throughout Provence, where (still according to my information) it is the usual pastime of a Sunday afternoon. At Arles and Nîmes it has a characteristic setting, but in the villages the patrons of the game make a circle of carts and barrels, on which the spectators perch themselves. I was surprised at the prevalence, in mild Provence, of this Iberian vice, and hardly know whether it makes the custom more respectable that at Nîmes and Arles the thing is shabbily and imperfectly done. The bulls are rarely killed, and indeed often are bulls only in the Irish sense of the term — being domestic and motherly cows. Such an entertainment of course does not supply to the arena that element of the exquisite which I spoke of as wanting. The exquisite at Nîmes is mainly represented by the famous Maison Carrée. The first impression you receive from this delicate little building, as you stand before it, is that you have already seen it many times. Photographs, engravings, models, medals, have placed it definitely in your eye, so that from the sentiment with which you regard it curiosity and surprise are almost completely, and perhaps deplorably, absent. Admiration re-

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mains, however — admiration of a familiar and even slightly patronizing kind. The Maison Carrée does not overwhelm you ; you can conceive it. It is not one of the great sensations of antique art, but it is perfectly felicitous, and, in spite of having been put to all sorts of incongruous uses, marvelously preserved. Its slender columns, its delicate proportions, its charming compactness, seem to bring one nearer to the century that built it than the great superpositions of arenas and bridges, and give it the interest that vibrates from one age to another when the note of taste is struck. If anything were needed to make this little toy-temple a happy production, the service would be rendered by the second-rate boulevard that conducts to it, adorned with inferior cafés and tobacco-shops. Here, in a respectable recess, surrounded by vulgar habitations, and with the theatre, of a classic pretension, opposite, stands the small "square house," so called because it is much longer than it is broad. I saw it first in the evening, in the vague moonlight, which made it look as if it were cast in bronze. Stendhal says, justly, that it has the shape of a playing-card, and he expresses his admiration for it by the singular wish that an "exact copy" of it should be erected in Paris. He even goes so far as to say that in the year 1880 this tribute will have been rendered to its charms ; nothing would be more simple, to his mind than to "have" in that city "le Panthéon de Rome, quelques temples de Grèce." Stendhal found it amusing to write in the character of a *commis-voyageur*, and sometimes it occurs to his reader that he really was one.

Henry James.

OMENS.

I.

As, ere the storm, a silence fills the world,
No blade is stirred, no banner is unfurled,
In conscious field or wood ;
So, all the morning, hushed and tranced with fear,
I seemed to see a messenger draw near,
Whose errand was not good.
I turned, and lo ! within the open door,
The one I deemed beset with perils sore
Close by me, smiling, stood.

II.

I know not why (I said that summer night)
The heart in me should be so wondrous light,
So sweet each moment's breath :
Assurance kind greets me from every star ;
The all-gathering breeze, that hastens from afar, —
How glad a thing it saith !
That was the night my friend beyond the seas,
Within a tent beneath the olive-trees,
Turned his blue eyes on death.

Edith M. Thomas.

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THE BIRD OF THE MORNING.

If every bird has his vocation, as a poetical French writer suggests, that of the American robin must be to inspire cheerfulness and contentment in men. His joyous "Cheer up! cheer up! Cheery! Be cheery! Be cheery!" poured out in the early morning from the top branch of the highest tree in the neighborhood, is one of the most stimulating sounds of spring. He must be unfeeling indeed who can help deserting his bed and peering through blinds till he discovers the charming philosopher, with head erect and breast glowing in the dawning light, forgetting the cares of life in the ecstasy of song.

Besides admonishing others to cheerfulness, the robin sets the example. Not only is his cheering voice the first in the morning and the last at night, — of the day birds, — but no rain is wet enough to dampen his spirits. In a drizzly, uncomfortable day, when all other birds go about their necessary tasks of food-hunting in dismal silence, the robin is not a whit less happy than when the sun shines; and his cheery voice rings out to comfort not only the inmates of the damp little home in the maple, but the owners of waterproofs and umbrellas who mope in the house.

The most delightful study of one summer, not long ago, was the daily life, the joys and sorrows, of a family of robins, whose pretty castle in the air rested on a stout fork of a maple-tree branch near my window. Day by day I watched their ways till I learned to know them well.

The seat chosen for observations was under a tree on the lawn, which happened to be the robin's hunting-ground; and here I sat for hours at a time, quietly looking on at his work, and listening to the robin talk around me: the low, confidential chat in the tree where the little wife was busy, the lively gossip across the street with neighbors in another tree, the warning "Tut! tut!" when a stranger appeared, the war cry when an intruding bird was to be driven away, and the joyous "Pe-e-p! tut, tut, tut," when he alighted on the fence and surveyed the lawn before him, flapping his wings and jerking his tail with every note.

In truth, the sounds one hears in a robin neighborhood are almost as various as those that salute his ear among people: the laugh, the cry, the scold, the gentle word, the warning, the alarm, and many others.

When I first took my seat I felt like an intruder, which the robin plainly considered me to be. He eyed me with the greatest suspicion, alighting on the ground in a terrible flutter, resolved to brave the ogre, yet on the alert, and ready for instant flight should anything threaten. The moment he touched the ground, he would lower his head and run with breathless haste five or six feet; then stop, raise his head as pert as a daisy, and look at the monster to see if it had moved. After convincing himself that all was safe, he would turn his eyes downward, and in an instant thrust his bill into the soil where the sod was thin, throwing up a little shower of earth, and doing this again and again, so vehemently that sometimes he was taken off his feet by the jerk. Then he would drag out a worm, run a few feet farther in a panic-stricken way, as though "taking his life in his hands," again look on the ground, and again pull out a worm; all the time in an inconsequent manner, as though he had nothing particular on his mind, and merely collected worms by way of passing the time.

So he would go on, never eating a

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morsel, but gathering worms till he had three or four of the wriggling creatures hanging from his firm little beak. Then he would fly to a low branch, run up a little way, take another short flight, and thus having, as he plainly intended by this zigzag course, completely deceived the observer as to his destination, he would slip quietly to the nest and quickly dispose of his load. In half a minute he was back again, running and watching, and digging as before. And this work he kept up nearly all day. In silence, too, for noisy and talkative as the bird is, he keeps his mouth shut when on the ground. In all my watching of robins for years in several places, I scarcely ever heard one make a sound when on the ground, near a human dwelling.

Once I was looking through blinds, and the bird did not see me. He had, after much labor, secured an unusually large worm, and it lay a few inches away where it fell as he gave it the final "yank." This was an extraordinary case; the robin was too full to hold in, and there bubbled out of his closed bill a soft "Cheery! cheery! be cheery!" hardly above a whisper and half frightened withal. Then snatching the trophy he flew away, doubtless to show his luck, and tell his tale at home.

The robin has been accused of being quarrelsome; and to be sure he does defend his home with vigor, driving away any bird which ventures to alight on his special maple-tree, sometimes with a loud cry of defiance, and again without a sound, but fairly flinging himself after the intruder so furiously that not even the king-bird — noted as a tyrant over much larger birds — can withstand him. But jealous as he is of his own, he is equally ready to assist a neighbor in trouble. One day while I was studying him a great uproar arose in the orchard. Robin voices were heard in loud cries, and instantly those near the house took wing for the scene of distress. With my glass I could see many robins flying about one spot, and diving one after another into the grass, where there was a great commotion and cries of some other creature, — I thought a hen. The robins were furious, and the fight grew very warm, while every now and then a small object was tossed into the air

Hurrying down to the scene of the warfare, I found that the creature in the grass was a hen-turkey with one chick. She was wild with rage, shaking and tossing up what looked like another young turkey, and the robins, evidently taking the side of the victim, were delivering sharp pecks and scolding vigorously. Securing with some difficulty the object of her fury, I found it to be a young robin, which had fallen from a nest, and which no doubt the usually meek turkey thought threatened danger to her own infant.

The poor little fellow was too badly hurt to live, and although the turkey was removed, some time passed before calmness was restored to the neighborhood. It seemed to me that the chatter in the trees that evening was kept up longer than usual, and I fancied that every little youngster still living in the nest heard the direful tale, and received a solemn warning.

I was surprised to discover, in my close attention to them, that although early to rise robins are by no means early to bed. Long after every feather was supposed to be at rest for the night, I would sit out and listen to the gossip, the last words, the scraps of song, — different in every individual robin, yet all variations on the theme "Be cheery," — and often the sharp "He he he he he!" so like a girl's laugh, out of the shadowy depths of the maple.

Once I saw a performance that looked as if the robin wanted to play a joke "with intent to deceive." Hearing a strange bird note, as usual I hastened to my post. From the depths of a thick chestnut-tree came every moment a

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long-drawn-out, mournful "S-e-e-e-p!" as though some bird was calling its mate. It was not very loud, but it was urgent, and I looked the tree over very carefully with my opera-glass before I caught sight of the culprit, and was amazed to see the robin. The tone was so entirely unlike any I ever heard from him that I should not have suspected him even then, but I saw him in the very act. No sooner did he notice that he was observed than he gave a loud mocking "He he he!" and flew across the lawn to his own tree.

One morning he was not to be seen at his usual work, but a furious calling came from the other side of the lawn. It was anxious and urgent, and it was incessant. I resolved to see what was the trouble. Stealing quietly along, I came in sight of the bird, loudly calling, fluttering his wings, and in evident trouble, though I could not imagine the cause, until looking closely I saw perched on a branch of a cedar-tree a fat, stupid-looking bird, fully as big as the robin, and covered with feathers, but with a speckled breast, and no tail worth mentioning.

There he sat, like a lump of dough, head down in his shoulders and bill sticking almost straight up, and neither the tenderest coaxing nor the loudest scolding moved him in the least. In fact, I thought he was dead, till the opera-glass showed that he winked. But stupid and ugly as he looked, he was the darling of the heart in that little red breast, and the parent fluttered wildly about while I found a stick, and jarred the branch slightly as a gentle hint that he should obey his papa. That started the youngster, and away he flew, as well as anybody, to the other side of the walk.

Wondering why the mother did not take part in this training, I peeped into the nest, where I found her sitting, and I concluded she must be raising a second family. It was indeed time for that grown-up baby to learn to care for himself, before there was another family to feed. While I was looking at the nest and its frightened yet brave little owner, the young robin came back and alighted on the ground, and so proud and happy yet so anxious a parent is rarely seen. It was soon evident that this was Master Robin's first lesson in the worm business; he was now to be taught the base of supplies, and I kept very quiet while the scene went on. The father would hop ahead a few feet and call persuasively, "Come on!" The awkward youngling answered loudly, "Wait! wait!" Then he would hop a few steps, and papa would dig up a worm to show him how, and tenderly offer it as a slight lunch after his exertion. So they went on, that clumsy and greedy youngster induced by his desire for worms, while the patient teacher encouraged, and worked for him. As for making an effort for himself, the notion never entered his head.

Not long after I saw one of the same brood seated on a twig and asking to be fed. I was quite near, and the robin papa hesitated to come. Master Robin called more and more sharply, drawing up his wings without opening them, exactly like a shrug of the shoulders, and jerking his body in such a way that it looked like stamping his foot. It was a funny exhibition of youthful imperiousness, and resembled what in a child we call "spunkiness."

One of the most interesting entertainments of the later days was to hear the young bird's music lesson. In the early morning the father would place himself in the thickest part of the tree, not as usual on the top, in plain sight, and with his pupil near him would begin, "Cheery! cheery! be cheery!" in a loud, clear voice; and then would follow a feeble, wavering, uncertain attempt to copy the song. Again papa would chant the first strain, and baby would pipe out his funny notes. This was kept up, till in a surprisingly short

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time, after much daily practice both with the copy and without, I could hardly tell father from son.

When the maple leaves turned, in the fall, and the little home in the tree was left empty and desolate, I had it brought down to examine. It was a curious and remarkably well-made nest, being a perfect cup of clay, a little thicker around the top, well moulded, and covered inside and out with dry grass. This snug cottage of clay has been the scene of some of the sweetest experiences of all lives, great as well as small. For the happiness it has held I will preserve it: and thus moralizing I placed it on a bracket in memory of a delightful study of the Bird of the Morning.

Olive Thorne Miller.

RANDOM SPANISH NOTES.

Spain is for all the world the land of romance. For the artist it is the land of Murillo, Velasquez, Fortuny, and Goya, of sunlight and color. For the student of history it holds the precious archives of the New World adventure and daring, of that subtle and sanguinary policy in religion and war which is typified in the names of Loyola and Philip II. For the lover of architecture it contains some marvels of Gothic boldness and fancy, and Saracenic beauty and grace. For the investigator of race and language it holds the problems of the Basque and the gypsy. The great races who have had their day there, the Roman, the Goth, the Norman, the Moor, have left visible traces and an historical atmosphere of romance.

And yet the real Spain is the least attractive country in Europe to the tourist. The traveler goes there to see certain unique objects. He sees them, enjoys them, is entranced by them, leaves them with regret and a tender memory, and is glad to get out of Spain. There are six things to see: the Alhambra, the Seville cathedral and Alcazar, the Mosque of Cordova, Toledo and its cathedral, the Gallery at Madrid, and Monserrat. The rest is mainly monotony and weariness. With the exception of the Alhambra, which has a spell that an idle man finds hard to break, and where perhaps he could be content indefinitely, there is no place in Spain that one can imagine he would like to live in, for the pleasure of living. Taking out certain historical features and monuments, the towns repeat each other in their attractions and their disagreeables. Every town and city in Italy has its individual character and special charm. To go from one to another is always to change the scene and the delight. This is true of the old German towns also. Each has a character. The traveler sees many a place in each country where he thinks he could stay on from month to month, with a growing home-like feeling. I think there is nothing of this attraction in Spain. The want of it may be due to the country itself, or to the people. I fancy that with its vast arid plains, treeless and tiresome, its gullied hills and its bare escarped mountains, Spain resembles New Mexico. It is an unsoftened, unrelieved landscape, for the most part, sometimes grand in its vastness and sweep, but rugged and unadorned. The want of grass and gentle verdure is a serious drawback to the pleasure of the eye, not compensated by the magic tricks of the sunlight, and the variegated reds, browns, and yellows of the exposed soil and rocks, and the spring-time green of the nascent crops. I speak, of course,

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of the general aspect, for the mountain regions are rich in wild-flowers, and the cultivation in the towns is everywhere a redeeming feature.

The traveler, of course, gets his impressions of a people from the outside. These are correct so far as they go, and it is in a sense safe to generalize on them, though not to particularize. He catches very soon the moral atmosphere of a strange land, and knows whether it is agreeable or otherwise, whether the people seem pleasant or the reverse. He learns to discriminate, for example, between the calculated *gemüthlichkeit* of Switzerland and the more spontaneous friendliness of Bavaria. He can pronounce at once upon the cordial good humor of the Viennese, the obligingness of the people of Edinburgh, the agreeableness of the Swedes, simply on street-knowledge, without ever entering a private house or receiving any personal hospitality. He knows the wily, poetical ways by which he is beguiled in Italy, but grows fond of the sunny race.

In Spain he is pretty certain to be rubbed the wrong way, most of the time. He is conscious of an atmosphere of suspicion, of distrust, of contempt often. He cannot understand, for instance, why attendants in churches and cathedrals are so curt and disobliging, keeping him away, on one pretense and another, from the sights he has come far to see, and for which he is willing to pay. Incidents occurred both at Granada and Toledo that could be accounted for only on the supposition that the custodians liked to discommode strangers. If we had been Frenchmen, whom the Spaniards hate as the despoilers of churches and galleries, we could have understood it. By reputation the Spaniard is at home hospitable, and on acquaintance gracious, and generally willing to oblige. But the national atmosphere is certainly not what the Germans call gemüthlich. In no other European country is the traveler likely to encounter so much incivility and rudeness, so little attempt at pleasing him and making him like the country. At least, the attitude is that of indifference whether the country pleases him or not. Perhaps this springs from a noble pride and superiority. Perhaps it is from a provincial consciousness of being about two hundred years behind the age. But, elsewhere, the pleasantest people to travel among are those whose clocks stopped two centuries ago. Individually, I have no doubt, the Spaniards are charming. Collectively, they do not appear to welcome the stranger, or put themselves out to make his sojourn agreeable.

I should say all this with diffidence, or perhaps should not say it at all, if I had been longer in Spain. But surface impressions have a certain value as well as deep experiences. Some philosophers maintain that the first impression of a face is the true one as to the character of the person.

Spain, then, impresses one with a sense of barrenness, — a barren land with half a dozen rich "pockets." The present race, if we take out a few artists and writers, has produced nothing that the world much cares for. It destroyed and, sheerly from want of appreciation, let go to ruin the most exquisite creations of a people of refinement and genius. The world ought never to forgive the barbarity that constructed the hideous palace of Charles V., in the Alhambra, — tearing down priceless architectural beauty to make room for it, — or that smashed into the forest of twelve hundred columns in the mosque of Cordova, to erect a chapel in the centre. Since the era of the magnificent Gothic cathedrals, Spanish taste and character seem typified in that palace of Charles in the Alhambra, and in the ugly and forbidding pile — as utilitarian as a stone cotton-mill — the Escorial. Modern Spanish architecture is generally uninteresting, and would be wholly so

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for the inheritance of the Moorish courts or *patios*, which give a charm to the interiors.

But for these and the few remains of a better age, nothing could be more commonplace than the appearance of the city of Seville, or uglier than its dusty and monotonous plazas. This character is that of the cities of Andalusia. Yet what undying romance there is in the very names of Andalucia and Sevilla! What visions of chivalry and beauty and luxury they evoke! What a stream of the imagination is the turbid Guadalquivir, running through a flat and sandy country! Seville itself is flat, and subject to the overflow of the river. Consequently it is damp and unwholesome a part of the year; in summer it is hot, in winter it has a fitful, chilly climate. In spite of the mantillas and fans and dark eyes, the pretty patios with flowers and perhaps a fountain, the iridescent splendors of the Alcazar and the decaying interiors of some old Moorish houses, like the Casa de Pilatos (said to be built in imitation of the House of Pilate in Jerusalem), the magnificent cathedral, which is as capable as anything in this world, built of stone, to lift the soul up into an ecstasy of devotional feeling, the aspect of the town is essentially provincial and common. It is modernized without taste, and yet when the traveler comes away he hates to admit it, remembering the unique attractions of the cathedral and the Alcazar, and a narrow, winding street, still left here and there, with the overhanging balconies high in the air, the quaint portals, the glimpses of flowery courts, the towers white with whitewash, the sharp blue shadows, the rifts of cerulean sky overhead. He tries to forget the staring Plaza Nueva, with its stunted palms, and the Bull Ring, and the gigantic cigar factory, where are assembled, under one roof, three thousand coarse women, many of whom have learned to roll cigars and rock the cradles at their side at the same time, — three thousand coarse women, with now and then a wild beauty; for it is difficult to keep beauty out of the female sex altogether, anywhere.

The traveler will fare very well in the larger towns of Spain, where the French art of cooking is practiced, with the addition of an abundance in the way of fruit. We were very well off at the Hotel Madrid in Seville, which has spacious rooms and a charming large interior court, overlooked by verandas, with a fountain and flowers and oleanders and other low-growing trees, and with garlands of vines stretched across it. The company was chiefly Spanish, and the long *table d'hôte* was not seldom amusing, in spite of all the piety of formality which in Europe belongs to the ceremony of dining. Of course none but the best people were there, and after the soup, and at any time during the courses, the gentlemen lit cigarettes, so that we could see the ladies' eyes flashing through a canopy of smoke. It was a noisy table; it was in fact a Babel. The Spaniard, in public, does not appear to converse; he orates, and gesticulates, and argues with the vehemence of a man on the rostrum. He is carried away by his own eloquence; he rises, pounds the table, shakes his fist at his adversary. But it is not a quarrel. His adversary is not excited; he sits perfectly calm, as the listeners do; and then in turn he works himself up into a paroxysm of communication. Occasionally they all talk together, and it looks like a row, and sounds like one. At the first occurrence of this phenomenon I expected trouble, and was surprised to see that nothing came of it, for the talkers subsided, and left the table together in a friendly manner. This exuberance gives a zest to dining.

Cordova is not quite the deadest city in Spain, but it rubs Toledo very hard. If there were to be a fair and a competition for civic deadness, it is difficult to

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predict which city would win the prize. They would both deserve it, or at least honorable mention. Cordova, however, is not buried, and it is not, like Toledo, a mass of decay. It has simply stopped in a decent commonplaceness; it does not apparently do anything; it has a vacation. It is whitewashed, and clean enough. But the streets are vacant, and there is a suspicion of grass growing up between the stones. The fifty thousand people here ought to be lively enough to keep it down, but there seems to be nothing to be lively about. And yet if the tourist only had time to take in the fact, this is one of the most interesting cities in Spain. No other, not Seville, preserves so much in its houses the Moorish appearance, which is the charm of Spain wherever it exists. It is a great pleasure to stroll about the echoing streets and note the old-time beauty of the dwellings. Cordova — *Kurta-tuba*, an "important city" — had a million of inhabitants from the ninth to the twelfth century, nine hundred baths, six hundred inns, and three hundred mosques. Seneca was born here, and Lucan, and Thomas Sanches, the Jesuit author of De Matrimonio; and here Gonzalo de Cordova, the great captain, was baptized. It was once the capital of Moorish Spain, an independent Khalifate; in art and letters an Athens; in wealth, refinement, and luxury the Paris of the time, with an added oriental splendor; a place of pilgrimage for the occidental world only less sacred than Mecca.

Cordova has now to show the unique mosque, one of the most interesting buildings in the world, the monument of Moorish genius and magnificence, and a monumental statue, *El Triunfo*, — an incongruous pile surmounted by Rafael, the patron saint of the city, easily the worst statue in Europe, and a witness of Spanish taste. This monument stands down by the great stone bridge over the Guadalquivir, from which the lounger has an admirable view of the picturesque old town.

The Great Mosque was begun in 786 by Abdu-r-rahma I., who determined to build the finest mosque in the world; but even his splendid edifice was greatly enlarged in the tenth century. There was an era of good feeling between the church and Islam in those days. Before this mosque was built, Christians and Moslems amicably occupied different parts of the same basilica, and when the Caliph wanted to enlarge he bought out the Christians. Leo, Emperor of Constantinople, sent one hundred and forty precious antique columns for the new building, and Greek artists to decorate it; and when Cordova was conquered by the Christians, I believe that for some time the two religions held worship in this edifice. It occupies the whole of a vast square. The exterior walls, six feet in thickness, and from thirty to sixty feet high, with buttressed towers and richly carved portals to the different entrances, is the finest specimen of this sort of work existing. Nearly a third of the great square is occupied by the open Court of Oranges, the abode, it will be remembered, of Irving's wise parrot, who knew more than the ordinary doctor of law; still a delightful grove of oranges, with great fountains, where the pious and the idle like to congregate. From this there were nineteen doors, — all now walled up except three, — opening directly into the sacred mosque. With all these openings, added to the entrances on the other three sides, to admit freely light and air, and to permit the light to play on its polished columns, what a cheerful and beautiful interior it must have been! And what a bewildering sight it is yet! The roof is low, not above thirty-five feet high, and originally it was all flat. The area is about 394 feet east and west, by 556 feet north and south, and it is literally a forest of columns. Of the original 1200, 1096 still stand; the others were

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removed to make room for the elaborate choir erected in the centre, which destroys the great sweep of pillars and much of the forest effect. It is fit to make a body weep to see how the Christians have abused this noble interior. It would have been more excusable if it had been done by early Christians, to whom we pardon everything; but it was not: it was done by late and a poor kind of Christians. These columns, all monoliths, and all made to appear of uniform height by sinking the longer ones in the floor, were the spoils of heathen temples in Europe, Asia, and Africa. Many came from Nîmes and Narbonne, some from Seville and Tarragona, numbers from Constantinople, and a great quantity from Carthage and other ancient cities of Africa. They are all of choice and some of them of rare marbles, jasper, porphyry, verd-antique, and all were originally highly polished, and many still retain their lustre. They might, with a little labor, be made again to shine like gems. From the carved capitals of these columns spring round Moorish arches, painted in red and white, which, seen in any diagonal view, interlace like ribbons, and produce a surpassing and charming effect.

This mosque was called Zeca, the house of purification; it was equal in rank to Al Aksa in Jerusalem, and its shrine of pilgrimage was second only to the Kaaba at Mecca. If the traveler chooses to walk seven times around the lovely little chapel in the centre, once the holy of holies, he will tread in a well-worn path in the stone made by tens of thousands of Moslem pilgrim feet. This chapel and the Mihrab are brilliant with mosaics, and fine carving in stone, and stucco ornamentation. I have heard some critics contrast the lowness of this edifice with the springing aspiration of the Gothic cathedrals, and say that it oppressed them; but it is one of the wonders of the world.

Toledo, so often figured and described, I am sure needs no description from me. Everybody knows that it stands, with its crumbling walls and towers and decaying palaces, on a high hill of rock perpendicular on three sides, and that the muddy Tagus flows around it in a deep ravine, making it almost an island. I walked and scrambled entirely around it one day, — not on the city side, for that is impossible, but on the high overlooking hills circling it on the opposite side of the river, — and marked well its ramparts and towers. I could n't throw an orange into it from the encircling hills, but from this vantage ground artillery could quickly reduce it to a stone heap. But I do not know as that would much change the exterior appearance of the city. Nothing in the world looks so old, scarred, and battered.

Within it is the city of silence. Not in Karnak is this silence, if one may say so, more audible to the listening ear. There are no carriages, except the omnibus that took us up from the station, over the bridge Alcantara — the high arch beneath which flows the rapid Tagus — and through the Moorish Gate of the Sun, and this can make its way only in a few of the streets; the others are too steep, too narrow, too rough. There is no traffic, and the footfalls have little echo in the deserted streets. But what a museum of the picturesque it is, this stately widow, as somebody calls it, of two dynasties, with the remains of noble façades and the loveliest carved portals and recesses and windows! Everywhere Moorish suggestion and Moorish fancy, a perpetual charm. The tourist goes hunting everywhere for the remains of Saracen genius, and prizes every broken tile, stuccoed room, ornamented wall and ceiling, and quaintly carved door-way.

Ah, well, this is not a guide-book. We stayed, while we were in Toledo, with the sisters Figueroa, descendants, I believe, of a noble house, who dwell in a rambling, high, and gaunt tenement

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that has seen better days, but not cleaner; for its entrance steps are scrubbed, its bare floors are scrubbed, and I think its hard beds are scrubbed. It is, after all, a comfortable sort of place, though I did not find out exactly in what the comfort consisted. There is only one other place of entertainment in the whole city, the inn, and we were zealously warned against that by all the travelers we saw who had preceded us. On coming away, we warned people against the Figueroa. It was the least we could do. And yet we did it with humorous regret; for the ancient maiden sisters were neat. Ah, if they had only given us anything we could eat; if they had not served our morning coffee and bread on an old salver rusty with age, and not too clean, and the rusty old coffee-pot had had a handle, and the bread had been sweet, how different it would have been! We took a liking to these venerable virgins, although they were churlish and unaccommodating, and treated our humble requests for certain conveniences with lofty scorn. But pride and hotel-keeping must go together in Spain. They must have had good hearts, these women, although they were not liberal, for they kept the house full of pets, — quail that were always whistling, and doves that were always loudly cooing, especially when we wished to sleep in the morning. We took our frugal repasts in their neat and stuffy little sitting-room. There was not a book or a newspaper in the house (in sight), but the walls were covered with trumpery pictures of saints and madonnas. In the little sitting-room, where the sisters sat by the deep-cushioned window and sewed, there were five saints and eleven madonnas. But most pathetic of all was an *étagère*, on which these dear old ladies (it was probably our traveled rudeness, and their keen perception of our ignorance of what was good enough food for anybody, that made them so angular to us) kept the playthings of their far-away youth, — their dolls, their baby-houses, the little trifles dear to girlhood. No, indeed, I would n't have had these excellent women different in any respect, — not in Toledo. For what has Toledo itself except the toys of its youth? It is rather surprising that Toledo is as clean as it is, as it has no water, except what is brought up the steep hill from the river in jars on the patient donkeys. It is in no danger of modern improvements and drainage. I suppose the rains of heaven wash it; and the snow, perhaps, helps, for it is a frightfully cold place in winter. But it makes up for that by a hot summer, when the sun, reflected from the bare rocks about it, blazes away at it without hindrance. Its sole specialty is the beautiful niello work, the inlaying of gold and silver in steel, which is carried on at a couple of shops, and at the ancient factory across the river, ever famous for its high-tempered, inlaid Toledo blades. We made a journey thither, but it was not remunerative, except for its historical associations. A few inferior arms are manufactured there; but as fine blades are probably now made in America and England as Toledo ever tempered; and the inlaying of brooches and fancy scarf pins and other ornamental things is not equal to the ancient work. Still Toledo keeps something of its craft in this exquisite art.

One hesitates to speak of the glory of the place, the cathedral, because no justice can be done it in a paragraph; nor can any justice be done the surly custodians who refused to let us see some of its locked-up treasures, after appointing time after time for us to come. It was a mine of hoarded wealth and art before it was plundered by the French in 1808. The corner-stone was laid by St. Ferdinand in 1226, and it was completed in the year America was discovered; but its enrichment went on, and the names of one hundred and forty-nine artists are given who for centuries worked at its

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adornment. I do not know anywhere else a finer example of the pure, vigorous Gothic, scarcely another so nobly and simply impressive, nor any other richer in artistic designs. It satisfies the mind by its noble solidity, purity, and picturesqueness. When you are in it, you are quite inclined to accept its supernatural inception. The Virgin is said to have come down from heaven during its erection, and the marble slab is shown on which she stood when she appeared to St. Ildefonso. But I do not see how that could have been, for the cathedral was not projected till 1226, and St. Ildefonso died in 617. His body, carried off during the Moorish invasion, was recovered about the year 1270, and is supposed to be buried here. But I believe the legend is that the Virgin made several appearances here, and was present a good deal of the time during the building of the cathedral. At any rate, the stone is here, encased in red marble in the rear of the shrine of the saint, and quite worn with the kisses of the believers, who come still to put their lips on the exact spot touched by the Virgin's feet. The cathedral has also a famous image of the Virgin in black wood, about which are told the same legends that enhance the other black images in Spain. I confess that I looked with more interest at the banner which hung from the galley of Don John of Austria at the battle of Lepanto. In this cathedral also is the Muzarabic chapel, where the ancient Muzarabic ritual is daily performed. I suppose the litany has some affinity with that of the Eastern church before the great division. The Muzarabes were Christian worshipers under the Moorish rulers, and were tolerated by them. I saw in the street women wearing yellow flannel petticoats, which are said to be the distinguishing female dress of this sect. I believe there are several Muzarabic parishes in Toledo, but their ritual is performed only in this hospitable cathedral. It is a service of more simplicity than that at the other altars, and probably would be regarded as "low" in ecclesiastical terminology. It is said that the peculiar ritual of this chapel was established here in 1512 by Cardinal Ximenez, as a note of Spanish independence of the Pope.

Madrid, notwithstanding its size and large population — about half a million — and its many stately buildings, a few brilliant streets and beautiful public gardens, is still provincial in aspect. When I saw the ox-carts in the principal streets I was reminded of Washington before the war. It has put on a veneer of French civilization, which contrasts sharply with the lingering Spanish rusticity and provincialism. It has the air of a capital in many ways. Its bull-fights are first-rate; as Paris attracts the best singers, Madrid draws to it the most skillful matadores. The Ring is, I believe, the largest in the kingdom, and capable of seating fourteen thousand spectators. The fight is the great Sunday *fête*, at which the king and the royal family are always present. As the performances are in the afternoon, they do not interfere with the morning church-going. And if they did, an excuse for it might be urged that Madrid has not a single fine church, and, not being a city, it has no cathedral. The town has several fine libraries, besides the Biblioteca Nacional, a splendid collection of armor, and archæological and other museums that properly claim attention. Of course the distinction of the capital is its Royal Picture Gallery, which compels and repays a pilgrimage from any distance. One must go there to see Murillo, Velasquez and Ribera, and he is almost equally compelled to go there for the study of the great Italian and Flemish masters. The collection is so vast and varied that after days of wandering through its galleries the tourist feels that his acquaintance with it has only just begun.

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Almost no one speaks well of the climate and situation of Madrid. Its forced location was the whim of Charles V. The situation offers no advantages for a great city. It is built on a lofty plateau formed by several hills at an elevation of 2450 feet above the sea; but it is not picturesque, for its environs are sterile plains, swept by the winds. It is the only large capital that does not lie on a respectable river; the Manzanares is commonly a waterless, stony bed. And yet, having heard all this about the detestable climate and the unhealthy location, the traveler, if he happens there at a favorable time of the year, will probably be surprised at the cheerful aspect of the town under the deep blue sky. Within a few years very much has been done to beautify it by planting trees, laying out fine parks, and building handsome villas. It is amazing what money can do in the way of transforming a sterile and intractable place into beauty. Madrid is on the way to be a city of brilliant appearance in the modern fashion, though it is not yet very interesting as a whole. But, for details, in Spain, the traveler is inclined to resent Paris shop windows and Paris costumes. Perhaps the climate is maligned. From what I could hear I should judge it far better than that of Paris, except, perhaps, for a part of the summer. Our minister, Mr. Hamlin, told me that the winter he spent there — which may have been an exception — he found agreeable, with very little frost, almost constant sun, and that it compared favorably with a winter in Washington.

The Spanish people, though reckoned taciturn and reserved with strangers, have a Southern demonstrativeness with each other which does not shrink from public avowal. We had a pleasing illustration of this when we took the afternoon train from Madrid for Zaragoza. A bridal party were on the platform in the act of leave-taking with the happy couple, who entered our car. The tender partings at the house seemed to have been reserved for this public occasion. The couple, as it turned out, were not going very far, but if they had been embarking for China the demonstrations of affection, anxiety, grief, and other excitement could not have been more moving and varied. There were those who wept, and those who put on an air of forced gayety; and there was the usual facetious young man, whose mild buffooneries have their use on such occasions. The babble of talk was so voluminous that we did not hear the signal to start, and as long as we kept the group in sight their raised outstretched hands were clutching the air with that peculiar movement of the fingers which means both greeting and farewell in this land. The pretty bride, it soon appeared, was willing to take all the world into confidence in her happiness and affection. The car was well filled, and, as it happened, it would have been more convenient for her to sit opposite her husband of an hour. But this was not to be endured. She squeezed herself into the narrow place beside him, and began to pet and fondle him in a dozen decent ways, in the most barefaced and unconscious manner. The rest of us were as if we did not exist, and it was in vain that we looked out of the window in token of our wish to efface ourselves in the presence of so much private happiness. She could not keep either hands or eyes off him. And why should she? He was hers, and for life, and we were mere accidents of the hour. The assertion of her possession embarrassed us, but the square-faced and somewhat phlegmatic young gentleman took it as of right and in a serene consciousness of merit. Opposite this delightful couple, who were entering Paradise by such a public door, sat the beau-ideal of a Spanish gentleman and grandee — tall, slender, grave, kindly, high-bred almost to the point of intellectual abdication — and his handsome

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young son, a most graceful and aristocratically marked lad, with the signs of possibly one step farther in the way of unvigorous refinement; resembling very much in air and feature the young Prince Imperial who was killed in Africa: charming people, with a delicate courtesy and true, unselfish politeness, as we discovered afterwards. I watched to see what effect this demonstration of national manners had upon them; and I am glad to say that their faces were as impassive as if they had been marble images. We all, I trust, looked unconscious, and perhaps we should ultimately have become so if the doting pair — God bless their union, so auspiciously begun! — had not descended from the car in a couple of hours at a little way station. I hope she did not eat him up.

Somehow this little episode put us all in good humor, and made us think better of the world as we journeyed on in the night through a country for the most part dreary, and came at midnight to Zaragoza, and even brought us into the right sentimental mood to enjoy the moonlight on the twelve tiled domes of the Cathedral El Pilar, as we rattled in an omnibus over the noble stone bridge across the swift, broad, and muddy Ebro, — the most considerable and business-like river we had seen in Spain. Zaragoza pleased us in a moment by its quaint picturesqueness and somnolent gravity. My room, in the rear of the hotel, looked upon a narrow street inclosed by high buildings, and was exactly opposite a still narrower street, into which the high moon threw heavy shadows from the tall houses. The situation was full of romantic suggestions, and I was familiar with just such scenes in the opera. As I looked from my window, before going to bed, a brigand in a long cloak and sombrero, carrying a staff in one hand and a lantern in the other, came slowly through this street, set his lantern down at the junction of the two streets, looked carefully up and down, and then in a musical tenor sang the song of the watchman, — "Half past one o'clock, and fine weather." Then he took up his lantern and glided away to awake other parts of the town with his good news.

We found Zaragoza exceedingly attractive in its picturesque decay. Nowhere else did we see finer mediæval palaces, now turned into rookeries of many tenements and shops. We were always coming upon some unexpected architectural beauty, as we wandered about the narrow streets of high houses. Of the two cathedrals, the old one, La Seo, is the most interesting. It has a curious, lofty octagonal tower, with Corinthian columns, drawn out like a jointed telescope, and on one side some remarkable brick-work of the fourteenth century, inlaid with Moorish tiles, variegated in color. But El Pilar, modern and ugly within, attracts most worshipers, for there is the alabaster pillar upon which the Virgin stood. A costly chapel is erected over it, and upon it stands the black-wood image of the Virgin, blazing with jewels. The pillar cannot be seen from the front, but a little of it is visible in the rear, and this spot is kissed by a constant stream of worshipers all day long. This pillar and figure is the great fact in Zaragoza; it is its most sacred and consoling possession. Many shops are devoted to the manufacture and sale of representations of it, so that this seemed to be the chief industry of the city.

The Maid of Zaragoza is not much attended to, and it was difficult to get any traces of her, or to make her very real. We could not even determine the exact place of her heroic fight during the siege by the French in 1809. It was somewhere near the southwest gate of the city. Here, says the guide-book, which calls this heroine "an Amazon, and a mere itinerant seller of cooling drinks," — "here, Agustina, the Maid of Zaragoza, fought by the side of her

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lover, — an artilleryman, — and when he fell, mortally wounded, snatched the match from his hand and worked the gun herself." For all that, this plebeian maid, who has an immortal niche in poetry, may outlast Zaragoza itself, or suffice to preserve its memory.

Traveling towards Tarragona, we found dull scenery and a waste country. The land is worn in ragged gullies, and at intervals are mounds of earth, as if left by the action of water, that looked artificial, square-topped, with a button-like knob, — a singular formation. Now and then we had a glimpse of an old castle perched on a hill. At Lareda a genuine surprise awaited us, — the best breakfast we had in Spain. It seems voracious to say it, but it is in human nature to be pleased with something really appetizing after two months of privation. The character of the costume changed here. The peasants wore sandals, often without stockings. The men sported the dull red, or purple, Phrygian cap, hanging well in front. The women wore no distinguishing costume, unless plainness of face is a distinction among the sex, and were more hard-featured than their soft southern sisters. Here is a different and a more virile race, for we are in Catalonia. As we approach Tarragona the country is very much broken into narrow valleys and hills, but all highly cultivated. Everything is dry and dusty. There is no grazing ground or grass, but vineyards, mulberry-trees, and pomegranates.

Tarragona is set on a hill, and from the noble terraces, opening out from the Rambla, one of the chief streets, six hundred feet above the shore, there is a magnificent view of the coast and the sea. The city has a small harbor, protected by a long mole. The commanding position, the dry air, the lovely winter climate, and the historic interest of the place cause Tarragona to be recommended for a winter residence. But I should think it would be dull. There is too much of a decayed and melancholy, deserted air about it. We had another surprise here, not so much in the excellence of the hotel in which we stayed as in the civility of the landlord. But our hopes were dashed of making the *amende* to Spain in this respect, when we found that he was an Italian.

If not for a whole winter, Tarragona might detain the traveler interested for many days, for it is exceedingly picturesque, inside and out. I made the circuit of its high but somewhat dilapidated walls, and marked the enormous stones laid in it. Within, the houses are built close to the wall, and occasionally windows are cut through it, — a very good use for these mediæval defenses. There are ruins of old fortifications on the hill back of the town, and I believe that the town is, in show at least, very well fortified; but we did not inquire into it, having no intention of taking it. The cathedral, high up, and approached by a majestic flight of steps, sustains its reputation, on acquaintance, as one of the noblest Gothic edifices in Spain. We were especially detained by the wonderful archaic carving all over the interior. Attached is a pretty garden with fine cloisters, Moorish windows and arches, and the quaintest, most conceit-full, and amusing carving in the world. We wanted to bring away with us the gigantic iron knocker on the cathedral door, — a hammer striking the back of a nondescript animal. On an unfortunate afternoon, we were roughly jolted in a rattling omnibus — the only vehicle we could procure — three miles along the shore over a wretched road, enveloped in clouds of dust, to a grove of small pines, to see what is called Scipio's Tower. I wished we had never had anything more to do with it than Scipio had. And yet the view from there of the rock-built city, with its walls sloping to the ever-fascinating sea, and the line of purple coast will long endure in the memory.

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To come to Barcelona is to return to Europe. Signs of industry multiply as we approach the town. The land is more highly and carefully cultivated than elsewhere in Spain, but the absence of grass and the exposure of the red earth give the country a scarred, ragged, and raw appearance, which the vines and the few olive-trees do not hide. There is nothing to compensate the Northern-bred eye for the lack of grass and the scarcity of foliage.

Barcelona is the only town in Spain where the inhabitants do not appear self-conscious, the only one that has at all the cosmopolitan air. The stranger is neither stared at nor regarded with suspicion. The people are too busy to mind anything but their own affairs, yet not too busy to be courteous and civil, after the manner of people who know something of the world, and there is a bright vivacity in the place which is very taking. We saw here, however, the first time on this abstemious peninsula, a man drunk on the street. Only once before had we seen any persons intoxicated, and they were a party of young gentlemen accompanying ladies through the Escorial, who had taken so much wine at dinner that even the gloom of that creation of a gloomy mind had no sobering effect on them. The traveler who has been told that Barcelona is too modern and commercial to interest him will be agreeably disappointed. If he likes movement and animation he will find it in the chief street of the place, the Rambla, a broad thoroughfare which runs from the port entirely through the city, planted with trees, and having in the centre a wide *trottoir*, which is thronged day and night with promenaders. On Sunday and Wednesday mornings it offers a floral show which is unequaled. On one side are displayed broad banks of flowers, solid masses of color, extending for something like a quarter of a mile, — roses, carnations, violets, and so on, each massed by its kind in brilliant patches; and the buyers walk along from bank to bank and make up their bouquets with the widest range for selection. If the traveler cares for shopping he will find dazzling shops on the San Fernando, and he may amuse himself a long time in front of the fan and lace windows. As a rule, the windows of Spanish shops do not make a very attractive display, and the hunter after bricabrac and curios seems to be gleaning in a field that has been pretty well ransacked. But everywhere in Seville, Madrid, and Barcelona the most handsome windows are those filled with painted fans. Their prominence is a sign of the universal passion for these implements of coquetry. Barcelona is the centre of the lace manufactory, especially the machine-made. The traveler is also told that he can buy there better than elsewhere the exquisite blonde, which is made by hand. But it is like going to the seaside for fish. The finest blonde, of which very little is produced in comparison with the black, is sent to foreign markets, and in the three largest dépôts of hand-made blonde lace we found only one sample in each, of the best.

The old part of the town will, however, most attract the Northern wanderer, and if he has heard as little as we had of the cathedral he has a surprise in store for him. Its wide and lofty nave is exceedingly impressive, and the slender columns supporting the roof give it a pleasing air of lightness and grace. There is also much rich ornamentation, and the stained glass is superb. The lover of old iron-work will find it difficult to tear himself away from the cloisters, where he will find an infinite variety of designs and exquisite execution. The cloisters and garden, with flowers and fountain and orange-trees, are altogether delightful. On one side is the court of the tailors, where the knights of the shears lie buried under the pavement, with the crossed shears

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cut in the stones, as honorable a symbol of industry as crossed swords elsewhere. The shoemakers also come to honor in this democratic resting-place, — God rest their souls! — and the emblem of the boot speaks of a time when honest work was not ashamed to vaunt itself.

It was the eve of Corpus Christi, and the quaint old court was beautifully decorated and garlanded with flowers. An egg was dancing on the fountain jet, and all the children of the town seemed to be there, watching the marvel with sparkling eyes, while a dozen artists were sketching the lively scene. The procession next day, which moved after a solemn service in the cathedral, showed remnants of the mingling of mediæval facetiousness with the religious pageantry. The principal figures were the King and Queen of Aragon, gigantic in size, and gaudy in mock-heroic apparel. The movers of these figures were men who were concealed under the royal skirts and carried the vast frame-work on their shoulders. The tetering motion of the queen, so incongruous with her size and royal state, called forth shouts of laughter. A very pretty sight was the troop of handsome boys on horseback, who followed their majesties, beating drums. Two of them wore white wigs and gowns of scarlet velvet trimmed with gilt, and rode white horses with similar caparison. Four other boys were more elaborately appareled. They were clad in red caps with blue tops and white feathers, a blue satin blouse, a belt of yellow, yellow breeches, scarlet hose, shoes laced with blue, and on the breast a shield of gold with the cross. The admiration of the crowd seemed to nurse the spiritual pride of these boys, who bore themselves with a haughty air. We fancied that the Catalonians, who are politically turbulent and independent, rather delighted in the exhibition of mock royalty made by the King and Queen of Aragon.

We left the cheerful town in the enjoyment of this curious pageant. Almost immediately the railway train took us into a new region. The character of the landscape wholly changed. Grass appeared, the blessed green turf, and trees. The earth was clothed again. And with whatever sentimental regrets we left the land of romance, the verdure so delighted the eye that it was like entering Paradise to get out of Spain.

Charles Dudley Warner.

RECOLLECTIONS OF ROME DURING THE ITALIAN REVOLUTION.

II.

A THOUGHTFUL Italian writer has traced the developments of ecclesiastical policy which culminated in the Council of the Vatican to the state of Italian politics in the winter of 1859–60. He might have been even more precise. He might have named the 22d of December, 1859, and have claimed that the Council was the ultimate consequent of the influences which were set in motion and of the combinations brought about by the French pamphlet, Le Pape et le Congrès, published on that day.

There was a calm in Italian politics during that fall and early winter. The Lombard war was over and Garibaldi had not yet sailed for Sicily. The interests of the revolution, of Italy and of the Papacy, were therefore, for the time being, wholly in the hands of the diplomates. The Treaty of Zurich had been signed in October; and the Euro-

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pean congress therein provided for, and to which was referred the future of the Romagna and of the Roman question, was to meet early in January of the coming year.

Of this calm interval the political event was the sudden appearance of the above remarkable pamphlet. It was unsigned, but it was none the less everywhere attributed to M. de la Guerronière, and regarded as the virtual utterance of the French emperor; and, with whatever reserve in phraseology, was always discussed as such. It is curious reading now, in the light cast upon it by the events of these intervening years, — a light very different from that in which it was written to be read; and it would furnish the text for a monograph which would be interesting to the student of philosophic history. A glance at its argument is quite worth a page or two of these reminiscences.

To a certain point this pamphlet was an echo of About's La Question Romaine, already cited in the former article. M. About had called the attention of Europe to the practical character of the Papal government, and had compelled a public recognition of the social, financial, moral, and political results which were inevitably involved in it. So doing, he proposed that these evils should be at least minimized, by releasing the trans-Apennine states from subjection to ecclesiastical rule, and indeed by restricting the temporal power to the smallest territory possible. And he added, by the way, a broad hint that it would also be better for France if her ecclesiastical affairs were ordered from Paris rather than from a foreign see.

Upon a basis somewhat like this the writer of Le Pape et le Congrès now sought to discuss the Papal question, or rather that of the legations, as it must come before the approaching congress; and to foreshadow such a solution, or, perhaps, to test the preparedness of public opinion to accept it.

The pamphlet tacitly assumed as conceded, or rather as not in question, the permanence of the *spiritual* Papacy.

It was then argued that the *temporal* power was, not only from a religious but from a political point of view as well, absolutely essential to that spiritual supremacy. "It is necessary that the chief of two hundred millions of Catholics should be subject to no one; that he should be subordinate to no other authority; and that the august hand that governs souls, being relieved of all dependence, should be able to rise above all human passions. If the Pope were not an independent sovereign, he would be French, Austrian, Spanish, or Italian, and the title of his nationality would take from him the character of his universal pontificate;" for it would thus, in the interest of that one nationality, make the ecclesiastical and religious power reposing in his hands a source of possible disquiet, or even danger, to the peace of all other governments.

The conclusion was that the maintenance of the temporal power was, therefore, for Europe, a *political necessity.* "It concerns England, Russia, and Prussia, as well as France and Austria, that the august representative of the unity of Catholicism should be neither constrained, humiliated, nor subordinated."

But, on the other hand, the writer urged that the social, civil, and political complications in which such a temporal sovereignty had ever and would ever involve the Pope must keep up a permanent conflict between the secular interests of his people and the true and consistent exercise of that spiritual sovereignty. "The Pontiff is bound," he argues, "by the principles of *divine* order, which he has no right to abandon; the Prince is solicited by the demands of *social* order, which he cannot put away. How, then, shall the Pontiff find in the independence of the Prince a guarantee of his authority, without at the same

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time finding there an embarrassment for his conscience?"

In fine, it is inevitable that, in such a state, the rights of the people and the correlative duties of the Prince *must* yield to those of the Pope. Such a state would indeed wish — especially if it were an important factor in a possible nationality — "to live politically, to perfect its institutions, to participate in the general movement of ideas, to benefit by the changes in the times, by the advance of science, by the progress of the human spirit." But of course this is out of the question. The laws of such a state "will be enchained to dogmas. Its activity will be paralyzed by tradition. Its patriotism will be condemned by its faith. It will be compelled to resign itself to immobility, or to go on to revolution. The world will move, and will leave it behind." There will result one of two things: either all real life will die out among that people; or "the noble aspirations of nationality will break out," and it will be necessary to repress it by foreign intervention, and the temporal power will again be dependent, as it has been heretofore, upon French or Austrian military occupation.

"So, then," continues the brochure, "the temporal power of the Pope is necessary and legitimate; but it is incompatible with a state of any considerable extent." In other words, while the temporal sovereignty *must* be maintained, it is also essential to reduce the territory over which it is exercised to the smallest possible proportions.

Now, whatever may have been the syllogistic force of such an argument (concerning which there certainly was room for question), its practical conclusions were that the true course for the approaching congress was to recognize the separation of the Romagna from the Papal government, if not also to relieve the Pope of Umbria and the Marches of Ancona, — of all, indeed, save the city and immediate neighborhood of Rome; and that the true policy of the Pope was frankly to consent to this dismemberment of his inheritance, and to ask of Europe in return a guarantee of the territory which would then still remain to him.

On the other hand, the people of Rome were to be asked, in the interests of Catholicity, to acquiesce in a future which was sketched for them in these attractive colors: "There will be in Europe a people who will have at their head less a king than a father, and whose rights will be guaranteed rather by the heart of their sovereign than by the authority of laws and institutions. This people will have no national representation, no army, no press, no magistracy. All their public life will be concentrated in their municipal organization. Beyond that restricted horizon there will be no other occupation for them than contemplation, the arts, the worship of great memories, and prayers. They will be forever debarred that noble participation in public life which is in all countries the stimulant of patriotism, and the legitimate exercise of the higher faculties and of the nobler traits of character. Under the government of the sovereign Pontiff none can aspire to the fame either of the soldier, or of the orator, or of the statesman. This will be a realm of repose and meditation; a kind of oasis where the passions and the interests of politics will not intrude, — one which will have only the sweet and calm perspectives of the spiritual world."

To most logical and wholly unbiased readers, it would seem that this pamphlet must have had the effect of a *reductio ad absurdam*, suggesting more than a doubt of the assumed major premise from which such embarrassing conclusions had been drawn. It is difficult, indeed, not to take it for a piece of exquisite satire. It requires an effort to regard it as a sober political doc-

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ument, put forth in all simplicity and good faith, in a period of patient but resolute expectancy following one of great excitement in the midst of a national revolution. If such an argument meant anything at all, it surely placed the spiritual supremacy itself in a position of irreconcilable antagonism to all that was truest, noblest, and most ardently sought and longed for in social and political life and progress. It certainly was accepted by both the Papal and the patriot party as the expression of a purpose far more radical than that which it professed.

This pamphlet, of which Cardinal Antonelli was no doubt even more promptly informed, was clandestinely brought into Rome during Christmas week. The effect of its appearance can, at the present day, scarcely be appreciated. Its importance was certainly due far less to the intrinsic value of its analysis or to the force of its reasoning — less even to its conclusions themselves — than to the circumstances under which those conclusions were put forth, the source to which the pamphlet was attributed, and above all to the ulterior purposes which were on either side, to say the least, suspected.

The English press regarded the propositions of this brochure, so far as they referred to the maintenance of the temporal power, in anything but a serious spirit. The Times especially characterized the prospect therein held out to the Romans in a vein of humorous irony that was much more appropriate than any sober counter-argument.

It was at once answered, however, by Mgr. Dupanloup of Orleans, under date of December 25th; the doughty bishop sharply denouncing alike its professed principles, its proposed means, and the ends in view, declaring these latter "worthy of the absurdity" of the first and "the iniquity" of the second.

The Giornale di Roma, of December 30th, protested in the most formal manner against the pamphlet, and its very presence in Rome was interdicted. On Sunday, January 1st, when General Count de Goyon waited upon the Pope to pay his New Year respects, the Pope made it the text of his reply. He denounced it as "a monster monument of hypocrisy and a despicable jumble of contradictions;" and affecting to believe that its principles and purposes would of course be repudiated and condemned by Napoleon, in that conviction he bestowed his hypothetical blessing upon the emperor and upon France.

Matters were not made much better, therefore, by the arrival, immediately thereafter, of a letter from Napoleon to the Pope, dated December 31st, which, in language not materially variant from that of the pamphlet itself, reached virtually the same conclusions: that the solution of the difficulties and dangers with which the problem was beset, "most conformable to the true interests of the Holy See," would be "to surrender the revolted provinces."

Whatever language the Pope might think it best to hold on state occasions, neither he nor Cardinal Antonelli had, from the first, misunderstood this sufficiently significant brochure; and there seem to have been grounds for an entry in the writer's journal, on the evening of that very New Year's day, to the effect that "the Pope had determined to withdraw from the congress," and that, "in consequence, Austria, Spain, and Naples had also withdrawn, and the meeting, of course, been given up." At all events, the fact that the French emperor did not disavow the principles of the pamphlet; the great favor with which it was received in England, and even more throughout Italy; the coincident announcement that Sardinia would, with the consent of the powers, be represented at the congress by Count Cavour, together with the intimation from the Papal nuncio at Paris that the policy thus foreshadowed was one that might

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compel the Pontiff to resort to the last defense of Rome and to appeal to spiritual arms, — all made a harmonious issue of such a congress hopeless. The diplomates therefore abandoned the Italian question, and turned it over again to the "men of action" and to the self-solution of coming events.

From this time forward, for the next two or three months, Rome was in a state of continual excitement and expectation. The vigilance of the Papal police was so excessive that it sometimes involved Cardinal Antonelli in awkward predicaments. Even a sealed packet of "dispatches" for the American minister — a harmless congressional report, in fact — was seized at Civita Vecchia, taken from the possession of an American gentleman coming to Rome with a courier's passport, under the suspicion that it might contain copies of the obnoxious pamphlet. The packet was demanded in the middle of the night, and at once produced with "explanations." The custom-house authorities, according to Cardinal Antonelli, had not observed the two large, red official seals with which the character of the packet was certified, and to which Mr. Stockton pointedly called the cardinal's attention!

But even such vigilance was in vain. The pamphlet, or at all events a knowledge of its contents, was soon all over the city. Both French and Italian copies made their appearance. Strips from newspapers containing it were received in letters; and, finally, it was actually reprinted in Rome itself, secretly and by private hands, and circulated everywhere. An Italian reply, said to have been written by the learned Jesuit Father Curci, — of late widely known for the stand he has so nobly and so firmly taken *against* all effort to recover the temporal power, — was published in the hope of counteracting its influence.

Though Rome was still quiet enough, every one realized, nevertheless, that a deep undercurrent of feeling was setting in and steadily gaining strength. It would from time to time break out in some seemingly futile, even trifling, but yet very characteristic "demonstration." Illustrations of this state of popular feeling and of the *on dits* of the day are found in such incidents as these, gathered from a diary of the time.

It was said "in well-informed circles," on January 14th, that Marshal Canrobert had been appointed to replace Count de Goyon in command of the French troops at Rome; that these latter would remain only till the 22d of February; that the Pope would leave Rome before that day, in which case the marshal would take possession of the city and put it under French martial law. These rumors were, however, on the 19th somewhat discountenanced by the appearance of Cardinals Antonelli and D'Andrea, in at least conventionally friendly intercourse with the Duc de Grammont and Count de Goyon, at a reception given by the American minister.

The next subject of comment was an address of the Roman nobility to the Pope, no doubt initiated by Antonelli, and intended to impress public opinion with the devotion of the Romans to the pontifical government and to the person of the Pope. This had, however, an ambiguous effect, for it was as notable for the names which were absent as for those which were appended.

As an offset to this, on the evening of January 22d, "about a thousand Italians of the middle classes gathered under the Palazzo Ruspoli, where General de Goyon lives; and when a body of Chasseurs de Vincennes came by, shouted, 'Viva la Francia,' 'Viva l'Italia,' 'Viva Napoleone Terzo,' 'Viva Vittorio Emmanuele,' and so on, after which they quietly dispersed without waiting for the attentions of the police." The following day, some twenty of these, who had been identified, were arrested, and sent

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to the Castle of St. Angelo. None the less the Duc de Grammont received intelligence on the 26th that a body of some two thousand more were coming to make a similar demonstration in the *cortile* of the Palazzo Colonna, at that time the French embassy. General de Goyon sent for the leaders of these patriot irrepressibles, and told them firmly that the demonstration must not take place, and that if it were attempted he should himself put it down. This, therefore, was given up.

But the spirit which was thus repressed in the piazzas broke out in the theatres, if nowhere else. Cost what it might, the actors in the popular pantomimes and the favorite ballet dancers must needs indulge in treasonable witticisms, or in little demonstrations of their own. For instance, at the Argentina, on the evening of that very 26th, Punchinello, in a stage dilemma which of two pigs to kill, one white and the other black, blindfolded himself, and seizing at hazard upon the black pig, plunged his knife into him, and snatching away his handkerchief roused the enthusiasm of the audience to frenzy by crying out, "Providence wills the death of the blacks!" — the *neri*, that is, the priests and Papal party. A well-known dancer, about the same time, having been rebuked for appearing in tricolor costume, and warned not to wear more than a single color, appeared in red; but receiving from among the spectators a large green wreath, in twining it around herself, skillfully caught up her skirt and displayed her white under-dress, so combining the three national colors of Italy. Of course both of these reckless exponents of popular feeling were arrested: the one was imprisoned, and the other sent out of Rome.

Still another and a far more unmanageable "demonstration" was inaugurated on the 4th of March. "The popular party resolved to abstain from cigars and from the purchase of lottery tickets," on the very principle of the Boston tea-drinkers of old. Tobacco being in every form a government monopoly, and the lottery being the source of no inconsiderable portion of the local revenue, such abstentions had great meaning; while they also implied no ordinary understanding among themselves, and no small amount of feeling and resolution on the part of a populace so deeply addicted to both smoking and this form of gambling. For a given period this continued almost universally; since even a Papal police could not force a man to smoke when he said politely that it did not agree with him; nor even a Roman priest constrain one to buy a lottery ticket when he ingenuously replied that he really could not afford it at just that time.

So passed the weeks and early months of 1860 to the Romans and foreign sojourners in the Papal capital. From time to time there was ever a new report that the French troops were about to be withdrawn; that Rome was to be given up to her own citizens or to a *guardia civile;* and that Pius IX., launching an interdict alike against the French, the Italians, and his own rebellious provinces, and against Rome itself, would withdraw to Benevento. One day it would be a sensational telegram from Paris; another, a paragraph in the usually well-informed Belgian paper, Le Nord; now it would be a whispered report of a conference at the Vatican; and again, the opinion of an officer of the French army of occupation.

There was naturally some anxiety about the local consequences of such a revolution in Rome as ever seemed impending. American priests asked of Mr. Stockton the promise of protection in case of popular tumult, and that he would hoist the American flag over the so-called American College, as Mr. Cass had done in 1849; and, indeed, very many priests of all nationalities made their arrangements for safety in case of

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an emergency. American residents and travelers generally had an understanding with their minister as to what they should do if a revolution should suddenly burst upon them.

Meanwhile, during all this commotion and expectation in Rome, the question of the future of Central Italy was, on the 10th and 11th of March, submitted to the decision of those immediately concerned, the people of Tuscany, the duchies, and the legations. In consequence of an overwhelming popular vote to that effect, the union of these provinces to the throne of Piedmont was formally proclaimed, constituting the Kingdom of Italy, and Victor Emmanuel II. its king.

Most of the Americans then in Rome speculated with eager interest upon the probability that they would now have the opportunity of witnessing a great mediæval ceremony of the major excommunication "in awful form," with bell, book, and candle; and it was with a certain sense of personal disappointment that they saw the terrible blow fall in the form of an ordinary modern printed poster, dated March 26th, and affixed on the 28th to the gates of the Vatican basilica, and realized that their disappointment of the expected dramatic pageantry was probably the chief practical effect produced by it.

Italian politics passed now once more into the hands of soldiers. Umbria and the Marches had but a few months more to wait; the Romans, indeed, more than ten years yet; while the ecclesiastical politicians of the Holy See devoted themselves to the preparation and evolution of a policy which, if it did not arrest the progress of Italian nationality, would restore to the Papacy, in another form, the power which thus seemed slipping from its grasp.

William Chauncy Langdon.

AN ONLY SON.

It was growing more and more uncomfortable in the room where Deacon Price had spent the greater part of a hot July morning. The sun did not shine in, for it was now directly overhead, but the glare of its reflection from the dusty village street and the white house opposite was blinding to the eyes. At least one of the three selectmen of Dalton, who were assembled in solemn conclave, looked up several times at the tops of the windows, and thought they had better see about getting some curtains.

There was more business than usual, but most of it belonged to the familiar detail of the office; there were bills to pay for the support of the town's-poor and the district schools, and afterward some discussion arose about a new piece of road which had been projected by a few citizens, who were as violently opposed by others. The selectmen were agreed upon this question, but they proposed to speak in private with the county commissioners, who were expected to view the region of the new highway the next week. This, however, had been well canvassed at their last meeting, and they had reached no new conclusions since; so presently the conversation flagged a little, and Deacon Price drummed upon the ink-spattered table with his long, brown fingers, and John Kendall the miller rose impatiently and went to the small window, where he stood with blinking eyes looking down into the street. His well-rounded figure made a pleasant shadow in that part of the room, but it seemed to grow hotter

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every moment. Captain Abel Stone left his chair impatiently, and taking his hat went down the short flight of stairs that led to the street, knocking his thick shuffling boots clumsily by the way. He reached the sidewalk, and looked up and down the street, but nobody was coming; so he turned to Asa Ball the shoemaker, who was standing in his shop-door.

"Business is n't brisk, I take it?" inquired the captain; and Mr. Ball replied that he did n't do much more than tend shop, nowadays. Folks would keep on buying cheap shoes, and thinking they saved more money on two pair a year for five dollars than when he used to make 'em one pair for four. "But I make better pay than I used to working at my trade, and so I ain't going to fret," said Asa shrewdly, with a significant glance at a modest pile of empty cloth-boot boxes; and the captain laughed a little, and took a nibble at a piece of tobacco which he had found with much difficulty in one of his deep coat pockets. He had followed the sea in his early life, but had returned to the small, stony farm which had been the home of his childhood, perhaps fifteen years before this story begins. He had taken as kindly to inland life as if he had never been even spattered with sea water, and had been instantly given the position in town affairs which his wealth and character merited. He still retained a good deal of his nautical way of looking at things. One would say that to judge by his appearance he had been well rubbed with tar and salt, and it was supposed by his neighbors that his old sea-chests were guardians of much money; he was overrated by some of them as being worth fifteen thousand dollars with the farm thrown in. He was considered very peculiar, because he liked to live in the somewhat dilapidated little farmhouse, and some of his attempts at cultivating the sterile soil were the occasion of much amusement. He had made a large scrap-book, during his long sea-voyages, of all sorts of hints and suggestions for the tillage of the ground, gleaned from books and newspapers and almanacs, and nobody knows where else. He had pasted these in, or copied them in his stiff, careful handwriting, and had pleased himself by watching his collection grow while he was looking forward through the long, storm-tossed years to his quiet anchorage among the Dalton hills. He was a single man, and though a braver never had trod the quarter-deck, from motives of wisest policy he seldom opposed his will to that of Widow Martha Hawkes, who had consented to do him the great favor of keeping his house.

"Havin' a long session to-day, seems to me," observed the shoemaker, with little appearance of the curiosity which he really felt.

"There was a good many p'ints to be looked over," answered Captain Stone, becoming aware that he had secrets to guard, and looking impenetrable and unconcerned. "It 's working into a long drought, just as I said — I never took note of a drier sky; don't seem now as if we ever should get a sprinkle out of it, but I suppose we shall;" and he turned with a sigh to the door, and disappeared again up the narrow stairway. The three horses which were tied to adjacent posts in the full blaze of the sun all hung their ancient heads wearily, and solaced their disappointment as best they might. They had felt certain, when the captain appeared, that the selectmen's meeting was over. If they had been better acquainted with politics they might have wished that there could be a rising of the opposition, so that their masters would go out of office for as many years as they had come in.

The captain's companions looked up at him eagerly, as if they were sure that he was the herald of the expected tax collector, who was to pay a large

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sum of money to them, of which the town treasury was in need. It was close upon twelve o'clock, and only a very great emergency would detain them beyond that time. They were growing very hungry, and when the captain, after a grave shake of his head, had settled into his chair again, they all felt more or less revengeful, though Deacon Price showed it by looking sad. One would have thought that he was waiting with reluctance to see some punishment descend upon the head of the delaying official.

"Well, Mis' Hawkes will be waiting for me, and she never likes that," said Captain Stone at last; and just at that minute was heard the sound of wheels.

"Perhaps it 's my mare stepping about, — she 's dreadful restive in fly-time," suggested Mr. Kendall, and at once put his head out of the window; but when he took it in again, it was to tell his fellow-officers that Jackson was coming, and then they all sat solemnly in their chairs, with as much dignity as the situation of things allowed. Their judicial and governmental authority was plainly depicted in their expression. On ordinary occasions they were not remarkable, except as excellent old-fashioned country men; but when they represented to the world the personality and character of the town of Dalton, they would not have looked out of place seated in that stately company which Carpaccio has painted in the Reception of the English Ambassadors. It was Dalton that was to give audience that summer day, in the dusty, bare room, as Venice listens soberly in the picture.

They heard a man speak to his horse and leap to the ground heavily, and then listened eagerly to the clicks and fumbling which represented the tying of the halter, and then there were sounds of steps upon the stairway. The voice of Mr. Ball was heard, but it did not seem to have attracted much attention, and presently the long-waited-for messenger was in the room. He was dusty and sunburnt, and looked good-naturedly at his hosts. They greeted him amiably enough, and after he had put his worn red handkerchief away he took a leather wallet from his pocket, and looking at a little roll of bills almost reluctantly, turned them over with lingering fingers and passed them to Mr. Kendall, who sat nearest him, saying that he believed it was just right.

There was little else said, and after the money had again been counted the meeting was over. There had indeed been a hurried arrangement as to who should guard the treasury, but when Deacon Price had acknowledged that he meant to go to South Dalton next morning, he was at once deputed to carry the remittance to the bank there, where the town's spare cash and many of its papers already reposed. The deacon said slowly that he did n't know as he cared about keeping so much money in the house, but he was not relieved by either of his colleagues, and so these honest men separated and returned to private life again. Their homes were at some distance from each other; but for a half mile or so Deacon Price followed Captain Stone, and a cloud of dust followed them both. Then the captain turned to the left, up toward the hills; but Deacon Price kept on for some distance through the level lands, and at last went down a long lane, unshaded except here and there where some ambitious fence stakes had succeeded in changing themselves into slender willow-trees. In the spring the sides of the lane had been wet, and were full of green things, growing as fast as they could; but now these had been for some time dried up. The lane was bordered with dusty mayweed, and three deep furrows were worn through the turf, where the wagon wheels and the horse's patient feet had traveled back and forward so many years. The house stood at the end, looking toward the main road as if it

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wished it were there; it was a low-storied white house, with faded green blinds.

The deacon had tried to hurry his slow horse still more after he caught sight of another horse and wagon standing in the wide dooryard. He had entirely forgotten until that moment that his niece and housekeeper, Eliza Storrow, had made a final announcement in the morning that she was going to start early that afternoon for the next town to help celebrate a golden wedding. Poor Eliza had been somewhat irate because even this uncommon season of high festival failed to excite her uncle's love for society. She had made him run the gauntlet, as usual on such occasions, by telling him successively that he took no interest in nobody and nothing, and that she was sure she should n't know what to say when people asked where he was; that it looked real unfeeling and cold-hearted, and he could n't expect folks to show any interest in him. These arguments, with many others, had been brought forward on previous occasions until the deacon knew them all by heart, and he had listened to them impassively that morning, only observing cautiously to his son that Eliza must go through with just so much. But he had promised to come back early from the village, since Eliza and the cousin who was to call for her meant to start soon after twelve. It was a long drive, and they wished to be in good season for the gathering of the clans.

He left the horse standing in the yard and went into the house, feeling carefully at his inner coat pocket as he did so. Eliza had been watching for him, but the minute he came in sight she had left the window and begun to scurry about in the pantry. The deacon did not stop to speak to her, but went directly to his bedroom, and after a moment's thought placed the precious wallet deep under the pillows. This act was followed by another moment's reflection, and as the old man turned, his son stood before him in the doorway. Neither spoke; there was a feeling of embarrassment which was not uncommon between them; but presently the young man said, "Eliza 's been waiting for you to have your dinner; she 's in a great hurry to get off. I 'll be in just as quick as I take care of the horse."

"You let her be; I 'll put her up myself," said the deacon, a little ungraciously. "I guess Eliza 'll be there soon enough. I should n't think she 'd want to start to ride way over there right in the middle of the day." At another time he would have been pleased with Warren's offer of aid, for that young man's bent was not in what we are pleased to call a practical direction. As he left the kitchen he noticed for the first time Mrs. Starbird, who sat by the farther window dressed in her best, and evidently brimming over with reproachful impatience. Deacon Price was a hospitable man, and stopped to shake hands with her kindly, and to explain that he had been delayed by some business that had come before the selectmen. He was politely assured that the delay was not of the least consequence, for Mrs. Starbird was going to drive the colt, and could make up the lost time on the road. As they stood talking, Eliza's footsteps were heard behind them, and without turning or deigning to enter into any conversation with his niece the deacon went out into the bright sunlight again.

Warren had preceded him after all, and was unfastening one of the traces, and his father unbuckled the other without a word. "You go in and have your dinner, — why won't you, father?" the young man said, looking up appealingly. "You need n't be afraid but I 'll do this all right."

"I declare, I wa grieved when I saw, as I came up the that you had n't mended up the where I told you this for be off, and

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there's the two calves right into the garden piece, and I don't know what works they 've been and done. It does seem too bad, Warren."

The son had worn a pleased and almost triumphant look, as if he had good news to tell, but now his face fell, and he turned crimson with shame and anger. "I would n't have forgot that for anything!" he stammered. "I've been hurrying as fast as I could with something I've been doing — I 'm going off" — but his father had already stepped inside the barn door with the hungry horse, and it was no use to say any more. Presently the deacon went into the house and ate his dinner, and after the few dishes had been washed, and Eliza had told him about the bread and a piece of cold boiled beef and a row of blueberry pies and the sheet of gingerbread which she had provided for the family's sustenance in her absence, she added that she might not be back until early Wednesday morning, and then she drove away in triumph with cousin Starbird. It was the first outing the good woman had had for more than a year, except for half a day or so, and the deacon wished her good day with real affection and sympathy, having already asked if she had everything she wanted to carry over, and finally he desired his respects to be given to the folks. He stood at the corner of the house and watched her all the way down the lane until she turned into the main road, and Eliza herself was much pleased as she caught sight of him. She waved her hand gallantly, to which he responded by an almost imperceptible inclination of the head and at once turned away. "There ain't a better man alive," said cousin Starbird, whipping the elderly colt; "he 's as set as anybody I ever see, in his own ways, but he 's real good hearted. I don't know anybody I 'd look to quicker t im if I got into misfortune. H good deal this last year, dc has, 'Liza? Sometimes I feel sure that Warren's odd notions wears on him more than we think."

"Course they do," said Eliza, throwing back the shawl which she had felt obliged to put on at first, out of respect to the occasion. "His father 's mindful of Warren every hour in the day. He is getting more and more helpless and forgitful, and uncle 's growing feeble, and he ain't able either to hire help or to do the farm work himself. Sometimes Warren takes holt real good, but it ain't often; and there he sets, up in that room he 's fixed over the wood-house, and tinkers all day long. Last winter he used to be there till late at night; he took out one o' the window panes and set a funnel out through, and used to keep a fire going and a bright light up there till one or two o'clock in the morning. His father never slept a wink, I don't believe. He looks like a man of hard on to eighty, and he wa'n't but sixty-seven his last birthday. I guess Warren 's teased him out of about all the bank money he had long ago. There! I used to get interested myself in Warren's notions about his machines, but now I can't bear to hear him begin, and I go right into the pantry and rattle round as if I was drove to pieces."

"I suppose his father has indulged him more, seeing that he was so much younger than all the rest of his children, and they being dead anyway. I declare, I never see such a beautiful creatur' as Warren's mother was. I always thought she was kind of homesick here; 't was a lonesome place to me, always, and I never counted on its being healthy. The deacon 's begun to look kind o' mossy, and I don't think it 's all worry o' mind. It 's kind of low land, and it 's always been called fevery." Cousin Starbird was apt to look on the dark side of things. "You can't always see the marks o' trouble," she went on. "There was old John Stacy, that lost three children in one day with scarlet fever, the

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fall after his wife died; then his house got afire, and the bank failed where his property was. Job himself could n't be no worse off; and he took on dreadful, as one thing after another come upon him, but there wa'n't a younger appearing man of his age anywhere at the time he died. He seemed to spring right up again, like a bent withe. I always thought it was a kind of a pity that the deacon did n't push Warren right off while he was young. He kept him to home trying to make a farmer of him till he was a grown man."

"Warren used to beseech him dreadfully to let him go off, when I first come over to live," said Eliza Storrow. "He had a great notion of working in some kind of a machine shop, and they said that there wa'n't so smart a workman there as he was; but he got a notion that he could improve on one of the machines, and he lost his interest in workin' his trade, and the end of it was that he spent a sight o' money to get a patent, and found somebody had stepped in with another just the week before. 'T was an awful mean thing, too, for some thought it was his notion that had been stole from him. There was a fellow that boarded where he did, to Lowell, that left all of a sudden, and they thought he took the plan, — Warren being always free and pleasant with him, — and then let somebody else have part of it to get the patent through; anyway it was n't called for in any name they knew; Warren was dreadful discouraged about it, and was set against folks knowing, so don't you never say nothing that I said about it. I think he 's kind of crazed about machinery, and I don't believe he knows what he 's about more than half the time. He never give me a misbeholden word, I 'll say that for him, but it 's getting to be a melancholy habitation if ever I see one," said Eliza, mournfully; and after this the conversation turned to more hopeful themes relating to the golden wedding.

The deacon had sighed as he turned away. He had wondered if they would make the twelve-mile journey in safety, and smiled in spite of himself as he remembered an old story. He wished he had reminded them of those two old women who were traveling from Dalton to Somerset, and forgot where they came from, and what their names were, and where they were going. After this hidden spring of humor had bubbled to the surface a little too late for anybody's enjoyment but his own, he relapsed into his usual plaintive gravity, and, bringing a hammer and nails and some stakes from the wood-house, he went out to mend the broken fence. It had been patched and propped before, and now seemed hardly to be repaired. The boards and posts had rotted away, and the gamesome calves had forced a wide breach in so weak a wall. It was a half afternoon's work, and the day was hot, but the tired old man set about it unflinchingly, and took no rest until he had given the topmost rail a shake and assured himself that it would last through his day. He had brought more tools and pieces of board, and he put these together to be replaced. Just as he had begun his work he had caught sight of his son walking quickly away, far beyond the house, across the pastures. The deacon had given a heavy sigh, and as he had hammered and sawed and built his fence again, there had been more than one sigh to follow it, for had not this only son grown more helpless and useless than ever? There seemed little to look forward to in life.

The garden was being sadly treated and hindered by the drought; the beets and onions were only half grown, and the reliable old herb bed seemed to have given up the fight altogether. In one place there had once been a flower-bed which belonged to Warren's mother, but it was almost wholly covered with grass. Eliza had no fondness for flow-

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ers, and the two men usually were unconscious that there were such things in the world. But this afternoon the deacon was glad to see a solitary sprig of London pride, which stood out in bold relief against the gray post by the little garden gate. It sent a ray of encouragement into the shadow of his thoughts, and he went on his way cheerfully. He told himself that now he would attend to the wagon wheels, because he should need to start early in the morning, in order to get home before the heat of the day; it was a hot piece of road from here to the south village. He wondered idly where Warren had gone; he was glad he had not asked for money that day, but he had done questioning his son about his plans, or even the reason of his occasional absences.

The side door, which led into the kitchen, was shaded now, and a slight breeze seemed to be coming across the level fields, so the deacon sat down on the doorstep to rest. The old cat came out as if she wished for company, and rubbed against his arm and mewed without making any noticeable sound. She put her fore-feet on the old man's knee and looked eagerly in his face and mewed again inaudibly, and her master laughed and wondered what she wanted. "I suppose the cellar door is locked and bolted, and you want to go down," said the deacon, "that's it, ain't it? I should ha' thought 'Liza would have rec'lected about them kittens, should n't you?" and pleasing himself with the creature's companionship, he rose and entered the house. The cat trotted alongside and disappeared quickly down the stairway, and moved by some strange impulse, Deacon Price went into his bedroom to make sure that the wallet was safe under the pillow. He did not reach it at first, and he groped again, thinking that he had forgotten he pushed it so far under. But although he eagerly threw off the clothes and the pillows, and shook them twice over, and got down on his hands and knees and crept under the bed, and felt an odd singing noise grow louder and louder in his head, and at last became dizzy and dropped into the nearest chair, there was no wallet to be found.

At last he crept out into the empty kitchen, where the only sound was made by a fly that buzzed dismally in a spider's web. The air was close and hot in the house, and as the old man stood in the doorway it seemed as if there had some change come over his whole familiar world. He felt puzzled and weak, and at first started to go out to the wagon with the vain hope of finding the lost purse; it might be that he — but there was no use in imagining that he had done anything but put it carefully under the pillow, that his son had stood in the doorway as he lifted his head, and that the money was gone. It was no use to deceive himself, or to hunt through the house; he had always before his eyes the picture of the pasture slope with the well-known figure of his son following across it the path that led to the nearest railroad station, a mile or two away.

The daylight waned slowly, and the heat of the sun lingered late into the night. Poor John Price went through with his usual duties mechanically, but with perfect care, and he made the doing of his work last as long as he could. The pig and the chickens and the horse were fed; then there were the cows to bring in from pasture and to be milked; and at last the poor man even remembered the cat, and gave her a saucer of milk for her supper; but still it would not grow dark, and still the shame and sorrow weighed him down. In his restlessness he went through the lower rooms of the house, and opened the front door and shut it again, and looked into the stiff little best room, and felt as if he were following the country custom so familiar to him of watching with the dead.

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He did not get much sleep either, in the uncomfortable bed which he had tried to put into some sort of order before he lay down. Once he prayed aloud that the Lord would vouchsafe him a miracle, and that he might find his trust again, and what was still more precious, his confidence in his only son. For some reason he could not bear the sound of his own voice; and the thought of his time-honored office in the church pained him, for was it not disgraced and made a reproach?

Little by little the first sharpness of the shock wore away, and he tried to think what was to be done. The thought seized him that his son might have left some explanation of his going away, and he rose and took a candle and went to the little workshop. There was less than the usual litter of cogwheels and springs and screws, but somehow in the hot little room a feeling of reassurance and almost of hope took possession of him. It might be that Warren's hopes would not be disappointed, that he might be able to repay the stolen sum, that he had only secreted it, and would return later and give it back; for the poor deacon assured himself over and over that he would talk about the boy's affairs with him, and try again to aid him and to put him into a likely way at last, even if he had to mortgage the farm.

But in the morning, if there was still no sign of the lad, what could be done? The money which Jerry Jackson had owed the town as tax-collector, and paid at last that very day, — that seven hundred dollars; the five hundred dollar bill and the two that stood for a hundred each, and some smaller bills which were to pay the interest, — how should they be replaced? He had no ready money of any amount, nor would have until the pay came for some hay, or unless he could persuade a neighbor, whose payments were honest but slow, to take up a note given for a piece of outlying woodland sold the winter before.

All through that long summer night he worried and waited for the morning, and sometimes told himself that his only son had robbed him, and sometimes said that Warren would never serve him like that, and when he came home it would be all made right. The whip-poorwills were singing about the house, and one even came to perch on the kitchen doorstep and make its accusing cry. The waning moon rose late, and made a solemn red light in the east, and shone straight in at the little bedroom window as if it were a distant bale-fire on the hills. A little dog kept up a fierce barking by the next farmhouse, far away across the fields, and at last the tired man was ready to think his miserable wakefulness was the fault of the cur. . . . Yes, he had given Warren all the money he could, he had meant well by the boy, and surely now, unless the poor fellow had gone mad, there would be some way out of all this trouble; at any rate he would not let other people have a chance to call his son a thief until there was no help for it.

The next morning, after a short, uneasy sleep, from which the deacon had a sad awaking, he hungrily ate some breakfast at the pantry shelves, and harnessed the old horse, and set out on a day's journey of which he hardly knew the end. He shut the door of the house, and locked it, and gave a look of lingering affection at the old place, even stopping the horse for a minute in the lane that he might turn to survey it again most carefully. He felt as if he were going to do it wrong, and as if it were a conscious thing, the old weather-beaten dwelling that had sheltered him all his life, and those who had been dearest to him. It had no great attractions to a stranger. It was a representative house for that somewhat primitive farming region, though it had fallen out of repair, and wore a damaged and resourceless aspect. The appearance

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of a man's home is exactly characteristic of himself. Human nature is more powerful than its surroundings, and shapes them inevitably to itself.

It was still very early in the morning, and few persons were stirring. In fact, Deacon Price met nobody on the road except a sleepy boy following his cows to pasture, and he did not feel like looking even him in the face, but gave a pull at the reins to hurry the horse and pass by the quicker. He took a cross road that was cool and shady at that hour, and while he journeyed slowly up the rough by-way he let the horse choose its own course without guidance. Some birds were crying and calling in the woods close by, as if it were altogether a day of ill omen and disaster. John Price felt more and more as if his world was coming to an end, and everything was going to pieces. He never had understood his son very well; there are some people who are like the moon, always with one side hidden and turned away, and Warren was only half familiar to his father. The old man had been at first inclined to treat his bright boy with a sort of respect and reverence, but in later years this had changed little by little to impatience and suspicion. It had been a great mortification that he had been obliged to maintain him, and once when somebody, perhaps Eliza Storrow, had been commenting upon a certain crop of wild oats which a neighboring lad had arranged for his harvesting, the deacon was heard to mutter, "Better them than no crop at all!" Yet he had never suffered his acquaintances to comment upon his son's behavior; his own treatment of him in public had insisted upon the rendering of respect from other people, but he had not acknowledged to himself, until this last sad night, that there was no practical result to be hoped for from Warren's gifts and graces. This might have been borne, and they might have struggled on together, somehow or other, but for the terrible blow of the theft of the town's money, which had left a debt and sorrow on the old man's shoulders almost too heavy to be borne.

In a short time the woods were passed and the road led out to a pleasant country of quite a different character from the lowland neighborhood left behind. There were gently sloping hills and long lines of elms, and the farms looked more prosperous. One farm only on this road was unproductive, and it was partly the fault of art, and partly of nature, for this was the homestead of Captain Stone, a better sailor than farmer. Its pastures were gathering-places for the ledges, and its fields had been made swampy by many springs. It seemed to be the waste corner of that region for all unused and undeveloped materials of farming land; but while there was every requisite, there was a chaotic and primitive arrangement or no-arrangement. Yet the captain had settled down here in blissful content as a tiller of the soil; and while he might have bought the best farm in the county, he congratulated himself upon his rare privileges here, and would have found more level and kindly acres as uninteresting as being becalmed in tropic seas. He worked his farm as he had sailed his ships, by using tact and discretion and with true seaman's philosophy he never fretted. He waited for the wind to change, or the tide of spring to flow, or of winter to ebb, for he had long ago learned there was no hurrying nature; and to hear him talk of one of his small plots of thin hay or slow-growing potatoes, you would have thought it an intelligent creature which existed mainly on his benevolent encouragement and tolerance. By some persons the captain was laughed at, and by others he was condemned. The trouble was that he had a shrewd insight into human nature, and was so impossible to deceive or to persuade against his will that

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he had made many enemies, who had hoped to grow rich by emptying the good old man's pockets.

It was to this life-long friend that Deacon Price had turned in his extremity; but as he drew nearer that morning to the red house on the hilltop, his heart began to fail him, for what if he should be refused! There seemed no other resource, in such a case, but to make the sad occurrence known, or to go away in search of Warren himself. He could put the deeds of his farm, those worn deeds that had come down from father to son generation after generation, into the hands of the other selectmen, who would be sure to stand his friends and keep the secret for a time. Warren had looked discouraged, and pale, and desperate in the last month, and his father suddenly remembered this, and groaned aloud as he wished that the boy had come to him, and that he had made it possible, instead of coldly ignoring and disapproving him day after day; such a mixture of wrath and shame and compassion has seldom been in a father's heart.

The captain was abroad early, and the deacon saw him first, sauntering about at the foot of the slope on which his house and buildings stood. He seemed to be examining the soil, and greeted his guest with a hearty satisfaction. The deacon slowly alighted, and leaving his trusty steed to gnaw the fence or browse among the bushes as she chose, went into the field. He walked feebly, and when he met the captain he could hardly find words to tell his errand. Men of his kind are apt to be made silent by any great occurrence; they have rarely anything but a limited power of expression, and their language only serves them for common use. Those who have lived close to nature understand each other without speech, as dogs or horses do, and the elder generations of New Englanders knew less of society and human companionship and association than we can comprehend.

The captain had watched his visitor as he came toward him, and when they met he gave one quick, final look, and then proceeded to make use of his usual forms of greeting, as if he had no idea that anything was the matter.

"I 've taken a notion to set out some cramb'ries hereabouts, another year," he announced. "I never made a voyage to sea without cramb'ries aboard, if I could help myself. They last well, and taste sprightly when other things is begun to lose savor. I don't cut any hay to speak of, in this piece. I 've been meaning to tackle it somehow, — see here," — pushing it with his great foot, — "it 's all coming up brakes and sedge. I do' know 's you want to be standing about — it *is* master spongy for good grass land, and 't would be a great expense to drain it off. I s'pose I 'm gettin' too old to try any of these new notions, but they sort of divert me. We 're having a bad spell o' drought, ain't we? 'T is all tops of rocks about here, and we 're singed pretty brown." The captain chattered more briskly than was his wont; it would have been impossible to mistake that he was a sailor, for indeed that business stamps its followers with an unmistakable brand.

They had ventured upon a wetter spot than usual, and when the deacon pulled up his foot from the mire underneath with a resounding plop, his host proposed that they should seek the higher ground.

"Pretty smart at home?" asked the captain presently, to end a season of strange silence, and the deacon replied, at first somewhat sorrowfully, that they were middling, but explained directly that Eliza was away for a couple o' nights, and Warren too; it cost a great effort to speak the young man's name.

"Oh yes, I rec'lect," growled the

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captain amiably. "You spoke about the golden weddin' yisterday; I should thought you 'd ha' gone too, along with 'Liza; such junkets ain't to be had every day. I must say I wish something or other would happen to take Mis' Hawkes's attention off of me," dropping his voice cautiously, as they came nearer to the house. "She 's had a dreadful grumpy time of it, this week past, and looked homely enough to stop a clock. I used to be concerned along in the first of it, when I come off the sea, but I found it did n't do no hurt, and so I let her work, and first thing you know the wind is veered round again handsome, and off we go."

The deacon tried to laugh at this; they had seated themselves on the off-side of the woodpile, under the shade of a great choke-pear tree. They had mounted the chopping-block, which was a stout elm log, standing on six legs, so that it looked like some stupid blunder-headed creature of not altogether harmless disposition. The two old men were quite at its mercy if it should canter away suddenly; but they talked for some minutes on ordinary subjects, and even left their position to go to inspect the pigs, and returned again, before the deacon arrived at an explanation of his errand.

It was a hard thing to do, and the captain turned and looked at him narrowly.

"I 've got to use the money right away as soon as I can have it. I want to see to some business this forenoon; you know I 've been calc'latin' to go to the South village to-day anyway. I did n't know for certain I should have to see about this, or I would n't have given you such short notice" — and here the deacon stopped again; it had come very near an untruth, this last sentence, and he would not cheat the man of whom he was asking so great a favor.

"I did n't fetch the papers along because I did n't know how 't would be with you," he explained; "they 'll make you safe. Austin's folks was talking round, this spring, to see if I wanted to part with our north field; his youngest son 's a smart fellow, and wants to set up for himself and have a truck farm. But I 'm only asking the loan for a time, ye know, neighbor," and the deacon looked anxiously at the old captain, and then leaned over, poking the chips about with the butt of his whip, which he had brought with him from the wagon.

"You shall have it," said the captain at last. "'T ain't everybody I 'd do such a thing to oblege, and I am only going to have my say about one thing, John: I never had no family of my own, and I suppose the feelin's of a father are somethin' I don't know nothing about, for or against; but I must say I hate to see ye an old man before your time, runnin' all out and looking discouraged on account o' favorin' Warren. You 'll come in astern o' the lighter, and he too; and if he 's been beseechin' ye to get this money together to further his notions, I 'm doing ye both a wrong to let ye have it. But I can't deny ye, and I 've got more than what ye say ye want, right here in the house as it happens. I was going to buy into that new three-masted schooner the Otises have got on the stocks now; I don't know but I am getting along in years to take hold of anything new in navigation."

"I ain't intending to let Warren have none o' this," said the deacon humbly, and he longed to say more, and felt as if he never could hold up his head again among his fellows; and the time seemed very long and dreary before the captain came back from his house with the note ready to sign, and the eight hundred dollars ready to place in the deacon's gray and shaking hand. His benefactor pondered long over this strange visit, longing to know what had happened, but he assured himself over and over that he could n't help letting him have it, and if never a cent of it came back there was

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nobody he was gladder to oblige. And John Price took his weary way to the South village of Dalton and paid a sum of seven hundred and thirty-five dollars to the credit of the town. It was not until early in the afternoon that old Abel Stone suddenly bethought himself that something might have happened about that payment of Jerry Jackson's. If he was not growing old and a fool at last! Why had n't he asked the deacon if he had lost the money he had taken home from the selectmen's office! And when Mis' Hawkes afterward ventured to ask him a harmless question he had grown red in the face and poured forth a torrent of nautical language which had nearly taken her breath away, without apparent reason or excuse. The captain, it must be confessed, was an uncommon swearer; he was one of the people who seem to serve as volcanoes or outlets for the concealed anger of poor human nature. It is difficult to explain why profanity seems so much more unlawful and shocking in some persons than in others, but there was something fairly amusing in the flurry and sputter of irreverent words which betokened excitement of any kind in the mind of Captain Stone. He even forgot himself so far as to swear a little occasionally in the course of earnest exhortations in the evening prayer-meetings. There was not a better man or a sincerer Christian in the town of Dalton, though he had become a church member late in life; and knowing this, there was never anything but a compassionate smile when he grew red in the face with zeal, and recommended those poor wretched *damned dogs* of heathen to mercy.

Nothing seemed to have changed outwardly at the South village. John Price did his errands and finished his business as quickly as possible, and avoided meeting his acquaintances, for he could not help fearing that he should be questioned about this miserable trouble. As he left the bank he could not help giving a sigh of relief, for that emergency was bridged over; and for a few minutes he kept himself by main force from looking at the future or asking himself "What next?"

But as he turned into his dust-powdered lane again at noon, the curious little faces of the mayweed blossoms seemed to stare up at him, and there was nobody to speak to him, and the house was like a tomb where all the years of his past were lying dead, and all the pleasantness of life existed only in remembrance.

He began to wish for Warren in a way he never had before, and as he looked about the house he saw everywhere some evidence of his mechanical skill. Had not Eliza Storrow left home without a fear because, as she always said, Warren was as handy as a woman? The remembrance of his patient diligence at his own chosen work, his quietness under reproach, his evident discomfort at having to be dependent upon his father linked to a perfect faith in the ultimate success of his plans, — the thought of all these things flashed through the old man's mind. "I wish I had waited 'till he told me what he had to say, yisterday," said Deacon Price to himself. "'T was strange about that fence too. He 's al'ays been willing to take holt and help whenever I spoke to him." He even came to believe that the boy had grown desperate, and in some emergency had gone in search of new materials for his machine. "He 's so forgitful," said the father, "he may have forgot to speak about the money, and 't was but a small-looking roll of bills. He 'll be back to-night, like 's not, as concerned as can be when he finds out what 't was he took." It was the way we only remember the good qualities of our friends who have died, and let the bad ones fade out of sight, and so know the angels that were growing

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in them all the while, and out of our sight at last have thrown off the disguise and hindrance of the human shape.

Towards evening Jacob Austin, a neighbor, came into the yard on an errand, and was astonished to see how tired and old the deacon looked. He had left the oxen and their great load of coarse meadow hay standing at the end of the lane in the road, and he meant at first to shoulder the borrowed pitchfork and quickly rejoin them, but it was impossible. He asked if anything were the matter, and was answered that there was something trying about such a long spell of drought, which did not in the least satisfy his curiosity.

"No," said the deacon, "I 'm getting to be an old man, but I keep my health fairly. Eliza and Warren, they 're both off 'tending to their own concerns, but I make sure one or both of 'em 'll be back toward sundown." And Jacob, after casting about in his mind for anything further to say, mentioned again that 't was inconvenient to break a pitchfork right in the middle of loading a rack, and went away.

"Looked to me as if he had had a stroke," he told his family that night at supper time; and the conduct of Warren and Eliza Storrow, in going off and leaving the old deacon to shift for himself, was more severely commented upon.

But all this time, the latter half of that Tuesday afternoon, Eliza and her cousin Starbird were jogging toward home over the Dalton and Somerset hills. The colt was in good trim, and glad to be nearing his own familiar stall again, and struck out at an uncommonly good pace, though none of the swiftest at that. It was hardly six o'clock when the two tired-out and severely sunburnt women came into the yard. The deacon heard the high-pitched voice which he knew so well before he heard the sound of the wheels on the soft, dry turf, and went out to greet the new comers, half glad and half afraid. Eliza took it for granted that Warren was either in the workshop as usual, or, as she scornfully expressed it, roaming the hills, and did not ask for him. Cousin Starbird had accepted an invitation to tea, as her home was three miles farther on. They were both heavy women, and stiff from sitting still so long in the old wagon, and they grumbled a little as they walked toward the house.

"Yes, 't was a splendid occasion," Eliza answered the deacon, as he stood near, hitching the colt to a much gnawed post. "It all went off beautifully. Everybody wanted to know where you was, an' Warren. There, we talked till we was all about dead, and eat ourselves sick; you never saw a handsomer table in your life. The old folks stood it well, but I see they 'd begun to kind o' give out at dinner-time to-day, — last night was the celebration, you know, because lots could come in the evenin' that was occupied by day. They wanted us to stop longer, but I see 't was best to break it up, and I 'd rather go over again by and by, and spend the day in peace an' quietness, and have a good visit. We 've been saying, as we rode along, that we should n't be surprised if the old folks kind o' faded out after this, they 've been lookin' forward to it so long. Well, it 's all over, like a hoss-race;" and Eliza heaved a great sigh and went into the front room to open the blinds and make it less stuffy; then she removed her best bonnet in her own room, and presently came out to get tea, dressed in her familiar every-day calico gown.

The deacon was sitting by the open window, drumming on the sill; he had a trick of beating a slow tattoo with the ends of his queerly shaped fingers. They were long and dry, and somehow did not look as if they were useful, though John Price had been a hard-working man. Cousin Starbird had

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come down-stairs first, and had gone out to get a piece of the golden wedding cake that had been left in the wagon. Eliza was busy in the pantry, scolding a good deal at the state she found it in.

"Whatever is this great thing in my pocket!" she exclaimed, as something had struck the table-leg as she came by it to bring the last brace of blueberry pies; and quickly fumbling in the pocket's depths she brought up in triumph the deacon's great brown wallet, and presented it to its owner.

"Good King Agrippy!" said the amazed man, snatching it, and then holding it and looking at it as if he were afraid it would bite.

"I ain't give it a thought, from that minute to this," said Eliza, who was not a little frightened. "I s'pose you 've been thinking you lost it. I thought you looked dreadful wamblecropped when I first saw you. Why, you see, I did n't undertake to wash yesterday mornin', because I did n't want the clothes a-layin' and mildewin', and I kind of thought perhaps I 'd put it off till next week, anyway, though it ain't my principle to do fortnight's washes. An' I had so much to do, gettin' ready to start, that I 'd gone in early and made up your bed and not put a clean sheet on; but you was busy takin' out the hoss after you come home at noon, and had your dinner to eat, and I had the time to spare, so I just slipped in and stripped off the bedclothes then, and this come out from under the pillow. I meant to hand it to you when you come in from the barn, but I forgot it the next minute; you know we was belated about starting, and I was scatter-witted. I hope it ain't caused you no great inconvenience; you ain't wanted it for anything very special, have you? I s'pose 't was foolish to go fussin' about the bed, but I thought if you should be sick or anything" —

"Well, I 've got it now," said the deacon, drawing a long breath. "I own I felt some uneasy about it," and he went out to the yard, and beyond it to the garden, and beyond the garden to the family burying-lot in the field. He would have gone to his parish church to pray if he had been a devout Catholic; as it was, this was the nearest approach he could make to a solemn thanksgiving.

Some of the oldest stones lay flat on the ground, and a network of blackberry vines covered them in part. The leaves were burnt by the sun, and the crickets scrambled among them as the deacon's footfall startled them. His first wife and his second wife both were buried there, their resting-places marked by a slate headstone and a marble one, and it was to this last that the old man went. His first wife had been a plain, hard-worked woman of sterling worth, and his fortunes had declined from the day she left him to guard them alone; but her successor had been a pale and delicate schoolteacher, who had roused some unsuspected longing for beauty and romance in John Price's otherwise prosaic nature. She had seemed like a windflower growing beside a ledge; and her husband had been forced to confess that she was not fit for a farmer's wife. If he could have had a combination of his two partners, he had once ventured to think, he would have been exactly suited. But it seemed to him, as he stood before the grave with his head bowed, the only way of making some sign of his sorrow, he had wrongfully accused an innocent man, his son and hers; and there he stayed, doing penance as best he could, until Eliza's voice called him to the house, and to some sort of comfortable existence and lack of self-reproof.

Before they had finished supper Warren came in, looking flushed and tired; but he took his seat at the table after a pleasant greeting, and the deacon passed him every plate within reach, treating him with uncommon politeness. The

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father could not help noticing that his son kept stealing glances at him, and that he looked pleased and satisfied. It seemed to him as if Warren must have known of his suspicions and of their happy ending, but it was discovered presently that the long-toiled-over machine had been proved a success. Warren had taken it to his former employer at Lowell, who had promised, so great was his delight with it, to pay the expenses of getting the patent in exchange for a portion of the right. "He said there would be no end to the sale of it," said the young man, looking eagerly at his father's face. "I would n't have run off so yesterday, but I was so full of it I could n't bear to think of losing the cars, and I did n't want to say one word about this thing till I was sure.

"I expect I have been slack," he continued with evident effort, while they leaned over the garden fence, and he looked at his father appealingly. "But the fact is, I could n't seem to think of other things; it took all there was of me to keep right after that. But now I 'm going to take right hold and be some help about the place. I don't seem to want to touch a tool again for a year." He looked pale and restless; the reaction from his long excitement had set in.

The deacon gave a shaky laugh, and struck his son's shoulder by way of a clumsy caress. "Don't you go to frettin' yourself now," he said. "I ain't felt so pleased as I do to-day since the day you come into the world. I sort of, felt certain then that you was goin' to be somebody, I do' know why 't was," — and he turned away suddenly toward the house. "If you are as rich as you say you be, I should n't wonder if between us we had n't better get them blinds painted, and smart up a little, another year. I declare, the old place has begun to look considerable gone to seed."

That night a great thunder shower broke the spell of the long drought, and afterward, until morning, the rain fell fast upon the thirsty ground. It was a good night to sleep, Eliza had said, as she wearily climbed the crooked backstairs at nine o'clock, for there was already a coolness in the air. She never was told the whole of the story about the wallet, for when she heard part of it she only said it was just like a man, — they were generally the most helpless creaturs alive. He might have known she had put it away somewhere. Why did n't he come and ask her? He never seemed to mistrust that it was a direct p'inting out of his duty to ride over to Somerset to the gathering, and just speak to the folks.

In the early morning, while it was cool and wet, the deacon drove up to the captain's farm, and the two selectmen perched on the chopping log again, and the confession was made and listened to with great gravity. The captain swore roundly in his satisfaction, and said he was going to have a square talk with Warren, and advise with him a little, for fear that those landsharks down in Lowell should undertake to cheat him. He stowed away the repayment of the loan in one of his big pockets, as if it were of little consequence to him, but he announced with considerable satisfaction at the next selectmen's meeting, that he owned a few planks of that three-masted schooner which the Otises were about ready to launch. And he winked at Deacon Price in a way that their brother Kendall was not able to understand.

Sarah Orne Jewett.

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VENICE.

WHILE the skies of this northern November
Scowl down with a darkening menace,
I wonder if you still remember
That marvelous summer in Venice, —

When the mornings by clouds unencumbered
Smiled on in unchanging persistence
On the broad, bright Lagura that slumbered
Afar in the magical distance;

And the mirror of waters reflected
The sails in their gay plumage, grouping
Like tropical birds that erected
Their wings, or sat drowsily drooping;

How by moonlight our gondola, gliding
Through gleams and through shadows of wonder,
With its sharp, flashing beak flew dividing
The waves slipping silently under.

Then almost too full seemed the chalice
Of new-brimming life and of beauty,
As we floated by Riva and palace,
Dogana and stately Salute,

Through deep-mouthed canals, overshaded
By balconies gray, quaint, and olden,
Where ruins of centuries faded
Stood stripped of their azure and golden.

Do you call back the days when before us
The masters of art shone, revealing
Their marvels of color, and o'er us
Glowed grand on the rich, massy ceiling

In the halls of the doges, where trembled
The state in its turbulent fever,
And purple-robed senates assembled
In days that are shadows forever?

You remember the yellow light tipping
The domes when the sunset was dying;
The crowds on the quays, and the shipping,
The pennons and flags that were flying;

Saint Mark's, with its mellow-toned glory,
The splendor and gloom of its riches;

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The columns Byzantine and hoary,
The arches, the gold-crusted niches;

And the days when the sunshine invited
The painters abroad, until, mooring
Their bark in the shadow, delighted
They wrought at their labors alluring;

The pictures receding in stretches
Of amber and opal around us,
The joy of our mornings of sketches,
The spell of achievement that bound us.

Ah, never I busy my brushes
With scenes of that radiant weather,
But through me the memory rushes
When we were in Venice together.

Fair Venice, the pearl-shell of cities!
Though poor the oblations we bring her, —
The pictures, the songs, and the ditties, —
Ah, still we must paint her and sing her!

A vision of beauty long vanished,
A dream that is joy to remember,
A solace that cannot be banished
By all the chill blasts of November!

Christopher P. Cranch.

THE NEW DEPARTURE IN NEGRO LIFE.

It is, I believe, universally admitted that the spirited pictures of negro life now current represent the past rather than the present. The picturesque old-time customs that have hitherto formed the main element in the conception of negro life have passed or are passing away. Doubtless the sense of their decadence adds to their interest. For, generally speaking, the perspective of time is no less essentially an adjunct of the picturesque than the perspective of space.

Where these characteristic festivities still linger their decadence is manifest; they are but phantoms of their former selves. Even the most casual observer cannot fail to be struck with the perfunctory, half-hearted manner in which they are gone through with. The immemorial corn shuckings, preëminently the most characteristic of all such "getherings," once the rendezvous of whole neighborhoods and the nocturnal scenes of mirth explosions perhaps unequaled since the days of the Bacchanal, are now very tame affairs indeed. Time was when November evenings were fitfully resonant with corn-shucking songs; when night after night stunning volumes of weirdest melody shrilled through the humid, helpful air, till met and buffeted

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by kindred strains; and when for many successive nights one would seek in vain to pass beyond their sway. Now vainly is the "oration put out;" no crowd assembles, and as a rule the planters are driven to husk corn in the daytime and with hired labor. Even when, in accordance with ancient usage, the negroes meet for that purpose, it is without zest or spirit, less carnival than conventicle.

Not that the freedman is one whit less sociable than formerly, for he is a gregarious creature. His faculties are as yet of too low an order to generate spontaneously sufficient mental pabulum. Reflection is out of his line. He seeks as eagerly as ever that stimulus indispensable to illiterate minds, which is found only in the crowd. Nor are the assemblies of the new cult anywise less noisy, demonstrative, and inflammable than those of the old. His ardor has simply taken a different turn. It is the same impetuous current of emotion, now swollen to a torrent, that has burst its former bounds, and worked itself a wholly different channel, — a channel doubtless more conformable to the instincts and genius of the race.

In short, an unmistakable change in negro character, the natural outcome of his altered conditions in life, is now at hand, and in an advanced stage of progress. He is putting away childish things, and striving in his own crude, grotesque way to grasp matters of higher import. The bulk of the black race have learned to read after a fashion. His primer, his *vade mecum*, is the Bible. And Bible reading, Bible poring, has produced its inevitable results on a race at once ignorant, imaginative, and supersusceptible. That wondrous volume is suddenly unsealed to hearts too impressible to ignore; to minds too unphilosophical to nullify. Sudden light discovers and fies to an unthinking, godless peo- awful peril of their position. A heaven looms above; a still hell yawns beneath. They recoil in horror and dismay from their previous course. Everything appertaining to it is rigidly, indiscriminately tabooed. Presto! his lightness turns to gravity, his mirth to austerity, and his freedom to asceticism. Agreeableness is the touchstone to which he brings every thought, action, and word. Pleasure and happiness become synonyms for vice and ungodliness.

Never before, perhaps, in the history of the world have two decades brought about such a manifest change in a race. It is as impossible for the jocund customs of the past to subsist in this atmosphere as for the carnivals and merry-meetings of the sixteenth century to survive the austere spirit of the Reformation and inceptive Puritanism. The corn shuckings and "shindigs" have fallen as irrecoverably as fell the saturnalia of the "Boy Bishop," the "Abbot of Unreason," or the "Pope of Fools." To the morbidly intense and brooding imagination of the impassioned religionist, impending damnation is too vivid, too real, to admit of levity or even of cheerfulness. Every trivial daily action, lopped, stretched, and distorted, is subjected to the Procrustean test of Biblical models, or pseudo-models. Religion, religionism, has permeated and steeped every fibre of his being. It forms the staple of his speech by day, and the stuff that his dreams are made of by night. This is intensified as he grows in Biblical knowledge. The metaphors and illustrations with which he never tires of garnishing his talk have but one source. Nothing warms his blood so quickly or so thoroughly as religious controversy, into which he enters with the volubility of a Kettledrummle and the pertinacity of a Mause Headrigg. He dogmatizes with equal glibness on the abstruse and the simple. He expounds the unfathomable mysteries of the Apocalypse with the same offhand ease and patronizing self-sufficiency that he proves immersion to be

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the primitive and only authentic and efficacious mode of baptism. His active imagination literalizes the entire Scriptures, and he has an inbred contempt for commentaries. Barring the unspellable names, the Bible is to him a volume of glass, clear, plain, unmistakable, seen through at a glance, from Genesis to Revelation. Nor are his interpretations always inept or ever unoriginal. He has the insight, one-sided and defective though it may be, which the fanatic seldom lacks.

The preference he shows for particular parts of the sacred volume is also highly characteristic. He prefers the technically religious to the practically righteous, the old Bible to the new. It has to do more with the concrete, and is therefore more congenial and more tangible to men of low mental and spiritual cast. Its thoroughly human tone is more in accord with the coarseness and crudeness of his moral fibre. It depicts an intensely religious life in which religion and ethics were widely sundered. And when I predicate these features of the negro cult, I assert no more than could be broadly maintained of every religion save Christianity alone, and what was in great measure true of that prior to the comparatively modern divorce between the secular and the spiritual.

However, the New Testament is by no means unread. Perhaps it is read as much as the Old, though its contents are not so readily assimilated. But even there the reader's preferences are no less characteristic. The parables and the vision of St. John seem to be his favorites. Especially if the plot of the parable — if I may use the term — bears an analogy to some incident with which he is familiar, or is founded on some phase of nature which has come under his own observation, it strikes him at once. He revolves it in his mind again and again, and is as much delighted at his cleverness as was the primitive Indian when he first found himself able to manipulate a fire-lock or a jack-knife. I have never heard a negro quote any part of the Sermon on the Mount, saving perhaps the parable of the candle and the bushel. Perhaps it is too direct and practical. He seeks canons of faith rather than rules of action. It is simply maintaining a truism to assert that poetry is more insinuating than philosophy or ethical codes; that the imaginative faculty preludes the reasoning.

Almost the last spark of the negro's hilarity and joyousness is quenched by this chilling religionism. Saving the indispensable vocations of life, there is little or no discrimination between the secular and the sinful. To be happy is to be wicked. Dancing and the singing of secular songs are relegated to the category of unpardonable sins. It is safer to impeach his honesty than his orthodoxy. Better call him a bad man than a lax Christian. For from his point of view the terms are by no means synonymous. With him, as with all similarly conditioned people, religious fervor and practical uprightness go not always hand in hand.

A case highly illustrative of this point came recently under my own observation. In the neighborhood lived a cheery, light-hearted negro fiddler called "Sol." Sol, though the rendering of divers of his pieces might have grated somewhat on an over refined ear, saw fit to dub himself "er born musicianer;" and as his music sufficed to dance by, no one challenged his right to bear the title. His position was both popular and lucrative. In fact, the earnings of his fiddle were about double the gross product of his little farm, on which he and his family — particularly the latter — delved year in and year out. For many years did this rustic Ole Bull withstand the aggressive religious ferment that encompassed him. His wife succumbed and "got religion," as did his children down to an age far below what is commonly deemed the limit of moral

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responsibility. Finally there opened a revival, exceptionally long, fervid, and uproarious. Sol "come through," and his first act of atonement was to immolate with all due solemnity his fiddle, as both fellow and instrument in his old ways of unutterable turpitude; leaving its shreds as an accursed thing by the stump over which it was shivered. Thenceforward his face wore an altered look. Not only the expression changed, but the very cast of the features was different. He at once became as much noted for silence and ruefulness as he had been for loquacity and merry-making. But sad to tell, scarce three months had worn away when a neighboring mill was feloniously entered, and several sacks of flour taken therefrom. By a fortuitous chain of circumstances the flour was traced direct to Sol's house and found under his bed, in bags bearing the mill-owner's name. He confessed the theft, which was indeed undeniable, and got a twelvemonth in the penitentiary. But being popular, and hitherto irreproachable in character, a numerously signed petition effected his release somewhat short of that term.

He has lately returned home, and though laboring under the stigma of confessed theft, no measure of reward or punishment could drive him to touch a fiddle or engage in any form of worldly diversion. Nor is he, viewed from his standpoint, a hypocrite or mere simulator of piety. He does not profess to be *sans tache*, but what candid man does? His grotesque, illogical mind totally reverses the scale of culpable actions. To him ungodliness is a crime, theft a peccadillo. It is blameworthy to steal, but atrocious to enjoy one's self. In fine, he seems to think that the rigidness with which he observes the first half of the decalogue atones for his frequent infringement of the remainder. In his zeal to perform his duty towards God, he overlooks his duty towards his neighbor.

The vast majority of the blacks are Baptist. Next in point of numbers come the Methodists. Lastly, though vastly in the minority, stand the Presbyterians and Episcopalians. In fact, the latter admit and deplore their inability to carry out an adequate system of missionary work among the negroes. In only a few of the large towns do we find African Episcopal churches. True, all the white Episcopal churches have galleries set apart for the negroes, but they are unused, or at most sparsely occupied. It is not uncommon to see a white Episcopal church with one or more colored members; but the chances are that one will turn out to be the well-paid sexton, and the rest a couple of superannuated carriage drivers, who, having in former days "'sociated wid the quality," scorn to "take up wid poor folks and niggers."

As a rule the doctrine and ritual of this church seem utterly incomprehensible, and therefore repellant, to the negro. He harbors an undisguised distrust of it. He does not consider it religion at all. He has not the faintest idea that it can save anybody. There is too little heat and too much form; and the negro is the truceless enemy of form in religion or out of religion. He is a creature of emotion, impulse, noise. Restraint is odious, insupportable. An apt text, a familiar allusion, or simply the shout of a fellow listener, plunges him into ecstasies, and thenceforward he is alive only to the sound of his own voice.

As an illustration of what the mass of the negroes think of Episcopacy, I will give a colloquy I once overheard between an old Baptist negro and his former master's son. It had been nearly a score of years since they parted, and the affectionate old man had made a long and weary journey on foot to see as a man the one he had doted on as a child. Before separating he gave the talk a religious turn, expressing much

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anxiety lest the young man should be lost.

"Why, Uncle Ned," responded the youth, "I attend church regularly, and endeavor in all things to do what is right. What more can I do?"

"Ah, Mars Tom, Mars Tom," said the old man fervently, "when did yer get 'ligion? Whar was it yer went down under de water? 'Member, child, de good book says 'pent and be baptized, else yer ca' enter de kingdom of heaben."

"True, Uncle Ned," was the rejoinder; "but you must remember that we Episcopalians, while as devout and earnest as you are, have different notions of what repentance and baptism mean. We are less demonstrative though more deliberate than you are."

"Child," said the old man solemnly, "yer talk is too highfalutin fer me. But de Bible is plain as A, B, C, whar it says yer is got ter 'pent and be baptized, er yer 'll be damned. Ise erfeard, fact I knows, yer's not done nuther. It 's dat Pisterpalium church what 's der matter long yer. Fer what wid yer gittin's up and yer sittin' down, and yer 'sponsin', and yer prayin' prayers dat er man up Norf made and put 'em in er book, and yer mellydoriums er playin' all ther time, yer 's so tuck up ther Sperit ca' come nigh yer. Why, honey, dese same old eyes" (touching them thoughtfully) "is seed yer preacher lookin' on at folks dancin' and breakin' der commandments. And dat ai' all. My Polly says she seed him fingerin' un er fiddle hisself, and moughter nigh 'bout ter play. 'Member, honey, ther Scripture says keep yer lamp trum an' er burnin', an' yer ile-can full ter pour in it."

"Now, Uncle Ned," was the evasive reply, "I hope you don't think my lamp is without oil, do you?"

"Child, tai' even got no wick in it. Fac' is, Ise erfeard yer ai' even got no lamp," muttered the decrepit old negro, as he mournfully shambled off.

As before stated, the bulk of the negroes are Baptists, staunch and immovable. Nor is the reason for their preference hard to find. The glowing, tumultuous, uncontrolled fervor of the revival, where hundreds writhing in inward agony literally cast themselves in the dust; the weird, preternatural solemnity of the night on which each new convert rises in turn in the hushed, dimly lit church, and with hands stretched towards heaven pours out with characteristic volubility his minute, realistic account of his desperate struggle with the devil, his hairbreadth escape from hell, his brief sojourn in heaven; the haunting scene of the baptizing, where thousands assemble around the leaf-ensconced, unrippled pond, gazing, swaying, singing, shouting, awakening echoes that have slumbered since the departure of the red man, — these, these only, are the sermons that speak irresistibly to him. Without them religion is dull, insipid, unalluring.

The negro preachers may be sharply divided into two classes, the educated and the uneducated; or as they phrase it, the "larnt" and the "unlarnt." The former are young men who have grown up amid the new order of things, and who by dint of their own industry and frugality have managed to defray part of the cost of their limited education, some assistance having been afforded by their respective churches. They read with tolerable fluency, are slight smatterers in theology, and write after a fashion which, although almost wholly unintelligible to educated people, is, I believe, decipherable by their own race. These young divines, though they have higher ideals for their race, and are gradually acquiring a wholesome influence over them, do not as yet possess the sway of the older uneducated preachers. It would seem that they have learned just enough to make them obscure enough to lift them out of sympathy with their simple-minded hearers, but not enough

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to give them true breadth and insight; and while sticklers for polysyllables, they fret in grammatical traces, insomuch that the soul-glow, the ebullient spontaneity of the race, is entangled and smothered. Book lore is as yet clogs, not pinions.

It is among the older set, if anywhere, that we must look for the traditional black orator. His originality would more than satisfy the wildest apostle of the unconventional. Neither in point of rite or doctrine is he fettered, scarce even guided, by rule or precedent. He manufactures theology with the nonchalance of a Jesuit, and coins words with the facility of a Carlyle. He may just be able to flounder through a chapter of Scripture, uncouth in gesture, barbarous in diction, yet earnestness lends dignity to his manner, and passion fuses his jargon into eloquence. He may habitually outrage logic and occasionally contravene Scripture, but the salient points of his discourse are sound, and his words go straight home to the hearts of his hearers.

His power out of the pulpit is also great, almost boundless. Within his own parish he is practically priest and pope. Excommunication itself is his most trenchant weapon. Never was papal anathema a more potent bugbear than his threat to "cut off." His censorship of the morals and deportment of his flock, though to our minds insupportably annoying and humiliating, is undoubtedly wholesome and necessary. Though his discipline can by no means escape the charge of inconsistency, his influence is always exerted to make them honest and faithful men and women, and to restrain the besetting sins of the race. In many instances he resorts to their employers for information touching their honesty and industry. Then monthly, on a stated Saturday, they are rigidly required to assemble and give an account of themselves. As the negroes possess almost a morbid local attachment, they are exceeding loath to transfer their membership, when in quest of employment they move to a distance, and in many instances this monthly attendance involves a tramp of forty miles or more. But no excuse is taken, and upon failure to attend for three consecutive months they are unhesitatingly cut off. It is at these meetings that all rumors touching the morals and deportment of each member are rigidly investigated, and the culprits summarily, though from our standpoint indiscriminately, punished; the same penalty — six months' suspension — being inflicted for dancing and for theft, for worldliness and for unchastity.

It is manifest to all acquainted with the facts that the social and moral elevation of the negro is not coextensive with his religious inflation. His perverted conception of religious truth, the wide chasm between his belief and his practice, might mislead many to suppose that he is actually retrograding; that he is really worse than when he professed nothing. But a stream should be judged by its current, not by its eddies; and on a wide and prolonged survey of the race it is plain that it moves. The motion is slow, almost imperceptible, but it is in the right direction. It is true that religion has as yet wrought little change in the negro's conduct. His undiscriminating mind sees small inconsistency in sanctity and dishonesty, piety and untruthfulness, devoutness and unchastity. He cannot always understand that probity should be the handmaid of religion, that works should accompany faith, and that one must needs be moral before he can truly be religious.

O. W. Blacknall.

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WHAT INSTRUCTION SHOULD BE GIVEN IN OUR COLLEGES?

At the time of founding the earlier American colleges, mental discipline was the chief end of the four years' course of study. But if college professors were asked to-day what is the chief end of the course, we fear that many of them could not give satisfactory answers. Certainly their answers would not be the same. If they should say mental discipline, the answer could not easily be reconciled with the long, incongruous list of studies, the primary aim for pursuing which is to store the mind with facts. If they should say, to acquire knowledge, the answer could not easily be reconciled with the presence of Latin, Greek, and mathematics in the course. If they should say, mental discipline and general culture, the answer would betray a very imperfect conception of what constitutes general culture, considering our enormously expanded circle of knowledge and our mental activity. If they should say, there is no longer a chief end, but that several ends are kept in sight, then it is very desirable to know what these ends are, and whether they are worth the cost of attaining them.

To acquire mental discipline, Latin, Greek, and mathematics were formerly regarded the best instruments. For many years this idea of college instruction was unchallenged, and even now is maintained by some persons with unlessened confidence. From most minds, however, the idea has been partly or wholly dislodged. Latin and Greek are prized as highly as they ever were for their beauty, strength, and finish, but have lost their magic charm as instruments for fashioning the mind. They have been cast down from their peculiar niche in the educational structure, and perhaps will never be replaced.

So long as the chief aim of college instruction was mental discipline, and so long as Latin, Greek, and mathematics were regarded the best instruments for acquiring it, the course was consistent. But when the craving for more knowledge was developed, to satisfy which new studies were added, the consistency disappeared. Every additional study was a new disfigurement. When the sciences were added, one by one, — physics, geology, mineralogy, chemistry, botany, and so on, — the disfigurement was complete. A confused jumble of studies is now seen, creating the painful impression that the old curriculum has been shaken by an earthquake.

That the present course is a concretion, and not a systematic and fair growth, hardly any one will deny. It resembles an ancient building which originally was well proportioned and pleasing, and which served a highly useful purpose. It was indeed the goodliest structure of the time. All honor to the builders! But by making additions the proportion of parts has been destroyed, and the beauty of the original design wholly lost. We may call the structure a building, but it certainly does not serve the end for which it was designed as perfectly as it did in the beginning.[1]

This is clearly enough seen by most of our college teachers. We may find fault with them for not rebuilding, but we should do them a far greater wrong by asserting that they have not seen more or less clearly the chaotic condi-

[1] In this connection Dugald Stewart's famous remark on the universities of his day is worth repeating: "The academical establishments of some parts of Europe are not without their use to the historian of the human mind. Immovably moored to the same station by the strength of their cables and the weight of their anchors, they enable him to measure the rapidity of the current by which the rest of the world is borne along."

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tion into which the structure has fallen. The proof that they see is the permission given to students to decide to some extent what studies they shall pursue. College professors know how general is the dislike among students of many of the studies now pursued, especially Latin, Greek, and mathematics. To make college instruction more satisfactory to them, "the elective system," as it is called, has been introduced. This phrase finely illustrates the trick which can be played with language, for the elective system is no system; it is the abandonment of a system. The adoption of the elective system is simply a confession that the existing curriculum is inadequate, and that the student knows better than his teacher what to learn. We earnestly maintain that those who have spent their lives in educating boys and young men, and who are familiar with the experience of former educators, know best what the course should be. "Young America" is "smart," but we do not believe that he has advanced far enough to prescribe for himself.

If, then, the existing course be imperfect, how can it be improved? We maintain that college instruction should be prescribed with reference to the following aims: (1) to discipline the mind; (2) to teach the expression of thought in speech and writing in the best manner; (3) to develop the powers of the body and mind as well as an understanding of moral and social relations; (4) to impart knowledge; (5) to build up a solid foundation for those special studies and pursuits which are to be undertaken after the completion of the course.

(1.) There is no need to define what we mean by mental discipline. Nothing connected with higher education is better understood. Persons, when told in their youth that one aim of education is to discipline the mind, do not understand what is meant, but with fuller mental maturity they do. Now we would contend as strenuously as any devotee to the study of ancient language that this end should never be obscured. To explore the vast domain of knowledge, to carry our conquests further, the mind must be perfected to the highest possible degree, and that this end may be better attained is a strong reason why the present college course should be revised. For the multiplicity of studies now pursued does not conduce to the highest mental discipline. The mind is distracted by them. Some change of study is desirable for healthy mental growth, but not too much. There must be fewer studies if we would have stronger minds. Mental power in every direction should be developed: the critical faculty should be sharpened; the reflective faculty be broadened and deepened; the constructive, exercised; the memory, strengthened. But to effect this mental enlargement and strengthening, a course of study very different from the present must be prescribed.

How can mental discipline be best acquired? Here we come to the parting of the ways. One class of educators maintain that this can be done best by the study of Latin and Greek; another class, by the study of science. A third class contend that mental discipline is the result of a method of studying rather than of the particular study pursued.

Does the most careful analysis of the ancient languages disclose any peculiar elements by the mastery of which the mind is better trained than by the mastery of other studies? If, for example, the training of the memory be desired, cannot this be effected as perfectly by learning a modern language as by learning the long-honored Latin and Greek? If the desired training be that of the judgment or power to discriminate, cannot this be had as well by comparing the definitions of words in modern languages, their shades of meaning, and by different translations of phrases and sentences in them, as by pursuing the same exercises in the ancient languages? The

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more critically the point is studied the more clearly does the fact appear that any power of mind, or the mind as a unity, can be as highly developed by the study of modern languages as by that of the ancient ones. No peculiar quality has been discovered in them for exercising the mind. They are not specifics. The persons who maintain that they are have never shown wherein their superiority consists. They have never gone farther than to make general assertions.

If our conclusions be correct, we are confronted with the question, Should Latin and Greek be retained in the curriculum as means of general culture? We should employ every means to extend our culture; not the smallest trifle of intellectual or moral beauty, from whatever source, should be cast aside. But we would no longer confine our conception of general culture to the mastery of the Latin and Greek languages and literatures. Such a conception is too narrow. The man who can give you a fine description of Cybele, or any other god of Aryan mythology, but cannot give you a good account of the part that Jefferson and Adams played in American history, or of the functions of the lungs, should no longer be regarded a cultivated man. Once there was no science, and hardly any history, outside that of Greece and Rome. Since then many planets of knowledge have been added to the few which existed before. These additions have had the effect of changing the meaning of culture. Unhappily, many of our college professors do not seem to have found this out. They are still dreaming in the moonlight of the Middle Ages. They still believe that young men should get the same education as was prescribed for them when the world knew less. It is time to dispel this pernicious idea. Modern culture is infinitely broader and deeper than mediæval culture, and to get it the appropriation of all the mental and moral wealth of Greece and Rome will not suffice. In drawing from these sources, however, an easier and more fruitful method than the present one can be employed, and we should not hesitate to employ it. What more convincing proof is wanted of the necessity for doing this than the introduction and success of the elective system?

One reason why these languages continue to enchant men is because, for many centuries, they were the best sources of culture. Refinement is associated with them as closely as a polished man with a home in which beauty is everywhere visible. Through long association of this nature, therefore, these languages possess an enchanting power. But though they were formerly the principal sources of mental culture, they are not now. The knowledge of the ancients was confined within narrow bounds, like the physical world they knew. Those who regard the Latin and Greek literatures as the principal means of general culture have no adequate conception of the vast acquisitions since those ancient springs ceased to flow. Placing before our view the entire field of knowledge and the entire history of man, can we believe that those two ancient languages, and the people who used them, possess such a potency of general culture to the present generation as some persons maintain? This can be attained only by drawing copiously from other and living fountains. The social life of the Greeks never reached the plane of more modern people; their moral ideas were less finely cut than our own; their aspirations were lower, and most of their writings are as cheerless as George Eliot's, containing not a gleam of hope for man. Since those far-off times men have come to love the truth more for the truth's sake; life has become an infinitely grander thing, is filled with nobler yearnings and possibilities, and is cheered with better revelations. In many ways there has been an immense development, to know of which will

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bring a broader, higher, and better culture than can be acquired by the most assiduous study of the ways and works of the Greeks and the Romans, or by the largest infusion of their spirit.

(2.) The next aim of the four years' courses should be to teach the student how to express his thoughts in speech and writing in the best manner. Until recently the attention bestowed on this subject was very slight. It was assumed that a student understood his mother tongue when he entered college. Yet too often students knew not how to construct a strong English sentence when they entered or when they left. Perhaps they knew at the end of their college career how to write an elegant Greek one; but the persons met in the outside world did not know Greek, and Greek composition availed nothing among them. If the English language has been improved and enriched by studying Greek and Latin, on the other hand, English grammar and English composition have been debased by the admixture of too much foreign alloy. The borrowings and copyings have been too servile and frequent. This is especially noteworthy of those who strenuously maintain that Latin and Greek should retain their place in the curriculum. They have studied Latin and Greek most zealously, but forgotten or never acquired their own tongue. However well adapted the study of these languages may be for disciplinary purposes, it is not helpful to an effective mastery of English, judged by most of the utterances and writings of the defenders and teachers of the ancient classics.

Knowledge is power; so is language. The study of the method of expressing thought, however, is of supreme importance. Our colleges are awakening very slowly to the need of better instruction on the subject.

The first line of study, therefore, should be language, extending through the four years' course. We would have three languages taught, English, French, and German. Nevertheless, if a student, when entering college, desired to study Latin and Greek instead of French and German, his desire should be respected. We would not ignore the great merits of Latin and Greek instruction, but for many reasons we maintain that French and German are entitled to a higher place. The stress of our argument, however, is that five languages, beside the other studies now prescribed, cannot be thoroughly acquired in four years. The time is too short for more than three languages; hence the student, in the beginning of his college career, should decide to study either Latin and Greek or French and German. Frequent compositions in English should be required, and there should be enough instructors to give to each student special training in the art. At present, how little attention can be given to this subject! Now and then a student gets fifteen minutes of instruction from a professor, but this is only a small fraction of the time that should be devoted to each student. Our instructors doubtless do the best they can, but they are too few to furnish the instruction required. Were adequate instruction given, perhaps a wonderful revolution would be wrought in our speech and literature. Amazing as are the conquests of science, the acquisitions in philology and in almost every department of knowledge, we believe that new and splendid glories will be reflected by voice and pen, when our college courses shall be so revised that a profound study of the capacity of the English language for speech and written composition shall be undertaken. Is there any reason for supposing that our vehicle of thought can be brought no nearer to perfection? It may appear some day that our language is now in a crude, half-developed stage, its greatest power and beauty unknown. How great is the pleasure of the Greek scholar in unlock-

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ing the wonderful secrets inclosed in the Greek particles! But if he had displayed half the industry in trying to add force to these little words in English, perhaps they would excite more admiration to-day from the philosophical linguist than the particles of any other language. The old Greeks sought to make their language a powerful instrument for the expression of thought, and their success is one of the perpetual wonders of the world. We too should strive to make our language beautiful and perfect, but this can never be done simply by studying Greek, any more than a homely woman can become beautiful by studying the beauty of another. To make our language a more perfect instrument of thought, we must radically change our method of studying it. The Greeks did not improve their language by studying the languages of contemporaries. They knew Greek, and it alone. Why will not the modern worshiper of the Greek language adopt the method by which that marvelous instrument of speech was made so perfect? If this method should be adopted, the English language of the future may be as superior to ours as the Greek of the age of Pericles was to that of Hesiod or Anaximenes.

The time has fully come for our colleges to do this work. It is peculiarly their own, — to teach and develop the latent capacities of the English tongue. No longer should the might of philological teaching be devoted to Greek and Latin. Employ this power in the mastery of English, and good results will speedily appear. Erelong these results would doubtless silence all who still cling to the wreck of the ancient order of things, and lead them to confess their error in adhering too long to a course of study which consisted in admiring the past, rather than in resolutely determining to improve their own language and to make it a perfect instrument in which to set the precious gems of thought.

The colleges have played an ignoble part in maintaining that Greek and Latin were the best mental gymnastics, and worthy of all the study bestowed on them, because they are so finished. One feels that the men who say these things are hardly a part of the world, or have much at heart the permanent improvement of mankind. We have read some parts of President Porter's book on American Colleges several times, and every re-reading caused additional pain, because he showed so much admiration for the past, and so little inclination toward improvement. If our language be not so beautiful as the Greek, if our morality be inferior to theirs, if our sense of beauty be less keen, if our intellect be not so acute, if our manhood be below the Attic standard, let us resolve to advance. But let us not march by the roundabout way of Greece and Rome, as if we did not care much about improving ourselves. Let us adopt a course of instruction which shall plainly reveal to the student the ends to be attained by pursuing it. We confess our surprise that a clergyman like President Porter, whose Christian living and thinking have been consistent and of fine example, should dwell so fondly on the ancient classics as a means of moral and æsthetic culture. Instead of giving up so much of those precious four years to an admiration of the past in literature and art, the student should be more thoroughly stimulated and prepared for the work of life.

How often have men declared that when they went forth into the world at the end of their college career, instead of having been fitted for their work, they were unfitted! After a time, they acquired needful knowledge and unlearned much. The college of to-day is too unreal. Doubtless something can be said in favor of making it so, of breaking up former modes of thought and action. But the re-creation of the student is often carried too far. The

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consequence is, he becomes unfitted to master the situation, while the theory of college education is that he will master it more easily. The study of Latin, Greek, and mathematics is the chief agency in putting him into this idealistic, unreal condition, — of losing him, as it were, in the world. These studies touch life so remotely, they abstract the student so far from the world, that when he gets into it he is like a babe, and much must be explained to him. After sundry mishaps and no little ridicule his eyes are opened, and he ceases to see men as trees walking. Root out the ancient languages and mathematics, substitute French, German, and English, and men will be sent into the world better equipped than they are now. They will remain near enough to the actual world in college to know how to act when they go outside. It is true that we are "as soldiers fighting in a foreign land, understanding not the plan of the campaign;" but we shall fight with more heart and energy, and with stronger hope of winning, if our preparation, though inadequate, seems fitted for the work before us, than we shall if distrustful of our preparation. Life always becomes solemn as soon as we discover what it really is: but in the former case solemnity is brightened with hope; in the other, it is darkened with despair so great that many flee from the field as soon as dangers appear.

(3.) The next line of study pertains to the cultivation of the body and mind, and to the moral and social relations.

The first three studies in this line should be anatomy, physiology, and hygiene. Through the first study we should learn how the body is constructed, through the second what are its dynamics, and through the third how to conserve the body and use it most effectively. These studies, therefore, should come first in the second line, and run parallel with the first line. They form the physical groundwork for all future study. They properly stand at the portal through which we must enter the temple of knowledge.

Next in the same line of study should follow logic and mental philosophy. These studies are needful to teach us what are the powers of mind and how to employ them. Of course, some persons maintain that mental philosophy is dreary and useless, because no certain knowledge can be attained. They say that the whole ground is a battlefield on which men have been contending since the earliest ages, and that nothing has yet been settled. Should such a study as this, they say, be pursued in our colleges? This, however, is a shallow way of regarding the matter. Many of the questions lying in the domain of mental philosophy are asked by every thoughtful person, and whether answers shall ever be found satisfactory to all minds, many desire to know what answers have been given. But there is a considerable body of valid knowledge concerning the mind which surely should be acquired. Besides, this study has an excellent disciplinary effect. The student learns to discriminate, to analyze, and to construct. In no other study is the synthetic faculty more powerfully exercised.

The study of anatomy and physiology is a good introduction to logic and mental philosophy. There is a physical side to this study which, until recent years, has been too much ignored. Most of the teachers of mental philosophy have known nothing about anatomy and physiology, and consequently have taught a one-sided mental philosophy and psychology. While many of the anatomists and physiologists have gone to the other extreme, it must be apparent that by pursuing these four studies in the order named, more useful and satisfying results are likely to be attained than by continuing the present course of study.

After unfolding the physical and mental powers we reach the moral ones.

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This is by a regular and natural gradation. Then follows the study of man in his social relations, and thus a knowledge of the state and of our duty as citizens is a proper outgrowth and completion of this line of study.

(4.) The aim of the third line of study is to acquire facts. These are to be drawn from history. History is the record of the world's experience. A high value should be put on this knowledge. It is true that prejudice may be fed in studying history, while no danger of the kind is possible in studying the binomial theorem. But the risk may be wisely taken for the sake of the knowledge. In every field containing wheat, tares abound; yet it is better to work in a wheat-field than to dig wells in a desert.

But, says the defender of Latin and Greek, if we would learn all the lessons which Greece and Rome have for us, we must master their languages. We will not deny that an accomplished Latin and Greek scholar ought to draw more wisdom from Greek and Roman history than he who has an imperfect acquaintance with the Latin and Greek languages, or none whatever. But we must remember that only at rare intervals does a Latin or Greek scholar of high order blossom in our colleges. They educate far more sunflowers than century plants. Most of their graduates do not advance so far as to drink in the lessons of Greek and Roman wisdom more fully than others do by a different and an easier method. On the other hand, if the time spent in acquiring these languages were devoted to our own, and French and German, and in storing up the best experience of mankind, the college student would get a better culture than he is getting now.

Beginning with the cave and lake dwellers, and following with the geography, history, and archæology of succeeding peoples, this third line of study should be extended to the present time, broadening out and deepening as we advanced. All sides of life should be considered, — the political, moral, religious, industrial, social, and economic.

Such knowledge shows the action of man, his influence, his victories over nature. It is one-sided, however, regarded from one point of view, because it does not show the power of nature over man. To supplement, correct, and complete this knowledge a study of man's environment is essential. But instead of studying nature in a fragmentary way, as colleges do now, by merely peeping into geology, mineralogy, astronomy, botany, physics, chemistry, and the like, it is proposed that instruction should be given in the physical history of the universe. This would comprise the different theories concerning the origin of the earth, its form and motions, the composition of the sun and planets and the probable history of the solar system, the forces of nature and their operation, an inquiry into the materials composing the earth, and the order of the vegetable and animal creation from the beginning to the present. This study would be an unveiling of the wonders of the universe, a blending of all the sciences into one, whereby their mastery would be easy and useful. The study of science would no longer be fragmentary. It may be objected that this knowledge should precede the history of man. Though it relates to the world chiefly before man appeared, yet it would be easier to study his history first, and the order of knowledge might be reversed in the mind as soon as the student had traversed the whole field. This third line of study, it is also proposed, should run through the entire course.

(5.) These three lines of study would form a broad and solid foundation for any kind of superstructure of knowledge. Considered with reference to future studies, the proposed course is preparatory only, — the vestibule to the glories which may be seen by all who

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enter the inner courts of knowledge, and devote themselves to further study.

Perhaps something should be said concerning the total exclusion of mathematics from the proposed course. A thorough knowledge of the elementary mathematics should be required of the student when entering college; the higher mathematics should be regarded as technical studies, and relegated to the courses of which they form a necessary part. The superiority of such a course of study over the present, we maintain, is very great.

(1.) Far better discipline of mind and body would be acquired, assuming, of course, that the studies proposed were taught with as much thoroughness as the studies now prescribed. Under the proposed system, the student would be pursuing three lines of study at a time: one in language, another relating to the cultivation of his physical and mental powers and his moral and social duties, and a third relating primarily to the acquisition of facts. In the first two lines of study, and also in the relation which one study bears to another, mental discipline is kept in view. There is change enough to rest the mind and impart to it the elasticity needful for its best development, as well as concentration enough to prevent the mind from scattering and becoming dissipated and weakened, as often happens in pursuing the present chaotic course.

(2.) The studies would be more perfectly mastered than the larger number in the existing course. If four years were needed to master the old curriculum, surely four years are not enough for the modern. Doubtless they are right who contend that colleges graduated better disciplined men formerly than they do to-day. And the reason is very simple, namely, when fewer studies were taught they were more thoroughly acquired; and thoroughness of study is the essence of mental discipline.

(3.) The student would be better prepared to contend with the world than he is after finishing the present course. He would have a true idea of life. He would have a richer fund of experience. He would have a far better knowledge of himself. He would have less to unlearn. He could make better use of all that he had been taught.

If Latin, Greek, and mathematics were eliminated from the four years' course, would they lose their standing in the court of knowledge? Certainly not. They would be fitted into other courses of which they would form a more important part. If one intended to study theology, beside studying Hebrew he should study Greek, because to the theological student it has a special value. If one intended to study law, he should also study Latin, in order to master the Roman jurisprudence, which is the admiration of all who are accomplished in the law. Medicine has well-defined courses of study concerning which nothing need be said. There are numerous scientific courses, which properly cover the entire fields of science and mathematics. No study, therefore, is put in the background; the complete curriculum of knowledge is simply rearranged so as to serve a more useful purpose.

There are courses, also, in philology for persons desirous of making a further study of language, in philosophy for the still unsatisfied, and in economic and political science. Other courses may be added, as they become needful, to cover in a systematic way the entire mental sphere.

It must be apparent to the reader that all knowledge is reduced to more perfect symmetry by the general course and by the special courses here indicated than it has been by the courses hitherto prescribed. We have not thrown away the smallest fragment. We have simply rearranged our knowledge so that it can be more easily gained, the relation of one division of it to another

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be more easily seen and understood, and our power and happiness be materially increased.

The criticism may be made that such a course would be too rigid, and would not give sufficient play to the different types of mind. So far as possible, college teachers should understand these types, and adapt studies to them in order to produce the highest mental development. Surely, if a student be incapable of comprehending the calculus or metaphysics, he should not be forced to pursue those studies. Such treatment is both disheartening and demoralizing. Other studies should be substituted, but the teacher should have the controlling voice in choosing. The studies which a student intended to pursue when entering college should not be dropped when half completed, unless for reasons which are thought sufficient by his teachers. The claim is made that since the introduction of "the elective system" students choose studies that are congenial to their tastes, and which are adapted to their mental capacities; but the greater truth is, they generally choose the studies that are easiest, and for the reason that they desire to escape from work. Like electricity, they move along the lines of least resistance. If the proposed course be adapted to students generally, the substitution of one study for another in a particular case should turn on the question of the student's capacity, and not on his inclination. In no case should a student be permitted to depart from the course without the approval of his teachers, whose decision should be based, not simply on the desire of the student, but on the belief that a better result would be obtained by pursuing another study than the one prescribed in the course.

A few words may be added concerning the adoption of the course: (1.) It may be adopted as a substitute for the present course. This may be regarded as too daring an experiment. (2.) It may be adopted as an independent course, and tried alongside the other. This would be a very interesting experiment, because the inferiority or superiority of the proposed course would more clearly appear. The experiment, however, would require another corps of instructors, and the cost of maintaining them doubtless would be too great for most institutions. (3.) A third way is to adopt parts of the proposed course at different times. Latin and Greek might be reduced by degrees, and more of English, French, and German put in their place. Mathematics might be supplanted by anatomy, physiology, and hygiene. The physical history of the universe might be substituted for the studies in physical science. Thus one study after another in the proposed course might be substituted, until the reconstruction of the course was complete. Changes so slowly made would probably excite less opposition, would involve no additional expense, and could hardly be regarded as experiments.

Is there not truth enough in the ideas herein set forth to repay their consideration by those who are studying the question of higher education? Something must be done without delay. The theory is fallacious that students who know but little about themselves, and still less about the ends of education and how they are to be attained, know best what and how to study. Let those who have meditated on the question longest and most deeply undertake the long-needed work of reconstructing the course on sound principles. The task may seem arduous, but the loss occasioned by every year's delay is very great. In the vivid knowledge of innumerable shipwrecks, caused too often by an imperfect outfit, a mighty effort should be made, if need be, to start our youth on the voyage of life better prepared to encounter the many difficulties which even the most favored voyager cannot escape.

Albert S. Bolles.

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A GOOD-BY TO RIP VAN WINKLE.

We are getting into the last days of Jefferson's Rip Van Winkle. We shall see it now and then, of course, so long as Mr. Jefferson keeps the stage; but it is not likely to be his *pièce de résistance* after this season, and, unless signs fail, it will in future be something like a wedding suit, taken out on anniversaries and admired or criticised, but not worn for every-day occasions. Besides, Mr. Jefferson will probably not play except for parts of seasons hereafter, and then for the greater portion of the time in other pieces than Rip Van Winkle.

At the close of his last engagement in Chicago, it was estimated by Mr. Jefferson that he had played the part of Rip forty-five hundred times. No modern play — we doubt if any play, ancient or modern — has ever been presented so many times by one actor. From the commercial stand-point of the business manager, the play is alluded to as worn out; but that gentleman must use the term in a comparative sense, for, although the piece has been acted in Chicago several hundred times, it drew, during the last week of its performance, houses that would have been considered large and very remunerative by the great majority of combinations.

As almost every one knows, the version of Rip Van Winkle played by Mr. Jefferson is the work of Dion Boucicault. That is, Mr. Boucicault has the credit of dramatizing the story, and his deft handiwork can be observed in its easy movement; but the character of Rip Van Winkle, as interpreted by Jefferson, is largely his own creation, in a literary as well as in a dramatic sense. Mr. Boucicault recently stated that Mr. Jefferson's idea was to make Rip much older at the opening of the story, but that he (Boucicault) finally had his way, and in the early scenes the character was represented as youthful. The memory of the dramatist is probably a little treacherous as regards this fact. The original version of Irving's story was the work of Charles Burke, a near relative of Mr. Jefferson, who played quite successfully in the part himself. Mr. Jefferson succeeded him, and the character then, as now, was made youthful at the beginning of the story. Indeed, the leggings worn by Mr. Jefferson in the play to-day are the very same worn by Burke a quarter of a century ago. It is quite probable that the idea of making the character old at the start was canvassed; but Jefferson had already been so successful in the play that it is scarcely likely that the thought was seriously entertained. Mr. Boucicault gives Mr. Burke less credit than he deserves, for the play as now performed is really an adaptation of his work, rather than a dramatization of Irving's story.

I read a paragraph in the dramatic column of a newspaper the other day to the following effect: "Mr. Jefferson has been drawing good houses during the week in Rip Van Winkle, his remarkable delineation of the title *rôle* giving an interest to a play that is not only worn threadbare, but which is of course dramatically worthless."

Now this is a great though very common mistake. To be sure, the play would amount to little without the chief character, but that can be said of many of the best works of the kind. The test of dramatic construction is the interest a play excites when presented by a competent company; and judged by this, Rip Van Winkle is a piece of no mean pretensions. There are humor, pathos, and philosophy in it, and the utilization of Irving's idea of the ghostly crew is a capital scenic idea.

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The play moves rapidly ; there are not ten minutes altogether when the attention is not riveted, and Mr. Boucicault has most happily succeeded in the difficult task of keeping his main character on the stage almost constantly, and yet without seeming to put him forward, make him garrulous, or remind the audience that they are seeing a great deal of the star. This, as well as the acting, is certainly the art that conceals art. Indeed, I doubt very much if one person in ten thousand has ever thought of the rather singular fact that Jefferson, in the something over two hours it requires to act the play, is scarcely off the stage fifteen minutes.

In this and in many other respects, Mr. Boucicault deserves much credit; but if the draft of the play, as prepared by him, were found (and by the way, if it is in existence, it is because it has been stenographed and stolen, for Mr. Jefferson has no copy), it would be discovered that the finest touches, humorous and pathetic, the naturalness of the language as well as of the acting at many of the most effective points, are Jefferson's, and not the playwright's. Sometimes this appears in a whole sentence; again, in a word, or the reversal of the order of words in the original text. From first to last the part of Rip Van Winkle is a profound study in language and movement, and the part, having reached practical perfection, has been acted by Mr. Jefferson for years with scarcely a change in a gesture. He began playing this version in 1865, and the auditor who saw him come upon the stage fifteen years ago, and take a seat on the table at a certain moment and in a certain position, sees the same thing to-day, and, observing him time after time, fails to discover even a minute departure from the original "business" of the piece.

I would not care to guess at the number of times I have witnessed this play, but it was only within the last week that I ever saw a break of any kind, and that was through the blunder of a property man, and necessitated a movement and a few words on the part of Mr. Jefferson which were not down in the play.

When Gretchen put her hand into the game bag, where she usually finds a bottle, which she pulls out and shakes in the guilty face of her spouse, the bottle was not there. The lady who was supporting Mr. Jefferson whispered the fact to him, when he immediately said, —

"You go mit the children, Gretchen, — go 'long mit you, now."

And thus speaking, he pushed her towards the side entrance, where the bottle was secured, placed in the game bag, and the play went on.

I have spoken of the fine touches, the supreme naturalness of language and acting that characterizes this presentation. At the risk of seeming to dwell on trifling points and unimportant details, I venture to particularize.

The coarser way of telling that Rip is very tired of his wife's ways, and quite disappointed in the quantity of happiness he has extracted from the matrimonial state, would be for him to say at once what he says later, and pursue the subject in that strain: that if ever Gretchen tumbles in the water she has got to help herself, — to "schwim," as he expresses it; but Jefferson gradually approaches that point.

"Stop!" he says, taking his cup from his mouth, after being told that the liquor bought by Derrick of Nick Vedder is ten years old, "Stop! That liker is more dan ten years old. You put it in the cellar the day I got married, you say. Well, I know it by dat. Dot is more dan ten years ago. You tink I will ever forget the day I got married? No, indeed! I remember that the longest day *I* live." This in a natural way introduces the subject of Rip's marital troubles. After admitting that Gretchen was a lovely girl then, and telling them how, on the day of the

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wedding, "she like to got drounded," that the ferry-boat she was coming over in upset, but "she was n't in it," a very nice bit of work is brought forward.

"But surely, Rip," says Derrick, "you would not see your wife drown? You would rescue her."

Rip rocks back and forth on the table, his hands clasped over one of his knees, and a smile half reflective and half amused on his face.

"You mean I would yump in and pull Gretchen out? Would I? Humph!" (Still rocking. After a moment's pause and with a sudden thought:) "Oh, den?" (Stops rocking.) "Yes, I believe I would den. And it would be more my duty now."

Derrick. Why, how is that, Rip?

Rip. Well, when a man gets married mit his wife a long time he grows very fond of her. But now, if Gretchen was drownin,' and she say, "Rip, come and save your vife!" I say, Mrs. Van Winkle, I shust go home and I tink about dot. Oh, no, if Gretchen ever tumble in the water, she has got to schwim.

Mr. Jefferson never talks to the audience. His best points are made in an ordinary tone, and the spectators seem to be overhearing by chance, and not listening to what is intended to catch their ears and tickle their fancy.

"Ah, where will we be then?" (twenty years from now), sighs Derrick, as he prepares the paper for Rip to sign.

"I don't know about myself," responds Rip, as if speaking to himself, — never to the audience; "but I can guess pretty well where you 'll be about dot time." This, if spoken with the appearance of trying to create a laugh, would lose half its force.

Observe the look that tells better than words that Rip's suspicions are aroused by the gift of the purse of money.

"All right now, ain't it, Rip?" queries Derrick. Rip bows in a puzzled way, tossing the purse uneasily in his hands. "No fear of Gretchen now, eh?"

"No-o, — oh, no, no fear now," responds Rip, as he looks first at the purse and then at the retreating form of the man who has pretended to befriend him. His back is to us, but we know that he is perplexed, and is carefully considering the reasons for this unexpected kindness on the part of Derrick. Then come the words, "I don't know about dot," the uneasy tossing of the purse again, and the exclamation, "It don't chink like good money, any way."

In speaking of the finer and more delicate features of this delineation, one runs the risk of producing only the words, and failing to invest them with anything like the meaning given them by the actor. In such a case the effort must prove flat and unprofitable indeed. But so many are familiar with the part that the bare repetition of the words of the text may recall the actor's manner and expression; and this being so, the discussion may prove interesting.

When Rip passes up the stage and looks in the direction where Gretchen is supposed to be busy with her duties, a momentary feeling of admiration, and perhaps self-condemnation, comes over him.

"There she is at the wash-tub," says Rip. "What a hard-working woman that is!" Then, with a sigh, "Well, somebody has got to do it, I suppose."

The whole character of Rip is revealed in that one sentence.

When his child Meenie comes to him and throws her arms around his neck, the good-for-nothing vagabond has another qualm of conscience: —

"I don't see you for such a long time, do I?" (taking her face between his hands). My! My! I don't deserve to have such a t'ing like dot."

"You are a good papa," observes Meenie.

"No, I 'm not! No good fadder would go rob his child. Dot 's wot I

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done, my darling. I gone an' rob you. All dese houses and lands, dey all belong to me once, and dey would been yours when you grow up. What has come of them now? I gone and drunk 'em all up, my darling, — dot 's what I done. Hendrick" (to the boy), "you take warning: never you drink anything so long wot you live. It brings a man to ruin and misery and rags and — Ish dere any more dere in dot cup?"

But Rip has pride, with all his worthlessness. He must find out the real purport of the paper Derrick has given him to sign; yet he does not like to appear ignorant before the lad who has so often seen him drunk, — not an unusual thing in such cases. He calls the boy to him, and begins in a roundabout way.

"Why don't you go to school to-day, Hendrick? You go to school sometimes, don't you?"

"When my father can spare me," returns the boy.

"What you learn there now? Pretty much sometings — I mean eberytings?"

"I learn reading, writing, and arithmetic," answers Hendrick.

"Readin'?"

"Yes."

"Und what?"

"Writing."

"Writin'?"

"Yes, and arithmetic."

"Und what maticks is dot?"

"Arithmetic."

"Can you read?"

"Oh, yes."

"I don't believe it." (Taking out paper.) "If you can't read, I won't let you marry my daughter. I won't have anybody in my family who can't read." (Handing paper to Hendrick.) "Can you read dot?"

"Oh, yes; this is writing."

"I thought it was readin'."

"So it is; reading and writing both."

"Both togedder!" (taking paper and looking at it.), "Oh yes, — so-o it is. I did n't see dot."

Derrick has read this document aloud to Rip up to a certain point, but beyond that the provisions are vastly different from those represented. When the boy reads the first line, — "Know all men by these presents," — Rip notes that the words are the same that he has heard Derrick recite, and he merely remarks encouragingly, —

"You read almost as well as Derrick." The boy continues: —

"That I, Rip Van Winkle, in consideration of the sum of fifteen pounds" —

"You read just as well as Derrick," interrupts Rip. "Go on."

Here comes in a little bit of "business," that Mr. Jefferson never omits, and which is always acted in precisely the same way. It shows how every movement is studied, and how careful he is about the smallest details of his work.

He has placed his hands over his head, leaning back in the attitude of listening, and as he tells Hendrick to go on lifts his limp hat from his head, and holds it in his fingers. Hendrick proceeds: —

"*Do bargain, sell, and convey all my houses, lands, and property whereof I hold possession*" —

Then the hat drops, — a perfect expression of sudden surprise, — and Rip hurriedly inquires what Hendrick is reading some "rithmeticks" for, which are not down in the paper. Assured that the words are all there, he folds the document up, and for the first time assumes an earnest tone as he says, —

"Yes, my boy. You read it *better* than Derrick."

Startled at this attempt to rob him, Rip resolves to be watchful; and right here Mr. Jefferson's delineation of the well-meaning but weak and vacillating Dutchman appears in all its perfection.

"Now, Rip," he says to himself, "keep a sharp lookout. I drink no more liker, that 's certain. I swore off now for good."

But alas, he has promised to stand

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treat to the whole village, and here the village comes, eager for a carouse.

"Here I have just gone and invited the boys to a 'rouse," says Rip, as he remembers the embarrassing situation, "and I swore off." But he pays for the liquor, and tells them to go on.

"I do not yoin you; I swore off."

Swore off, and on such an occasion as this! Why, it is ridiculous, and they tell him so. It is easy to see, moreover, that Rip is a little out of patience himself at his hasty promise; but he maintains a determined front, and rebukes those who urge him to take part with ludicrous severity.

"Jacob Stine! Don't I told you I swore off? Vell, den, dot 's enough. Wen I say a ting I mean it." But as he turns from Jacob Stine, there stands Nick Vedder, with the tempting cup, on the other side, and the look of comical displeasure melts away; the good resolutions are forgotten, and with a promise not to "count dis one" Rip gives himself up again to conviviality. "Here is your good healths and your families; may they live long and prosper."

In a picture so perfect as a whole, it is difficult to select points for special commendation, but the consummate acting in the scene where Rip returns to his home in the storm, still under the effect of the liquor he has taken, occurs to me as particularly worthy of mention. Gretchen is secreted behind a clothes-horse near the open window, as Rip staggers up. A glimpse of his ragged coat as he approaches the window, and then dodges back, fearing his wife, is the first intimation we have of his coming. The children see him, and when he reappears motion him to beware; but he does not understand them, and in his drunken awkwardness drops his hat inside the window. His involuntary "reach" for the hat and sudden recollection of danger and abandonment of the attempt are very ludicrous. Finding that he is not pursued, however, Rip ventures up again, and seeing no signs of Gretchen inquires for her, bending over to recover his hat at the same time.

"Has de wild cat come home?" says Rip; but he is seized by the hair at this juncture, and immediately realizes that he is in the toils of the enemy.

"My *darlin'* — don't do that," says Rip.

"Don't, mother, don't!" cries Meenie.

"Don't, mother, don't!" repeats Rip. "Don't you hear the children dere talkin' to you?"

Gretchen. Now, sir, who did you call a wild cat?

Rip (reflecting and chewing the end of his necktie). Dot 's the time when I come in the window there?

Gretchen. Yes, when you — come — in — the — window.

Rip. That 's the time wot I said it.

Gretchen. And that 's the time that I heard it. Now who did you mean?

Rip (as if trying to remember). Who *did* I mean? May be I mean my dog Snyder.

Gretchen. That 's a likely story.

Rip. Ov course it is likely. He 's my dog. I 'll call him a wild cat as much as I like.

One more allusion to this scene.

When Gretchen gets the bottle of liquor, Rip tries very hard to induce her to give it back; and failing to do so, breaks a plate or two, and finally sets himself down on the table, with his back to Gretchen, in high dudgeon. Gretchen, warlike and determined, takes a seat in a chair at the other end, and says, —

"Now perhaps you will be kind enough to tell me where you have been for the last two days." (No answer.)

"*Where have you been?*" (Still no answer.) "*Do you hear me?*"

Rip (partly turning round). It 's not my bottle, any way. I borrowed de bottle.

Gretchen (thoroughly mad, and strik-

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ing the table to emphasize each word). Why — did — you — stop — out — all — night?

Rip (equally emphatic, and striking the table in the same manner). Because — I — wanted — to — get — up — early — in — de — moh(hic)ning.

"I don't want the bottle," says Rip. "I have had enough."

"I am glad you know that you have had enough," responds Gretchen.

"Dot 's the same way with me," answers Rip. "I am glad that I know when I have had enough. And I am glad when I have had enough, too."

Mollified at last, he proceeds to tell Gretchen of his adventures.

"You know that old forty-acre field of ours," says Rip.

"*Ours!*" exclaims Gretchen bitterly.

"Well, it used to be ours. You know well enough what I mean." (The interruption has offended Rip, and he stops his story.) "It don't belong to us now, does it?" he says rather mockingly.

"No, indeed," responds Gretchen.

"Well, den, I would n't bodder about it. Let the man wot owns it worry over it."

When Gretchen begins to cry, Rip's spirits rise.

"Doant you cry, Gretchen, my darlin'," says Rip, in a comforting tone.

"*I will* cry!" exclaims Gretchen, spitefully.

"Oh, very well; cry as much as you like!" exclaims Rip, relapsing into an ugly mood again.

But this passes off. Gretchen's head is on the table. The bottle is in her pocket. Rip sees his opportunity. He approaches, ostensibly to comfort her, really to get the bottle. Finally, after much manœuvring, he obtains it, and then, putting his arms around her shoulders, rocks back and forth as he sits on the table, gently patting her on the shoulder and keeping time to his motion.

"Oh, if you would only treat me kindly!" sobs Gretchen.

"Well, I 'm going to treat you kindly," returns Rip, still patting Gretchen at regular intervals as he rocks.

"It would add ten years to my life," says Gretchen. Rip's hand is up, about to descend in its regular stroke on her back, but it stops short. It is the announcement of Gretchen that kindness will add ten years to her life that stops it. The hand talks, and it says this; no need of a word from Rip to indicate that he considers the inducement questionable. You know that well enough before he speaks.

I know of no other play where three whole scenes are given with but one speaking character; yet, from the entrance on the first of these scenes by Rip, where he announces that he must spend another night in the mountains, and where he talks to the trees as if they knew and understood him, to his departure down the mountain after his supposed sleep of twenty years, there is not a moment when the interest flags. His interview with the ghostly crew is unique, and though there are not twenty lines in the scene it occupies nearly twenty minutes in the playing.

Judging, from the motions of the first one of the crew he meets, that his strange visitor wants help up the mountain with the keg, Rip points to the keg, then to his own shoulders, then up the mountain, whereupon the hunchback bows in assent.

"Vell, vy don't you say so, den?" asks Rip. "You want me to help you up the mountain with the keg, eh?" (Bows.) "What have you got in the keg? Schnapps?" (More bows.) "I don't believe it." But he does believe it, and the spectator sees that he goes with much more alacrity in consequence.

Frightened at the array of unearthly-looking men on top of the mountain, Rip excuses himself by saying to the chief that he did not want to come, any way.

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"Your old grandchild never told me anybody was here, did you?" (appealing to the figure he has met at the foot of the mountain, which figure signifies by a shake of the head that such was the fact). "No! Vell, you ought to told me about dot," says Rip.

I have said that much of this play is the work of Mr. Jefferson, and this scene is an illustration of the fact. No playwright, indeed, could make it as Jefferson presents it.

The ghostly captain signifies that there is liquor to be drunk, and Rip's timidity largely disappears. Here he is at home.

Rip. You want to drink mit me? (Captain bows.) Say, wot's the matter mit you? Was you deaf? (A shake of the head.) Oh, no, of course you was not deaf, or you could not hear wot I was saying. Was you dumb? (Bows.) So? Oh! (pityingly). You vas dumb! (Expression of commiseration.) Has all of your family got the same complaint? (Bows from the captain.) Yes? All dumb? (turning slowly round, and surveying the circle of figures, all of whom bow, in affirmative answer to his questions. As the last one bows, Rip nods towards the others). Yes, *dey* told me. (Raising his cup as if to drink, he suddenly stops.) Oh, have you got any girls? (Shake of the captain's head.) No? Such a big family, and all boys! Dot's a pity. If you had some girls, what wives they would make!

The appearance of Rip in the prosperous and bustling little village, after his twenty years' sleep, could very easily be made ridiculous, but the character never becomes so in the hands of Mr. Jefferson. What a weak, bewildered old man he is! The town is familiar, yet strange. The river and the hills and the mountains seem natural, but the faces have changed since yesterday, and no one looks upon him with a nod of recognition. Here where his humble house stood rises a pretentious dwelling.

"Tell me, do you live here?" he inquires of the smart young successor of Nick Vedder, who kept the village tavern twenty years before.

"Well, rather. I was born here."

Yes, he knew Nick Vedder and Jacob Stine, but both are long since dead.

"Did you know" (hesitatingly) — "did you know Rip Van Winkle?"

"What, the laziest drunken vagabond in the whole village?"

"Yes, dot was the man," says Rip sadly.

"Oh, he has been dead these twenty years."

"Rip Van Winkle is dead?"

"Why, certainly."

All this is very bewildering, but after a glass of wine Rip tries again.

"Dot gives me strength to ask these people one more question. My friend, there was a little girl — Meenie she was called. She — she is not dead?"

The holding of the breath, the convulsive fumbling of the chin and lip, — how much they tell! How eloquently they express the painful suspense of the inquirer! But she is alive, and an appearance of relief strikes Rip's whole figure at this intelligence.

"Meenie is alive! It's all right now."

"She is not only alive, but the prettiest girl in the whole village," says the young man.

"Oh, I know that," says Rip, with the father's pride in his voice, — "I know that!"

Up to this time Rip supposes that Gretchen is dead, and the announcement that she is not gives an opportunity for humor to follow close on the heels of pathos.

"Gretchen!" he exclaims. "Why, is not Gretchen dead, then?"

"No, but married again."

"Why, how could she do a thing like that?"

It is explained to him that it was all easy enough. When Rip died, Gretchen

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became a widow, and of course she was free to marry.

"Oh, yes," remarks the husband. "I forgot about Rip being dead."

Then the crowning surprise comes in the statement that she has married Derrick.

"What! Derrick Von Beekman! Has Gretchen married Derrick? Well! I never thought he would come to any good. Poor Derrick."

Finally the simple old fellow is urged to tell who and what he is.

"I don't know how it is," he says, "but my name used to be Rip Van Winkle."

"Impossible!" exclaims young Hendrick Vedder.

"Well, I would not swear to it myself," says Rip.

Seeing that none recognize him, and wondering what can be the matter and how it can all be, Rip comes to that soliloquy so full of pathos and which strikes such a chord in the hearts of his audience: —

"Why, I was born here. Even the dogs used to know me. Now dey bark at me. And the little children, dey all used to know me; now (swallowing a sob) — now dey run from me. My, my! are we so soon forgot when we are gone?"

But the summit of the pathetic is reached when Rip endeavors to make his child remember him. For a time he cannot believe that the full-grown woman before him is really his daughter; but in talking with her of her father, he soon discovers the features of his Meenie.

"See the smile! Oh! — and the eye! That is just the same."

Meenie having wished that her father were only here now, Rip tremblingly looks at her as he says, —

"But — but he is n't, eh? No."

Finally seeing the necessity of making himself known, but fearful of the consequences, Rip speaks: —

"Meenie! You don't forget your fadder's face — you could n't do that. Look at me now, and tell me, did you never see me before? Try! try!"

The girl looks, half doubtingly, and asks him to explain. He goes on.

"Yesterday — it seems to me yesterday — I had here my wife, my home, my child Meenie, and my dog Snyder; but last night — well — there was a storm — try to remember — I went away — you were a little girl — I met some queer fellows in the mountains, and I got to drinking mit 'em, and I guess I got pretty drunk — When I wake this morning — well" (putting his hands to his head and face in that effort to crush back the sobs), "my wife is gone, my home is gone, and my child looks in my face and don't know who I am."

If there is a fault in the acting of this play, it is in the hurried recognition of her father by Meenie at this point; but the audience are always eager for this *dénoûment*, and do not stop to weigh the effect of a little longer pause at this crisis of the piece.

Taking this representation altogether, I think the impartial verdict must be that it exhibits the most perfect bit of acting on the stage. But it is like a rare painting, rich and deep, and needing long and earnest inspection to discover its full beauty.

Mr. Jefferson acts with his whole body, and from head to foot is charged with the part. When he overhears Gretchen saying, threateningly, "Oh, Rip, Rip, just wait till I get you home!" and he turns and walks swiftly away, the action is literally twice as expressive as words. A terrified exit or a trembling of the limbs would make the thoughtless laugh just as loud, but would destroy that striking realism which is conspicuously present in all he does. A coarser-fibred actor would play it that way, and in the shout would mark a triumph for himself, and be puzzled to account for his failure to achieve a Jeffer-

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sonian success. But the fault would be simply that he failed to observe the injunction of Hamlet, and hold the mirror up to nature. That Mr. Jefferson does.

As indicated at the beginning, the public will see little more of Rip Van Winkle. Mr. Jefferson will not only play less in the future, but he will devote the greater share of the time he spends on the boards to other pieces. His recent success in reviving the part of Caleb Plummer, in the Cricket on the Hearth, induces the belief that his triumph in this character will be second only to that of Rip Van Winkle. Revised and rearranged, this piece will be presented as the principal one of his repertory next season, being supplemented by that clever farce, Lend Me Five Shillings, which affords a fine contrast to the former play, and enables Mr. Jefferson to show his versatility to great advantage.

Gilbert A. Pierce.

THE SONGS THAT ARE NOT SUNG.

Do not praise: a word is payment more than meet for what is done.
Who shall paint the mote's glad raiment floating in the molten sun?
Nay, nor smile: for blind is eyesight, ears may hear not, lips are dumb;
From the silence, from the twilight, wordless, but complete, they come.

Songs were born before the singer: like white souls that wait for birth,
They abide the chosen bringer of their melody to earth.

Deep the pain of our demerit: strings so rude or rudely strung,
Dull to every pleading spirit seeking speech, but sent unsung.
Round our hearts with gentle breathing still the plaintive silence plays,
But we brush away its wreathing, filled with cares of common days.

Ever thinking of the morrow, burdened down with needs and creeds,
Once or twice, mayhap, in sorrow, we may hear the song that pleads.
Once or twice, a dreaming poet sees the beauty as it flies;
But his vision, — who shall know it? Who shall read it from his eyes?
Voiceless he: his necromancy fails to cage the wondrous bird;
Lure and snare are vain when fancy flies like echo from a word.
Only sometime he may sing it, using speech as 't were a bell, —
Not to read the song, but ring it, like the sea-tone from a shell.
Sometimes, too, it comes and lingers round the strings all still and mute,
Till some lover's wandering fingers draw it living from the lute.

Still, our best is but a vision which a lightning-flash illumes,
Just a gleam of life elysian flung across the voiceless glooms.

Why should gleams perplex and move us? Ah, the soul must upward grow
To the beauty far above us, and the songs no sense may know.

John Boyle O'Reilly.

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THE EAST AND THE WEST IN RECENT FICTION.

SINCE we have learned to be content with something less than the continental in American fiction, we may think it a piece of good luck that the season brings us two such characteristic works from the separate shores of the continent as Mr. Howells's story of A Woman's Reason and Mr. Harte's novel In the Carquinez Woods. Both writers pay due respect to the oceans which they face. Mr. Howells imports an English lord for duty in the neighborhood of Boston, and Mr. Harte touches in a Chinaman as a slight piece of local color. In the realism of A Woman's Reason there is all the suggestion of a high-strung Atlantic civilization; in Mr. Harte's scene-painting one may see a sketch of that melodramatic California which he has annexed to the republic of letters. The geographical influences in the two books might easily be made, after the fashion of some physicists, to account for the variations in the heroes and heroines, but the reader who does not wish to be too learned will probably accept the characters as the work of the literary creators.

We have called A Woman's Reason[1] a story, in spite of the announcement of the title-page. It is the first time that Mr. Howells has allowed the story element to get the upper hand of him. Dr. Breen's Practice was not an argument against the invasion of the medical profession by women. A Modern Instance was not a tract upon the divorce laws, though some seem so to have regarded it. But A Woman's Reason is an interesting contribution to the discussion of self-help by women, in the form of a narrative of Miss Helen Harkness's experience from the time when she lost her father, her lover, and her money until she recovered her lover and was relieved from the predicament in which she found herself. Not until she has sounded the gamut from decorating pottery to serving behind the counter in a photograph saloon is her lover allowed to come to her rescue. He is kept away by an ingenious series of disasters, but the reader awaits his final return with a calm confidence in the uprightness of the story-teller.

The play of plot upon character and of character upon plot which constitutes a novel is not wanting, but it is subordinate, and with this change of design Mr. Howells may easily gain more readers without increasing the worthiness of his art. It is entertaining to follow Miss Harkness through her perplexities, and one discovers common sense in a variety of new and piquant forms; but it may be questioned if enough light has been cast upon a social problem to compensate for the loss of a piece of higher art. Miss Harkness is rather a variation of a type than a distinct addition to the portrait gallery which Mr. Howells has been collecting. Her waywardness is relieved a little by the pretty touch which makes her a day-dreamer, and her character is redeemed by the instant response to an appeal for integrity and the one moment of constancy; but that is the way with most of Mr. Howells's young women. Caprice and a charming negation of logic are the every-day dress of their characters; they keep the purple and fine linen of high thoughts and noble enterprise for great occasions only. We own we like them, these pretty creatures who italicize their sentences and turn sharp corners in their minds, and we know that in emergencies they may be depended upon. Perhaps we ought to ask for nothing more.

[1] *A Woman's Reason.* A Novel. By WILLIAM D. HOWELLS. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1883.

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But, with the memory of Florida and Marcia, we look wistfully for faces a little more enduring, a little more expressive of every-day capacity for greatness.

Yet how thoroughly enjoyable this story is to any one who knows the originals! We are not certain that a familiar acquaintance with Boston and Cambridgeport and the Beverly shore can be dispensed with in a satisfactory appreciation of the characters and situations. Only he who has seen and known all this in the flesh can really enjoy the felicities of the spiritual reproduction; and this is what makes us half afraid that Mr. Howells's success as an artist depends upon his realism, whereas the reverse should be true, that one reading his books might recognize the originals when he saw them. But why fret ourselves over this? We have the entertaining dialogue, which is natural and not hopelessly brilliant and epigrammatic; the gentle satire; the playful contrast of English and American habits of thought; the humorous studies of life in Kimball and Giffen and Mr. Everton; the careful, graphic, and repressed narrative of Fenton's adventures. There is more variety of situation than commonly occurs in Mr. Howells's fiction, and it would almost seem as if he had gone back temporarily to possess himself of some of the ordinary trappings of fiction, to which he had been indifferent in his previous succession of novels; so that we are justified in the confidence which we always like to feel regarding the work of contemporary writers that movement is progress.

It is like passing from playing on the violin to hoisting a mainsail when we lay down A Woman's Reason and take up In the Carquinez Woods.[1] Mr. Harte's characters, whatever their other deficiencies, never lack brawn. They are apt to change their costume with the agility of Harlequin and Columbine, but they are equally vigorous and confident in every new disguise. We must say for this little novel at the outset that it is more consistent and less careless than any of Mr. Harte's fuller narratives, and has a more involved movement than any of his short stories. It carries forward into the region of the novel those excellencies which made his short stories famous, and while the melodramatic element remains, there is a more studied attempt to make use of the common virtues of humanity.

It is the women of a novel which determine its truthfulness. The very subtlety of the sex makes any delineation a test of the writer's truthfulness in art; for while a writer who is a law to himself will make this subtlety an excuse for drawing characters which transgress all known laws, an artist will employ the same subtlety to bring into distincter light the obedience to law which underlies subtlety. To compare for a moment the character of Helen Harkness, which we have just been considering, with that of Teresa, the central figure in this novel of Mr. Harte's: the variableness of the girl who dismisses her lover in a freak, and who turns impulsively from one form of self-support to another, has a superficial quality; the reader is not left in doubt as to the real gravitation of her heart, or the inflexible honesty of her nature. On the other hand, Teresa appears before the reader as a vulgar heroine of a shooting affray, a woman of dance halls and many lovers: "The daring Teresa! the reckless Teresa! audacious as a woman, invincible as a boy; dancing, flirting, fencing, shooting, swearing, drinking, smoking, fighting Teresa!" The hero is a man of half-Indian blood, with all the best qualities of the Indian, and with a delicacy and refinement of nature which Mr. Harte insists upon at every turn. He is in love with a village coquette, a daughter of the Baptist minister, who is an offensive hypocrite. The

[1] *In the Carquinez Woods.* By Bret Harte. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1883.

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young lady throws over the half Indian, after playing with him, and he turns to Teresa, who has already become passionately in love with him, but whom he has disregarded in his preoccupation with the coquette.

There is certainly nothing impossible in a man transferring his affections under these circumstances, and Mr. Harte has paved the way for the half Indian by allowing Teresa to develop somewhat similar qualities, and to show how much more akin she is to the man than the heartless minister's daughter. The inconsistency lies deeper. The transformation of Teresa from a coarse rowdy into a gentle, delicate, suffering woman may be a miracle wrought by love, and so we suppose Mr. Harte intends it to be, but no account seems to be taken of nature; the change is wrought in obedience to the demands of the story. It is a shallow and not a profound reading of human nature which discovers the woman beneath the courtesan, and treats the courtesanship as a mask which can be dropped easily at will and leave no signs of itself behind. If one can read Mr. Harte's stories long enough he may be beguiled into belief in a world where the virtues and vices play at cross-tag, and one is puzzled to know which is "it," and then such a story as this will have the charm of an ingenious play among people who put on and off their characters with a dexterous facility. The hypocrites have the hardest time. No chance is given them, and they remain sternly consistent to the end. One of the cleverest bits in this novel is the scene where the Baptist minister, — who by the bye is made to have service and to receive the Bishop, — in talking with some of the roughs with whom he wishes to be hail fellow well met, boasts of an oath in which he had indulged. "There was something so unutterably vile in the reverend gentleman's utterance and emphasis of this oath that the two men, albeit both easy and facile blasphemers, felt shocked; as the purest of actresses is apt to overdo the rakishness of a gay Lothario, Father Wynn's immaculate conception of an imprecation was something terrible."

The natural setting of the story is very striking. The Carquinez Woods are dealt with in a strong, imaginative way, and one enters them at different points in the narrative with a positive sense of leaving towns and houses behind. The wolves and the fire also have a vivid and lurid presentation which show Mr. Harte at his best; for there is no mistaking the strength of his hand when he is dealing with nature, physical or human, in its coarser fibre. Gentleness and serenity have a meagre representation in his pictures of life, and it is noticeable that the quality of tenderness is assigned by him to men rather than to women. His world is a world of men, where some are gentler than others. The women who play their parts are usually the disturbing element, not the healing; they are apt to be masqueraders, rather than constituent parts of society. Can it be that the Pacific slope is after all accurately portrayed in Mr. Harte's fiction? The constancy which he shows to a few types is evidence of his own faith. Still we may be permitted to believe that his California is largely his own discovery, and thus we may give him credit for a breadth of imagination which disdains the aid of a minute realism. His novel of In the Carquinez Woods is so remote from the customary fiction of the day that it attracts one by its very rebound. It keeps a connection with certain liberal romance of earlier days; we are not sure that it may not contain some prophecy of the fiction that is to come. At any rate, we hope the coming novelist, if he is heir to the grace and distinct naturalness of Mr. Howells, will have something of the large, vigorous, imaginative vividness which are the undeniable properties of Mr. Harte's fiction.

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JAMES BUCHANAN.

MR. CURTIS has undertaken in these two goodly volumes[1] to rehabilitate James Buchanan. Such a task was probably more congenial to Mr. Curtis than it would be to most American writers; but even a large measure of sympathy could not have made the labor easy. James Buchanan has rested, and still rests, under a heavy weight of obloquy. At the crisis of his own and the nation's fate, men on both sides lost all faith in him, and the clouds of popular contempt and distrust hung darkly over his declining years. He failed to disperse these clouds himself, and the effort has now been renewed by Mr. Curtis, under more favorable auspices and with better opportunities. The only point worth considering in the limited space at our command is how far Mr. Curtis has succeeded in his attempt.

At the outset it may be said that the biography is entirely worthy of its author's well-known abilities. It is neither brilliant nor picturesque, but it is cool and clear, admirably reasoned in the argumentative portions, thorough, careful, and exact. We have noted only one error, so trifling in importance as hardly to deserve reference, but singular in the work of a writer so thoroughly well informed and so painstaking as Mr. Curtis. On page 38 (vol. i.) Mr. Curtis says, speaking of the presidential candidates, that in the year 1824, "Mr. Crawford, who had formerly been a senator from Georgia, was not in any public position." Mr. Crawford was at that time Secretary of the Treasury, an office which he had held since 1816, and which he continued to hold, despite his partial paralysis, until the inauguration of Mr. Adams in March, 1825. Indeed, it was the possession of the Treasury Department which was Mr. Crawford's chief source of strength as a candidate for the presidency.

It may be admitted at the outset that Mr. Curtis has shown that Mr. Buchanan was a man of much more intellectual force than has been popularly supposed of late years. This in one sense gives Mr. Buchanan a better standing historically. At the same time the proof of superior ability enhances the responsibility of its possessor, and justly subjects him to a severer judgment.

James Buchanan sprang from the vigorous Scotch-Irish race which flourished so extensively in Pennsylvania, and he was a strange scion to come from such a stock. It is well known that among certain virgin tribes of Africa perfectly white children have been born. These freaks of nature are commonly known as albinos, and we cannot describe Buchanan better than by saying that he was the Albino child of his tribe. The Scotch-Irish have in their veins the blood of Scotland and of Puritan England. Transplanted to Ireland, they found themselves in the midst of a people alien in blood and religion, and intensely hostile. They lived in their new home surrounded by danger, and engaged in constantly recurring wars. By nature hard and strong, such conditions intensified all their most salient qualities. They became a hot-headed, vindictive, unreasonable, and at the same time a singularly brave, reckless, and determined people. They were essentially fighters in every nerve and fibre of their being. From such a strongly marked race, whose normal outcome and highest types in our own country were Andrew Jackson and John C. Calhoun, came James Bu-

[1] *Life of James Buchanan, Fifteenth President of the United States.* By GEORGE TICKNOR CURTIS. In two volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1883.

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chanan. His people were quick in quarrel and heavy of hand. He never quarreled with anybody, and was above all things a man of peace. They were reckless, daring, impatient. He was cool, cautious, timid, enduring. He had no characteristics of his race except a quiet tenacity of purpose, a religious temperament, and a certain austerity of life and thought, the traces of a vigorous blood lingering amid a mass of wholly alien and different qualities. Above all, James Buchanan was smooth, sleek, and plausible, — traits as foreign to his ancestry as pink eyes to that of the dwellers by the Congo.

At the same time, this Scotch-Irish Albino was admirably adapted for success in politics when everything was calm, or when there were no more than the ordinary fluctuations of party strife. An agreeable story-teller and talker, with pleasant, affable manners, Mr. Buchanan was invariably liked in society, and always obtained an easy popularity. His most attractive side was toward his family and immediate friends. He had a deep vein of real sentiment, as shown by his luckless love affair, which shadowed and darkened his whole life. This and a very kindly nature, and an amiable and even temper, made him beloved by all who were closest to him. With an unusual warmth Mr. Curtis extols Mr. Buchanan's letters to Miss Lane. He seems to us to have greatly exaggerated the merit of these productions. They are clear and sensible, but perfectly commonplace, exhibiting little humor and no great depth or acuteness of observation. Nevertheless they are thoroughly kind and affectionate, and together with his generous conduct toward his favorite niece, and indeed toward all his relatives, show a gentle and lovable nature in private life.

These same qualities which made Mr. Buchanan beloved at home made him popular abroad. He offended no one, and every one was glad to help him forward. Moreover, Mr. Buchanan had many admirable qualifications for a public servant and practical statesman. He was very industrious and thorough. He always was master of the subject in hand. He was a clear, smooth, plausible speaker, and a close and lucid reasoner. He was a sound lawyer, and remarkably learned and able as an expounder of the constitution. He would have made an excellent judge, and it was a cruel fate which kept him from the supreme bench in 1845, to raise him to the presidency in 1857.

Starting as a Federalist and rising rapidly in politics during the era of good feeling, Mr. Buchanan, with that unerring instinct for the winning side which is characteristic of such natures as his, attached himself to the fortunes of General Jackson. Any other man would have failed in this alliance if he had had the experience which befell Buchanan. General Jackson was engaged in reiterating the proved falsehood of bargain and corruption against Mr. Clay, and finally cited Mr. Buchanan as his witness to Mr. Clay's efforts to make a trade in 1824, first with one candidate, and then with another. Buchanan, never having attempted to negotiate in Mr. Clay's behalf, utterly failed to sustain Jackson's statement. So far as pressing and repeating the charge was concerned, this offered no let or hindrance to the hero of New Orleans; but at the same time Buchanan's failure to support him was a serious offense in the eyes of Jackson. It would have been the ruin of any other man. Buchanan, however, soon effaced it from the general's memory, and such a feat shows a power for conciliation which is rarely to be met with. The way in which he had been mollified ought to have convinced Jackson that the man capable of such dexterous management had a genius for diplomacy. Whether he thought so or not, he sent Mr. Buchanan as Minister to Russia, and both there and at a later period in Lon-

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don Mr. Buchanan showed the greatest aptitude for the highest diplomacy. Inoffensive and yet persistent, adroit, patient, determined, he almost always succeeded in carrying his point, and he was thoroughly informed as to all questions of our foreign relations. Above all, he was an uncompromising American in all his thoughts and feelings, and he never appears to greater advantage than in the many complicated affairs with which he dealt as Secretary of State and as Minister to Russia and England.

Gradually Mr. Buchanan rose in the political world. His industry, capacity, and even temper all helped his elevation. He was also a thorough party man. He swallowed every doctrine of his party, and was an unflinching adherent of every notion originated by Jackson, including the spoils system and the theory of rotation in office. He never hesitated at anything, and in some of the speeches quoted by Mr. Curtis there is a cheap partisanship of tone and statement unworthy of a man who had as much statesman-like ability as Mr. Buchanan. But this very partisanship was a recommendation in the right quarter. It required no great perspicacity to perceive that the South ruled the democratic party, and that whoever would rise in that party was obliged to serve the South. From this Mr. Buchanan did not shrink. He was the faithful servant of the South for years. He supported all the Southern measures. He was in favor of the annexation of Texas, and he helped on the infamy of the Mexican war, covering the progress of the slavery movement with all sorts of smooth and specious pretexts and excuses, while he kept strictly for home consumption a very mild disapproval of the system of slavery as an abstract theory.

As he prosperously advanced in his public career, the great prize of the presidency came nearer and nearer. But Mr. Buchanan was above all things patient. He knew how to wait. He put by the crown more than once, and judiciously withdrew from struggles which appeared premature. At last, in 1852, it seemed as if his time had come, and then the master whom he had served set him aside and selected Franklin Pierce, a man in every way inferior, and therefore likely to be even more subservient than Buchanan. The rejected candidate resigned himself to his disappointment, and was consoled by the mission to England. Thence he returned to receive the nomination for which he had waited, and to be triumphantly elected to the highest office in the gift of the people.

Three years glided by. There was another election, and the Republican party was victorious. In 1856 Mr. Buchanan had preached with great zeal the duty of the North to abide by the decision of the ballot-box. In 1860 the North succeeded, but the President's beloved South, while firmly convinced that the North ought always to accept the will of the majority, now hastened to perpetrate one of the greatest crimes in history by dissolving the Union and plunging the country into the horrors of civil war, solely because they had lost an election and with it the control of the government.

There is something very pitiable — something almost tragic — in the figure of James Buchanan during those last months of his administration. The smooth, plausible, wary politician, having touched the summit of his ambition, was caught at the last moment between two great factions, bitterly excited and just ready to spring at each other's throat. The Southerners turned against Buchanan when they found that there was a point at which even he stopped, and that he would not openly aid secession. They had no reason to be indignant with the President, for they had no right to suppose for a moment that a Northern man capable of bending to them as Buchanan had always done

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should also possess the daring and reckless courage needed to commit a great crime. At bottom Buchanan was weak and timeserving, but he was not a villain, and he recoiled with horror from the pit which the Southern leaders opened in his path. Mr. Curtis shows very clearly that Buchanan was opposed to secession. It is a significant commentary that argument and proof on such a point in regard to a President of the United States should be considered necessary, and at the same time it does not touch the heart of the matter at all. That Mr. Buchanan was opposed in opinion to secession is wholly secondary. The real question is, How did he meet secession when it confronted him? Mr. Curtis devotes nearly a volume to the consideration of the last few months of Mr. Buchanan's presidential term, and it is of course impossible in a brief notice to take up in detail such an elaborate defense. But the general result can be easily stated. On Mr. Curtis's own showing, presumably the best that can be made, Buchanan failed miserably at the great crisis in the nation's life. He took the ground that he would not precipitate war by applying force to prevent a State from seceding, but that he would defend the flag and property of the United States. With this seemingly vigorous and magnanimous policy upon his lips he suffered one public building after another to be seized, and never struck a blow. All that he retained were the two forts, Sumter and Pickens. Treason was rife in his cabinet, and he allowed the traitors to depart without a word. He drafted an answer to the Southern commissioners which was so weak and vacillating that his cabinet felt obliged to protest and stop it. General Dix sent his famous order, and says he did not show it to the President because he knew the latter would not have allowed it to go forth. In other words, the President of the United States would have refused to order an officer of the government to defend the national flag. It seems hardly worth while to write a volume in defense of a man who was in such a state of cowardly panic as that. Mr. Curtis says that Buchanan had no troops, and that Congress would not do anything to help him. He had enough troops to have fought on the instant, and at the first moment the flag was touched or a public building seized. The moment a move was made by the South he should have struck hard, and whether defeated or victorious the "next breeze that swept from the North would have brought to his ears the clash of resounding arms." Congress did nothing for him for the obvious reason that they did not trust him. They knew that he was timid and timeserving, and they then thought him a traitor. Many people in the North could not believe that the South would really secede, and the leaders who saw what was coming were simply playing for time and waiting until they could get a President in whom they could confide.

The fact was that Buchanan was a very weak man, who had been a tool of stronger forces all his life. He suddenly found himself in the midst of a terrible crisis, calculated to try the nerve and courage of a man of iron mould. The South, which had owned and supported him, flung him aside and trampled on him when he had served his turn. The ruling party at the North despised and distrusted him and turned coldly away from him. The firm rock on which he had always rested had crumbled beneath him, and he found himself drifting helpless and alone on the seething waters of secession and civil war. He quivered and shook and made some constitutional arguments, and failed utterly, hopelessly, miserably. He had served slavery all his life, and when the crash came he had no courage and no convictions to fall back upon. He sank out of sight, and the great national move-

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ment swept over him and all his kind. He fills a place in history, because for many years he was a faithful public servant and finally President; but no art or argument can rehabilitate him, or make him other than he was. He was not even a great failure, for he showed in his downfall that with all his ability, adroitness, and industry, the essential qualities of greatness were wholly lacking.

One word more and we have done. It has been the fashion in certain quarters for many years to openly avow or covertly suggest that if a sectional party had not been built up in the North, secession and civil war would not have come to pass. Mr. Curtis indulges in this talk a little, and it is high time that nonsense of this sort should cease or be left exclusively to such conservative gentlemen as Bob Toombs and Jeff Davis. There was a sectional party from the foundation of the government, the party of slavery. However the South might divide on other questions, on slavery it was solid. After many years the sectional party of the South bred an opposition in the North, and then the Southerners and all their friends began to moan over Northern sectionalism, and have kept it up ever since. All sectional parties are bad things, and the blame for them rests with the South, who paid the penalty, and is nevertheless solid and sectional at this very moment. In view of these simple facts, it seems hardly worth while for anybody to continue to lay the blame for secession openly or by implication upon the North and the Republican party. That heavy burden, the burden of a gigantic and unsuccessful crime, lies upon the South and her Northern sympathizers and servants, of whom James Buchanan was a type. It belongs to them in about equal proportions, the only difference being that the South expiated her fault in defeat and ruin after a gallant fight, while her Northern allies got off scot free. There has been enough said, therefore, by the latter class about Northern sectionalism being the cause of the war, and it is time that such false and miserable cant ceased to find a place in any historical work.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

THE fact that the frenzied Andromaque of Georges Rochegrosse carried away the first prize of the Salon of 1883 is not calculated to diminish an unpleasant impression of contemporary French art which every observant visitor must have received from this Salon. To the praise of English art, it can be said that no such offensive impression ever results from closest acquaintance with the Royal Academy exhibitions. Although the *brio* and *bravura* of Continental technique mocks at the more limited skill, the dulcet sentimentality and conventional morality, of the British school, the cultivated public at large has a right to insist that the art which shocks and disgusts the spiritual sensibilities of humanity is inferior to that which does not, however the former may excel in pleasing a trained but artificial sense for composition and form. A truth of which artists themselves are so often profoundly ignorant is that art is an expression of the ideal part of universal humanity, *not* an exclusive right of those who paint and carve; and he to whom is given the mere brain and hand power, which is but a simple *medium* of expression, has no more right to limit what that expression may or may not be than he who learns a language has to assert

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what imaginative or spiritual impulse may or may not flow through it. As well might the poet declare that the sole purpose of his art ought to be the musical quantity and rhythm that tickle the ear, or the architect that architecture, and not human need, is the fundamental purpose of building.

To those who look upon contemporaneous French art from the stand-point of spiritual and imaginative humanity, and not from that of the sense-absorbed colorist and draughtsman, indications are not wanting that the art of which the Salon is the annual exponent is narrowing itself away from any other ideal than that of mere painting, and therefore approaching to the floridity and exuberance of expression for mere expression's sake which degraded the Italian art of the seventeenth century, and made that art as full-bodied but as soulless as the art of Pope's Song by a Person of Quality. Curiously enough, this element of decadence was introduced into both Italian and French art by the most vital and vigorous of romantic humanists; and what Michael Angelo's titanic unrestraint did for his less imaginative followers, Delacroix's passion for abrupt light and shade and twisted "romantic" attitudes may yet do for the Salon.

The success of Rochegrosse's Andromaque is a mere craftsman's triumph, *not* an artist's; for nothing can be consummately artistic while horrible and repulsive, as is this gory, ghastly scene. One need only to imagine it placed in a gallery of work of the full-blooming Florentine Renaissance, that rich, thoughtful, serene, and immortal period, to realize what fatal element of decay exists in a school which gives its highest commendation to such scientific brutality as this.

The incident of the picture is Andromaque's agonized struggle when her infant son is torn from her arms, by the order of Ulysses, to be thrown from the ramparts. *Convulsive* is the first impression one receives from the violent foreshortenings and abrupt shadows, masterly as they are as mere craftsmanship. The action of the central figure, this raging, distorted, disheveled Andromaque, whose very hair, even, seems to rage and writhe in mortal throes, is as strained and painful as could be conceived. Death is all about, — putrid death, green and loathsome, as well as violent death, in its first hideous expression of gaping, staring surprise. Though the legend is classical, not the least faint shadow rests upon it of such antique dignity and calm as stamp even the Laocoön and group of the Farnese Bull.

All who remember this same artist's picture of last year, representing Vitellius hooted at by the mob, a canvas crowded with repulsive figures and disheveled by a raggedness of light and shade suggestive of some rending and violent explosion, will recognize that in this purely technical success the most imaginative and least mechanical element, even of mere technique, is wanting, — the element of color. Rochegrosse is no colorist, and the monochromatic dullness of his canvas of this year, beside the cheap, calico-like surface of the one of last, impresses the observer more than ever that scientific knowledge and dashing skill, rather than ideal or even sensuous beauty, are the qualities valued by those who award the prizes of the French Salon, and thus represent French art.

Bin's Mort à la Peine, or Death and the Woodcutter, as it has been also called, is another of the season's successes which illustrate certain tendencies. It is not a furious canvas, like the Andromaque, but one with quite as little elevation or beauty of sentiment animating its skill; even the pathos which the subject might otherwise possess being buried beneath a piling-up of more effective horrors. The woodman, just killed by a false stroke of his own

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axe, lies amid a huge circumference of blood. The face is unutterably repulsive in its dingy pallor, sunken-eyed, open-mouthed, and with its last living expression of agonized terror frozen upon it. Vultures hover low over the corpse, adding such a sickening, imaginative influence to the scene as not all their scientific effectiveness in "continuing a line" or enhancing a light ought ever to atone for. The draughtsmanship is powerful, firm, and sweeping; the wooded landscape artistically subordinate and receding, dull and unassertive, behind the masterly modeling of figures; but the whole spiritual effect of the picture is to send one away with both sick and pained realization of the miserable tragedies to which hapless humanity is liable, — tragedies without dignity, all brutal horror, agony, and disgust.

The Crucifixions of this year, not less numerous than usual, mark also with pregnant emphasis this characteristic of to-day's French art. Not one of them, vital point of the religious life of millions though that scene is, would awake a single heavenward-aspiring thought, or even tender earthly emotion. A small canvas — representing a lurid, cloud-tossed midnight, and the solitary figure of a dancing-girl just from some scene of revelry, in modern stage tights, with bare breasts and arms, stretching on tiptoe, up from a donkey's back, to passionately kiss the impenitent thief, — is the only one which does not sooner stir the coarser passions of hate and revenge against the crucifiers than of love, pity, or reverence for the Crucified. In all these pictures, the showy, colorful, and color-focusing blood is always scientifically arranged, and largely *en evidence*, while the anatomical and muscular expression of the mortal leaves no place for suggestion of the divine agony.

A huge canvas by Brunet, pupil of Gérome and Boulanger, is singular among these in representing Les Gibets du Golgotha, with the central figure left out! The two thieves, apparently studied from long-dead and decomposed models, are tied with ropes to their crosses. Those crosses are huge, towering, massive, and richly bitumened ones, which Hercules himself could not have borne, and which in the hard realism of modern French art have no symbolical significance as representing the sins of the world. The feet and hands of the thieves are pierced with huge nails, but only Christ seems to have bled. His vacant cross stands there, horrible above all the horrors.

The subject is too repulsive to pursue longer, and the writer will only allude *en passant* to such scenes as Une Boucherie pendant le Siège, which degraded color and drawing worthy of better use. Briefly, too, must be mentioned the climax of hideous brutality of the whole exhibition, L'Alcool of Anatole Beaulieu, one of Eugène Delacroix's pupils. The art which has given the world the Sistine Madonna has fallen as low in this canvas as the art which created Dorothea Brooke fell in the creation of Nana.

— There is a charge commonly brought against dwellers in capital cities from which, in the interest of fair judgment, I should like to defend them, — I mean the accusation of a frivolity of life far exceeding that of the inhabitants of rural towns and villages. In a loose use of language, frivolity is taken to mean the same thing as dissipation, or at least a preoccupation with the pleasures of the gay world. But frivolity is, properly speaking, but another name for trifling, and a frivolous life is one spent in trivial pursuits. There are frivolous persons to be found everywhere, and, according to my view, the life of large cities is no more favorable to the production of a trivial temper of mind and habit of existence than that of smaller districts. Even worldliness is less a matter of external activities than of interior

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disposition. There are country girls with all the will to be as worldly as the gayest city belle, and who display the worldly spirit just as far as they have opportunity to do so; and city girls who are not worldly, though with every temptation to estimate social enjoyment and social success above things nobler. I have heard good people declaim against the social life of cities as if there were really something criminal in a fondness for dinner parties, receptions, and balls, and a high degree of virtue in abstaining from such pleasures by those who could not have them if they would. I have had considerable experience of life in rural towns, and so far as it informs me I am willing to maintain that life in them is no more earnest, dignified with worthy interests and aims, than life in cities, but merely a less busy and a duller thing. The frivolous city girl's day is filled with engagements from morning to night, — with shopping, paying and receiving visits, driving in the park, and theatre or ball going in the evening. Her mind is taken up with these things to the exclusion of anything like intellectual occupation, — for novel-reading does not come under that head. She is absorbed in pleasure-seeking in all its various kinds. The frivolous country girl has more time on her hands, but does she do anything better with it? She, too, seeks her pleasures, as many as are to be had, and sighs that there are no more of them. She shops and pays calls, and plays tennis in the afternoon instead of driving on the avenue; wishes there were a dance for the evening, but since there is not stays at home and does some fancy-work, finishes her novel, or chats with some intimate who "drops in" on her. What real difference in her character is made by the fact that she has had but one party to attend during the week, where the other girl has had six? Is worldliness worse because it is on a larger scale? Is scandal about the last elopement in fashionable society more demoralizing than gossip about one's next-door neighbor's son and the attention he is paying to Miss So-and-So? The virtue of minding one's own business is not more commonly practiced in rural places than in larger ones. I know of city girls who mingle with their pleasures an active care for the poor and sick, spending as much thought and time in charitable work as those who, living in country places, have less demand upon their leisure. It is sad to see a man or woman spending life in thoughtless gayety; to me, it is equally sad to see one wasting it in simple, negatively virtuous inanity. I know certain worthy persons the mere sight of whom is depressing beyond words. The vacancy of their minds oppresses me as a suspension in a strain of music distresses the ear; the dullness of their undeveloped sensibilities, the contraction of the mental and spiritual space they are shut up in, affects me as a positive pain. If it were an external necessity that compelled to this way of existence, the case would be hard enough; but being, as I know it is, the result of choice and habit, and that, again, the outcome of sluggish temperament and minds deprived of proper stimulus, the pity of it is so much the greater. Sometimes such people do suffer from this species of self-starvation, yet without knowing it, or at least without comprehension of the true cause of their dull unrest. Perhaps it is just such a one, of all persons, whom you will hear speaking in disparagement of "fashionable" society. In the name of reason, one exclaims internally, is it not better at least to enjoy one's self than to make an absolute nothing of one's life? To be pleased with trifles is at least no crime, but you would make it a virtue to be pleased with nothing. Life, for such of us, is what we can make out of ourselves and circumstances; and some know how to make so much out of so little, others so little out of so much.

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No, frivolity is no more a natural consequence of living in capitals than in country places. There is more temptation to worldliness of spirit, doubtless, but whether the actual amount of it be larger in the former than in the latter there is no very precise means of determining. As to vice (not crime), there is as much in proportion in our rural places as in any city. Ask the clergyman and the physician of the village or the township, and he will tell you if it be not so.

— In speaking of a fly-trapper rather than of a fly-trap, I do so advisedly; since the object I wish to describe acts from its own volition, possesses rational intelligence, has articulate speech, is capable of handling tools, laughs, — in short, displays all the faculties and traits characteristic of the highest order of animal life. I sometimes think that my friend the fly-trapper, in view of the singular use he serves in the economy of nature, should be set off in a genus by himself; at least, he should be accounted as *sui generis*, in the fullest acceptation of that convenient term. Your first impression regarding him would doubtless be: Here is one laboring under mania; he sees what I cannot see; he grasps in the air at impalpable nothings. You would be much relieved upon discovering that he was catching flies, — an action with him as sane and normal as any harmless idiosyncrasy in your own behavior. With the exception of this peculiar habit, the fly-trapper is very much like other rural folk with whom we are acquainted: hard-working, rheumatism-plagued, weather-forecasting, one-newspaper-reading, politics-and-theology-debating. The last-named trait is, in his case, rather more strongly developed than is usual, and I have known him, when he had a good listener, to stretch most unthriftily the harvest noon hour, in order that he might fully define "the ground I take," on any given question of a political or religious nature. At such times he is more than ever expert at the practice for which he is so justly distinguished in his own neighborhood. It is indeed wonderful, — the double presence of mind by which he is enabled to carry on argumentative discourse and at the same time attend to the flies. If one of those insects alight on the wall, or the table, anywhere within arm range, it is to the grief of that insect, for the hand of its fate is relentless and unerring. The trapper is also a good marksman, and can take a fly upon the wing as well as in any other situation; apparently, he knows just how long the insect will be in moving from a given point over a given space. Often have I watched the slow, pendulum-like swing of his arm, bringing up, at length, with fingers shut upon the palm and the unlucky fly. I feel sure that this timely and triumphant gesture serves the speaker as well as would exact logic and verbal force. It is a little strange, however, that the *coup de grace* always falls at the right instant to clench the argument. I own to a feeling of fascination, while listening to his exposition of Foreknowledge and Foreordination, — the doctrines are so capitally illustrated; the flies figuring as wretched humanity, and the fly-trapper as the dread Predestinator. From the twinkle in his eye, when a successful sweep has been made, and the hapless victim crumpled between thumb and finger, I infer perfectly well the satisfaction a supreme being must take in dooming its abject creatures. I have been assured by those who have excellent opportunities for observation that a little circle of the slain is always to be found upon the floor around the chair occupied by the trapper. There can be no reasonable doubt that, like the great little tailor in the German fairy tale, our hero has killed his "seven at one stroke," though it has never occurred to his modest spirit to vaunt itself on that

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account. To compare him with Domitian, who also was an adept in this line, would be to do an injustice to a very humane character; for, when you have excepted the fly-catching propensity, you, as the representative of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty, can find no stain upon our friend's record.

I cannot say how long the subject of this notice has been in practice (he is now in his sixtieth year), yet probably for more than half a century, from the time when he sat an urchin on the high seat in the district school, he has served in the humble but useful way described. I know how strong is the force of habit, and forbear to laugh when occasionally I see him at his fly-catching after the fly season is past. Is it that his deft hand cannot forget its cunning, or was its dexterity always a vain show, — no real fly in the case?

— Whence is it that so many English writers derive grammatical authority for the phrase "different to"? To us, who use the word *from* in this combination, the common English substitution of *to* sounds very strange. "My feeling is different to yours," "This is a very different matter to that," — one finds such sentences in almost any English book. I am not sure that I have ever seen the preposition "to" used with the present tense of the verb, as "This differs to that," though to be consistent Englishmen should so express themselves. Consistency, however, is hardly an English characteristic. There are writers of good English who still write "different from," — Mr. James Bryce, F. D. Maurice, Miss Yonge, to instance some at haphazard; but the majority of British writers do not. If we Americans and the few English who agree to prefer *from* are in error, it is because our conservative instinct has led us to follow the pattern of speech set in this matter by Hooker and by Fielding, who who were thought to write well in their day.

It has been pointed out before now that certain queer Americanisms, so called, are but survivals of old English which happen to have fallen out of use in the mother country.

— I have a moral perplexity which I am anxious to share. Some time ago my friend and I enjoyed the honor of an interview with an eminent philanthropist. She (the philanthropist is a woman) has given her youth, her health, and her fortune to the work in which she is engaged. She has done this not only ungrudgingly and cheerfully, but almost, it would seem, unconsciously, possessed by the purest enthusiasm for the unhappy creatures whom she has befriended. She is still on the borders of youth, very clever, and would be good-looking but for her expression of invincible determination.

She explained her work and its results — which are truly marvelous — at length.

Now here comes my perplexity. It shaped itself while I listened. The philanthropist is a noble, an admirable woman; more and more was I impressed with the conviction of her worth and our worthlessness. Surely (thus my perplexity grew into words) such a woman ought to be most attractive, but — she is nothing of the kind! My friend, who does not believe in charity, and frankly objects to "going on a high moral plane," is an eminently charming woman. She charms every one. I could see that she charmed the philanthropist with her sweet politeness. But the philanthropist is not charming. Yet I somehow felt that Nature had meant her to be winning and gracious. She has most beautiful eyes, her rare smile is delightful, her features are delicate, her figure is good; but somehow there was such an uncompromising and resistless energy about every look and movement that the timid, unphilanthropic mind quailed before her. She scorned the arts of the toilet; a severe neatness was her aim, —

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nothing more. She walked with a stern determination to get over the ground with as few steps as possible. Her gestures were entirely unconventional, and chiefly noticeable for vigor. When she talked, her pleasant voice had a ring of military firmness which made it stern. Her conversation was quite in keeping with her appearance. She talked fluently, rapidly, forcibly; she was picturesque, interesting, enthusiastic. In a word, her conversation was that of a woman of wide and extraordinary experience, who had the courage of her opinions. But it was, so to speak, conversation on a straight line, disturbed by no curves of fancy, no flourishes of humor, no side branchings into appreciation of others' views of the question. It would be too much to say that my philanthropist was arrogant, but she certainly lacked sympathy for all opinions save her own.

Of course, we, being unprincipled worldlings, dissembled our own private beliefs, and agreed with her by our silence, if not by our words.

When it was all over, my friend said, "So that is a woman in earnest. Do you suppose it is her earnestness that makes her so unprepossessing?"

This is my perplexity reduced to its last equation: Was it her earnestness?

My friend held that it was. "If you have observed," said she, "women with aims are always like that. They are too superior to condescend to make themselves agreeable. Besides, they have n't time. Then they never can see but one side of a question, — the side they are on. They are always dragging their own opinions to the front, and always running full tilt against every one else's. That is where they differ most from women who have n't purposes and who have seen a good deal of the world. It is the business of a woman of the world to be agreeable. She spares no pains to make herself just as good-looking as possible, and just as charming. And she is always tolerant. She may think you a fool for your beliefs, but she does n't tell you so brutally, or try to crush you with an avalanche of argument. She tries to look at the matter from your point of view; in short, she feigns a sympathy, if she have it not. Your women with a purpose think it wrong to feign anything. They won't pretend to be sympathetic any more than they will powder their faces, or let their dressmaker improve their figures. That 's why they are so boring; they are too narrow to be sympathetic and too conscientious to be polite. It is earnestness does it; earnestness is naturally narrowing. It is earnestness, too, sets their nerves in a quiver and makes them so restless. They can never sit still; they are always twitching, don't you know? That 's earnestness. It has a kind of electrical effect. Women in earnest have no repose of manner. But a woman of the world feigns that, just as she feigns sympathy, because it makes her pleasant to other people. Oh, there 's no doubt of it: women with a purpose are vastly better than other women, but they are not nearly so nice!"

My own experience corroborates my friend's opinions. Women with a purpose, women in earnest, have a noticeable lack of charm. And I regret to say that the nobility of the purpose does not in the least affect the quantity of charm. Very likely their busy lives and the hard fight they have had to wage with social prejudices and moral anachronisms may have something to do with it.

But after making all deductions, I wonder if my friend's theory does not hit somewhere near the mark!

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BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Theology, Religion, and Philosophy. Dr. Samuel Harris, a powerful thinker who has made his mark in teaching rather than in literature, has written a treatise on The Philosophical Basis of Theism (Scribners), which is a distinct addition to American philosophical literature. The work is an examination of the personality of man, to ascertain his capacity to know and serve God, and the validity of the principles underlying the defense of theism. It is critical and historical in its treatment of the subject, and will attract many minds which are repelled by the apparent dogmatism of Dr. Mulford's Republic of God, with which Dr. Harris is partially in sympathy, though he lacks the poetic temperament which seems to be requisite in an Hegelian. — The Scriptural Idea of Man, by Dr. Mark Hopkins (Scribners), is a volume of six lectures given before the theological students of Princeton. The vigor, the lucidity, and the comprehensiveness of this masterly teacher are shown in a compass so brief that we may hope for a more positive recognition of Dr. Hopkins's ability than his previous books have called out. — Christian Charity in the Ancient Church, by Dr. Gerhard Ulhorn, has been translated from the German (Scribners), and is an interesting inquiry upon historical lines into the practical operations of the great law of love in Christianity, carrying the subject from the foundations of charity in the Apostolic age to the time of the Reformation. — The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge (New York agents, E. & J. B. Young & Co.) are issuing in paper form The Churchman's Family Bible, a devout commentary adapted to ordinary intelligence. — In Topics of the Times series, the fifth number is devoted to Questions of Belief, but the writers are pretty much all of one school, those who question belief. — Conflict in Nature and Life is further described on the title-page as a study of antagonism in the constitution of things: for the elucidation of the problem of good and evil, and the reconciliation of optimism and pessimism (Appleton). "Life," this anonymous author says, "is but the picking of one's way through the tangled mazes of contradiction." He appears to enlarge upon the dictum, Whatever is is right, by showing that whatever is wrong is. The book is a thoughtful one, but the notion of an unending conflict as an element in progress is somewhat depressing. — The Foundations of Religious Belief; the Methods of Natural Theology vindicated against Modern Objections is the Bishop Paddock Lectures for 1883. The author is Rev. W. D. Wilson, and he directs his thoughts to readers of Mill, Spencer, and Tyndall (Appleton). — In the Early Christian Literature primers (Appleton) the latest volume is one on the Post-Nicene Greek Fathers, by Rev. George A. Jackson. It is a series of notices rather than a comprehensive study.

History and Biography. History of the Northern Pacific Railroad, by Eugene V. Smalley (Putnams) is a substantial and comely volume, with engravings and map, which gives not only the history of this enterprise but of the general movement into Oregon. It is a straightforward narrative of a most interesting series of transactions, and since the Northern Pacific, like any great railroad, changes the country through which it passes, one has in this work a glimpse of history in making. — A Bird's Eye View of the Civil War, by Theodore Ayrault Dodge (Osgood), will be welcomed as a quick, well analyzed sketch of the military operations, with some characterization of leading men and a slight account of the political element involved. It is furnished with maps and plans, and the dates, set in as marginal notes, help one in keeping the chronology. — In Topics of the Times series (Putnams) the fourth number treats of Village Life in Norfolk Six Hundred Years Ago, Siena, A Few Words about the Eighteenth Century, France and England in 1793, and General Chanzy. The selection is well made. — Irving's Life of Washington is issued in two double-column parts (Putnams). The printing is clear, the few cuts are indifferent, and the price is low. — Autobiography of Charles Biddle, vice-president of the supreme executive council of Pennsylvania, is a work privately printed, but to be had of E. Claxton & Co., Philadelphia. The period covered by the autobiography is from 1745 to 1821. Mr. Biddle was the father of Nicholas Biddle, and his intimate connection with Philadelphia people and affairs renders the book an interesting illustration of social and political life. — The Genealogy and Biography of the Waldos of America from 1650 to 1883, compiled by Joseph D. Hall, Jr. (Schofield & Hamilton, Danielsonville, Conn.), is arranged under the heads of the descendants of the Children of Cornelius Waldo, Ipswich, Mass., 1654. — Eugène Fromentin, Painter and Writer, is a translation by Mary Caroline Robbins of a life by Louis Gonse, originally published in the Gazette des Beaux Arts, of which M. Gonse is editor (Osgood). Fromentin was both a painter who wrote and a writer who painted. The work is sketchy, not to say journalistic in its character, but its very contemporaneousness gives it a freshness of interest. — Mrs. Anne Gilchrist has done a womanly and graceful deed in giving Mary Lamb a book to herself. (Roberts.) The character is one which has always drawn readers out of all proportion to the fullness of their knowledge, and many will be grateful to Mrs. Gilchrist for bringing together into a simple, unstrained narrative all that is to be learned of Lamb's sister. Her diligence has been rewarded also by the discovery of some few facts and dates not before in the possession of the public. — The Early History of Land-Holding among the Germans, by Denman W. Ross (Soule & Bugbee, Boston), is a monograph which represents a careful investigation of original

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materials; it is incidentally, but not polemically, a criticism of Sir Henry Maine, and it is put forth with a sincerity of purpose and a modesty of claims worthy of all praise. It is a book for historical students rather than for readers, who may miss generalizations which they can easily appropriate. Mr. Ingleby, the author of Shakespeare, The Man and the Book, has published through Trübner & Co., a striking argument in favor of examining Shakespeare's tomb. Mr. Ingleby holds that the poet's curse was not pronounced against such recreant admirers as would transport the sacred dust to Westminster Abbey, but against the parish sexton who periodically cleared out the graves in the church. The authenticity of the several portraits of Shakespeare might be settled, Mr. Ingleby thinks, if measurements of the poet's skull could be taken — providing the skull has not been already been removed. The author's little book is interesting in view of the fact that the question of opening the grave has recently been revived at Stratford. The authorities have decided against permitting the exhumation of any possible remains.

Art. The latest volume of L'Art (J. W. Bouton & Co.) holds to the high precedents which it has established for itself in its literary and artistic departments. The letter-press presents the usual variety of carefully prepared matter. If this quarterly issue differs from the best of its immediate predecessors, it is in the number and excellence of the etchings here given. The reader will find the critical papers on the Salon of 1883 particularly interesting: these articles are admirably illustrated. — The fourteenth part of Racinet's Le Costume Historique (J. W. Bouton & Co.) contains numerous colored illustrations of eighteenth century costumes in England, Scotland, France, Poland, Switzerland, etc. The ancient costumes represented are those of India and Egypt.

Literature and Criticism. The new edition of Emerson's complete works has been begun by the issue of Nature, Addresses, and Lectures, and Essays, first series. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) The page is a pretty one, the binding is neat, and the whole effect is to make this author look exceedingly classic. — Richard Brinsley Sheridan, by Mrs. Oliphant, is the latest volume in the English Men of Letters series (Harpers). Mrs. Oliphant throws a veil of womanly charity over Sheridan, and misses some of the piquancy which the character suggests. The work is evenly done, but such a subject calls for a crisper treatment. — A Dictionary of Quotations from English and American Poets (Crowell) is based upon Bohn's Dictionary. Mr. R. H. Stoddard furnishes a complimentary introduction. The book is alphabetically arranged by subjects, not by authors, for it is a collection of apt, not of familiar quotations. The authors referred to are in general the popular poets, but some persons have gotten into the company apparently by virtue of having said something pat. — Verbal Pitfalls, by C. W. Bardeen (C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse, N. Y.), is a manual of 1500 words commonly misused, arranged alphabetically. Mr. Bardeen has reached his results by culling industriously from the authors like Dean Alford and others who have acted as special police in language. — In Appleton's Home Books, there is a sensible volume on The Home Library by Arthur Penn, which treats both of the books and the structure and furnishing of a library. — Mr. James's comedy of Daisy Miller has been published as a book (Osgood) and one may now see more distinctly the missing link between a story and a play.

Poetry. Mano, by Richard Watson Dixon (Routledge), is, as the title-page declares, a poetical history: of the time of the close of the tenth century: concerning the adventures of a Norman knight: which fell part in Normandy, part in Italy. The stop-watch punctuation of the title-page is curiously reflective of the "triple rime" which the poet has employed in his work. The measure suits the theme, — that may be said; and yet the quaintness of the style raises some suspicion whether the poem is not in the main a restoration rather than a good piece of original architecture. — The Blind Canary, by Hugh Farrar McDermott (Putnams), is the second and revised edition of a volume of poems, the first of which gives the title. There is a poem inspired by phrenology, which is the first gift, so far as we remember, from the muse of any degree to that latest of sciences. — The Old Swimmin-Hole and 'Leven more Poems, by James W. Riley (George C. Hitt & Co.), is a collection of dialect verse so full of amiability and good sense that one condones its lack of poetry. Several of these little Hoosier lyrics have a naturalness and a pathos quite their own. — Sibyl is a poem by George H. Calvert. (Lee & Shepard.) — Wild Flowers is the title given by Joseph Daly to a volume of poems (Stanley & Usher, Boston), written by him while in his teens, and thus forestalling criticism, except that by wise friends. — Phantoms of Life, by Luther Dana Waterman. (Putnams.) It is hard to read farther in a book of which the first line is, —

"I would unclasp a fibre of life's pain."

Until the fibre has been unclasped, one is disposed to wait tranquilly. — My Ain Countree, and Other Verses, by Mary Lee Demarest (Randolph), is a collection of poems, mainly inspired by religion. — The Love Poems of Louis Barnaval, edited with an introduction by Charles DeKay (Appleton), seems to lessen Mr. DeKay's monopoly of verse of the character which has hitherto appeared in his volumes. Had Mr. Barnaval lived and published his own poetry, Mr. DeKay might have been embarrassed, and been undone by a double.

Education and Text-Books. Mr. W. J. Rolfe, who is so well known by his edition of Shakespeare, has prepared an edition of Scott's Lady of the Lake upon the same general plan and uniform in external style. (Osgood.) He shows that we have suffered from an imperfect text of the poem, and supplies the work with a profuse array of notes. A little too much annotated, it seems to us. By the way, his note on *favor*, line 686, could receive an addition from a good many boys and

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girls who have danced the German. It is a pity that the cuts which were used in the pretty illustrated edition should here lose the beauty which good paper and press work gave them before. Is it possible that it was not the engraver, but the printer and paper maker, who deserved credit for the good impression which the gift-book made? — A First Latin Book, designed as a manual of progressive exercises and systematic drill in the elements of Latin, and introductory to Cæsar's Commentaries on the Gallic War (Allyn, Boston), is a school-book prepared by a master in one of our secondary schools, D. Y. Comstock, of Phillips Academy, Andover. It is a compact, carefully planned book, and in the hands of a competent teacher may be made an admirable drill manual. — A College Fetich is the Phi Beta Kappa address given at Harvard in the summer by Charles Francis Adams, Jr. (Lee & Shepard.) — Modern Spanish Readings, embracing text, notes, and an etymological vocabulary, by William I. Knapp (Ginn, Heath & Co.), is a reader drawn, as the title indicates, not from classic authors but from contemporaneous literature, which would seem to make the work of use especially to those who have commercial needs of Spanish. — The eighteenth edition of A. L. Perry's Political Economy (Scribners), has given the author an opportunity to perfect his work in the direction of simplification. Professor Perry acknowledges gracefully the service which he has received from his own class-room experience. — Longfellow's Courtship of Miles Standish (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), has been cleverly arranged in seven scenes for school exhibitions and private theatricals. Nothing has been added, and the poem is made ingeniously to furnish stage directions. — The Meisterschaft System has been applied to the Spanish language, and the method presented in fifteen parts. (Estes & Lauriat.) — In the series of History Primers (Appleton), Mediæval Civilization is the subject treated by Professor George Burton Adams, of Drury College, Missouri. Why are all professors of history named Adams? — Handbook of the Earth (Lee & Shepard), is a little manual by Louisa Parsons Hopkins, in which the natural method in teaching geography is insisted on, and the teacher furnished with hints. It is a suggestive book.

Political and Social Economy. Congested Prices is the title of a little book by M. L. Scudder, Jr. (Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago), in which the author aims to describe the cause and cure of the prices which are made in certain unhealthy conditions of trade. He believes that we are in a period of declining prices, and he asks the commercial world to accept the fact calmly. Those who are getting ready to buy will be quite calm. The book is worth reading. — French and German Socialism in Modern Times is the title of a little volume by Richard T. Ely (Harpers), in which he aims "to give a perfectly fair, impartial presentation of modern communism and socialism in their two strongholds, France and Germany." The book is based on lectures given at Johns Hopkins and Cornell. — What Social Classes Owe to Each Other is a series of papers published by W. G. Sumner in Harper's Weekly, and now issued in a small volume. (Harpers). — Dr. W. G. Thompson has prepared a little volume mainly descriptive on Training Schools for Nurses, with notes on twenty-two schools. (Putnams.) — Mrs. Fields's little book How to Help the Poor (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is full of admirable suggestions, especially for those who with leisure and good will give much thought and time to the most effective service.

Science. Esoteric Buddhism, by A. P. Sinnett (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), makes such claims to the solution of oriental problems of the universe that one can only declare that it is important, if true; and the source from which the work comes, since Mr. Sinnett is president of the Simla Eclectic Theosophical Society, requires one to treat the work with respect. — Evolution, a summary of evidence, is a lecture delivered in Montreal by Robert C. Adams (Putnams), and is intended as a convenient statement of a subject of which the last volume has not been written. It is impossible for any but a master to teach anything of evolution within such confines, and one easily distrusts a popular lecture. — The Society for Psychical Research issues its proceedings through Trübner & Co., London, and the number for April, 1883, has reached us, with interesting papers, in which ghosts are cross-examined in a manner which must convince them how useless it is to try to vanish. — Government has issued the Annual Report of the Operations of the United States Life-Saving Service. It contains accounts of apparatus which has been invented, and it furnishes excellent material for novelists who wish to introduce shipwrecks. It is just the volume that Lieutenant Fenton ought to have had in his cocoa-nut grove. Mr. Giffen would have found a companion in it.

Fiction. A Righteous Apostate, by Clara Lanza (Putnams), is a novel which depends for its interest upon an involved plot. — The Diothas, or a Far Look Ahead, by Ismar Thiusen (Putnams), is an elaborate, and somewhat unreadable piece of prophetic fiction. The unreality of this class of literature has a blighting effect upon the story. — Among the Lakes, by William O. Stoddard (Scribners), is a lively picture of Western life as led by young people mainly. — Thicker than Water, by James Payn, has been published in neat sixteenmo form by Harpers. The Harpers issue their Franklin Square Library in duodecimo form also; Altiora Peto, by Lawrence Oliphant, and By the Gate of the Sea, by D. C. Murray, lead off the series with fairly readable type on thin paper, paper covers. In the older form appear Robert Reid, Cotton Spinner, by Alice O'Hanlon, and Disarmed, by Miss Betham-Edwards. — Up from the Cape (Estes & Lauriat) is a plea for republican simplicity, in the form of criticism upon city life by a countrywoman, but the criticism is neither very useful nor very well put.

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